Around the World

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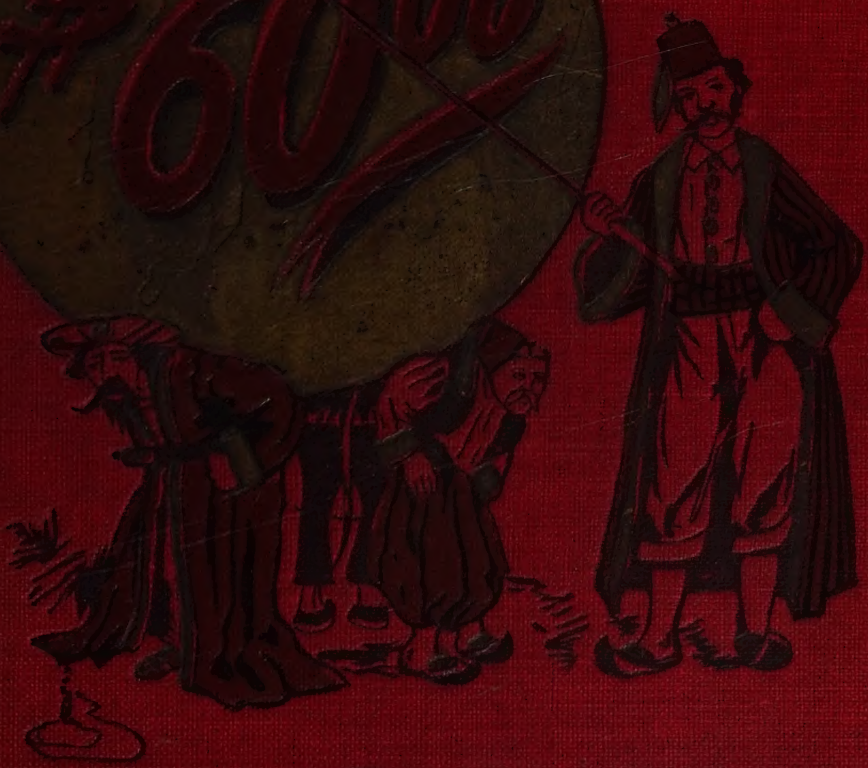
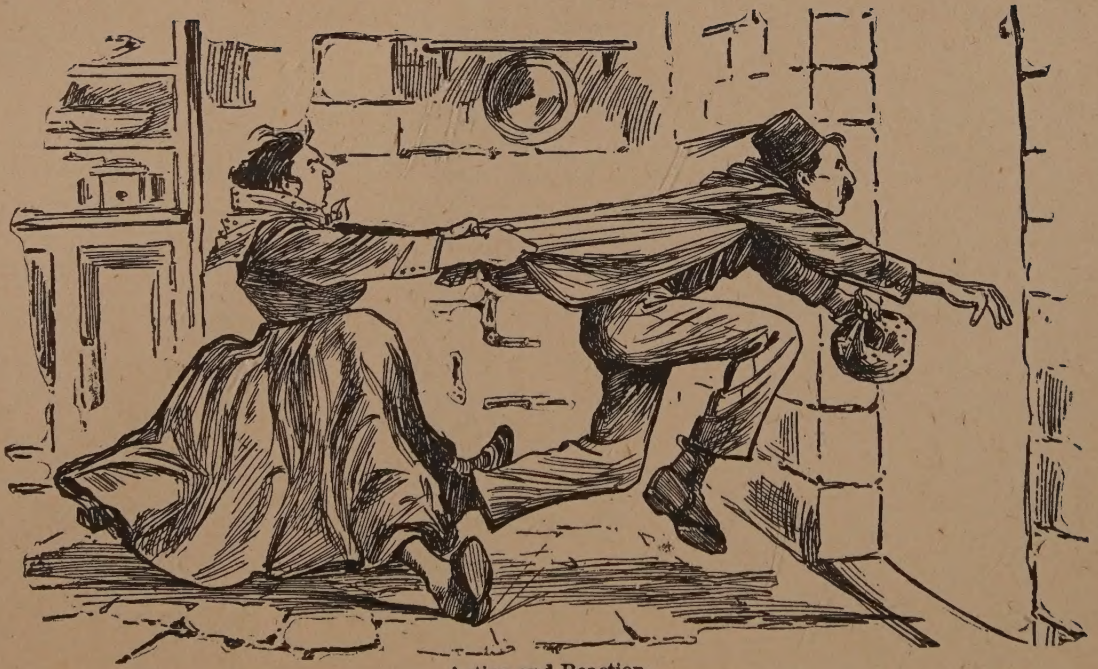


By Robert Meredith



Action and Reaction.

Around the World

ON

Sixty Dollars

BY

ROBERT MEREDITH

OSKALOOSA, IOWA

A TRUE STORY OF THE EXCITING ADVENTURES ENCOUNTERED ON A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

THOMPSON & THOMAS

CHICAGO

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PREFACE

Since the first edition of this book was published, I have so often been asked if it were not a novel, I thought a few lines by way of explanation had better be added.

It takes a man of a good degree of literary attainment to write even a poor novel, while anyone can tell of what he has seen and felt. Never having had any experience in writing for publication, and none to speak of in letter writing, it would have been impossible for me to have written a book of imaginary tales of travel and adventure.

The following pages were written in the form of letters, with no thought of publication, but just for the amusement and instruction of my wife and children. They contain no attempt at romance, except in the few lines on the California boom, and even that is founded on facts that are stranger than fiction. There are some things that seem to be perfectly absurd and unreasonable, nevertheless they are so intensely real that he who would describe them with only the naked facts will fall far short of telling the whole truth.

In choosing a title for this book, I had no desire to deceive the public, as he who reads it will soon discover. You will see by referring to the expense account at the

end, that the total cost of the journey was $237.00. All but $60.00 of this was made at work in different countries at wages ranging from 40 cents to $2.50 per day.

While it would have been possible to have gone around the world on about $60.00, I was not traveling simply to go around the world, but to see the world. It is an old saying that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives. As I lived and mingled freely with the other half—that is, with the poorest of the people in all countries where I went—I saw much of the rough side of life, of which other travelers seldom speak. Having found by many pleasant experiences that the hearts of this half of mankind are as big as those of their more fortunate brethren, I shall not consider this book a failure if it disclose to the mind of the reader the same fact.

THE AUTHOR.

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TO MY FAITHFUL WIFE,
WHO, IN ORDER
THAT I MIGHT GRATIFY MY
DESIRE FOR TRAVELING,
WAS WILLING TO BEAR ALL THE BURDENS
OF HOME AND FAMILY,
IS THIS BOOK AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.

Robert Meredith

AROUND THE WORLD ON SIXTY DOLLARS.

CHAPTER I.

WHY I WENT.

Life is a seashore along which we walk and look with longing eyes far away where sky and billows meet, wondering what there is in the great beyond; what blessings lie in wait for those who sail away beyond the horizon.

There is a longing in every human heart to break the bands of the little circle where earth and sky meet and look into the great beyond. Were it not for difficulties that to most people seem almost insurmountable, every one would like to visit foreign lands and mingle with the people who live there. What reader of the great explorers has not wished that he might be able to behold the islands of the South Sea and recline in the shade of the orange, the banana and the mango and study the habits and customs of those happy people who have never felt the chilly blast or scorching sun. Where is the student who has not desired to visit the land of the classics and look upon the temples and statuary that inspired the thoughts of such men as Pericles, Socrates and Plato? Those giant minds,

those delving brains, pitted against the mystery of the origin of man and the causes of his final dissolution; and although compelled to grope in darkness after truth, yet diligently sought it to the end and died with a glimmering hope that there might be a better world and an immortal life somewhere beyond the ken of mortal man.

What a lesson is learned by him who stands beside the great pyramids and monoliths of Egypt, on which was wasted more human strength than men are now wise enough to invent means of applying, and all this in the vain attempt to immortalize the body of some king that is now blowing about with the sands of the desert or perhaps enriching the curios of some museum.

Who has not longed to visit the lands of the Bible, where men whose conscience was enlightened by revelation fought the first great battles against ignorance and sin? To sit where Abraham sat in the door of the tent in the cool of the day when the heavenly messengers came to warn him of the danger of Sodom and Gomorrah, and to stand where he stood when he beheld the smoke of their destruction ascending upward as the smoke of a furnace. To walk through Bethlehem at the decline of day while hundreds of people are gathered in the streets in groups discussing the latest news, just as they did when Naoma returned from the land of Moab; and to watch the gambols of the children as they skip and play; and to listen to the plaintive strains of the shepherd boy as he plays his reed flute while leading his flock down the mountain trail into the city, reminding one of the childhood days of the great King of Israel. To walk beside the blue waters of the deep Galilee where Jesus trod; to visit the ruins of the cities where his mighty works were done. But they repented not, and are now doomed to perpetual oblivion, are even shunned by the wild Arab when seeking a place to pitch his tent.

It was such thoughts as these that begot in me an uncontrollable desire which led to my leaving home and family and going out into the world with neither money nor friends to wander through many strange countries and among stranger people.

In making my plans for the pilgrimage I had three objects in view, viz: To prove that an American can live on as poor rations and endure as much hardships as any other human being; that he can earn his living in any country, and that a poor man need not be deprived of the pleasures of travel and of seeing and enjoying even more than the rich.

It is a dreadful thought to most people to be cast out penniless among strangers, but they forget how easy it is to find friends for any one who is open-hearted and honest and will show himself free from restraint. People, especially the poorer classes, are usually kind to those who will treat them with respect.

I have said that I cast myself on the world without friends. I would not be understood to say that I traveled a year with very little means and had an enjoyable time with no friendly companionship. I found kind friends wherever I went and was never very distrustful of strangers, but withal exercised some judgment in placing confidence in people and never in a single instance was my trust abused. The happiest recollections of my journey are the associations I formed with people of all the countries I visited. Traveling as I did on the least possible money, I learned the ways of living of the poorest people wherever I went, and will often speak of little things and incidents that may be monotonous to many readers, but they may prove of interest to each and every one whose heart beats in sympathy with the poor and oppressed of all countries, those who are compelled to bear the burdens and do the drudgery of this world.

Although the road may often seem very long and tedious, let us hope to sometimes find a green and shady spot where we can rest, talk of hardships past and victories won, ever keeping in mind that while "man deviseth his ways the Lord directeth his steps."

CHAPTER II.

THE START.

My wife has ever been a woman of pronounced opinions, and one is that she is an adept at financeering. I have

The Start.

made several efforts at various times to drive that hallucination out of her mind, but without result.

One morning in the fall of 1889 we were sitting at the breakfast table when the old, old subject was brought up

for possibly the thousandth time, and finally, wishing to dismiss it, I said in a light jocular manner:

"I must admire the wisdom of the Creator in making man first and giving him dominion over the earth, for if woman had been created first no doubt her pride and extravagance would have caused her to have squandered most of the world before man could have taken possession and run it in an economical way."

"You don't seem to have as good an opinion of women as you did when you were a young man," replied she. "Then you spent all the money you could get in trying to please half a dozen of those wasteful girls of whom you now speak so lightly. If your opinion of women be true, I think it proves that you and your sex are very dull and have poor judgment or they would see the failings of women before they are caught in their toils. However, I think that most men have a better opinion of women than you, and have not poisoned their minds by false reasoning on the subject."

"Well put," I exclaimed. "But you must admit that woman is extravagant in dress and has no eye to economy in general. But as one of the great advantages of married life is the intellectual drill the parties get by discussing such subjects in a friendly though spirited manner, I hope you will not be offended if I should cite you to a few facts that I hope will silence you forever on this subject. You know that poor old Adam had tilled his garden and filled his cellar with the choicest of fruits, yet his wife was not satisfied, but went and ate of a tree that brought a mountain of trouble on them and their children. Then think of King Solomon, who was the wisest and richest man that ever lived. He tried to provide for seven hundred wives, but they made such enormous demands on his purse in building palaces and temples that the poor old man became distracted and continually went about repeat-

ing this doleful refrain: 'Vanity of vanities; vanity of vanities; all is vanity.'"

She got rather red in the face and retorted: "I suppose we might discuss this question from now until doomsday and not come to an agreement. Now, I wish you would just give me a reasonable amount of money for one year to use as I please and I will convince you that I can use money as wisely as you can."

In reply I said: "I have an idea! Suppose we sell off the stock and pay our debts and take our trip to California. Then I will go to the Sandwich Islands and perhaps on around the world, and you may return home and have every thing your own way and use the rent of the farm just as you please. Thus you can give to the world a practical demonstration of the ability of your sex to manage finances."

"I will cheerfully agree to that," she said. "Not that I am willing to be deprived of your company for a year, but of that I have no fears, especially if you start with no more money than you have talked of doing. You may get to the Islands, but then you will be so sick of roaming and being kicked about as penniless tramps generally are, that you will be glad to return home by the first steamer. Of course I will manage the finances so as to be able to send money to bring you back. Then I hope you will be cured of those wild and rambling notions that have haunted you ever since we were married, and be willing to settle down and enjoy your home and family the rest of your days."

"Well, wife, I take you at your word. I shall start with a hundred dollars and promise to go to the end of the world if I am not satisfied sooner. But you make me laugh when you speak of supporting yourself and six children for a year on the rent of the farm, which will not be more than $600, and besides save up money to send for me. Your money will all be spent for new hats for the

girls and other nonsense and you will have to use my credit with the grocer for something to eat."

This conversation, begun as a joke, resulted in my making arrangements to carry out the plan outlined. I spoke to brother Dave about buying the stock and renting the farm, and we had no trouble in making a trade. So in less than three weeks from the talk at the breakfast table the joke had ripened into a reality, and my wife and I with the two youngest children bade farewell to our friends at Lynnville and started for the glorious land of corner lots and tenderfeet, via Kansas City.

Kansas City is the great commercial center of the Southwest, where trains are made up that run through without change to all points on the Pacific. People with plenty of money take Pullman sleepers, others take emigrant cars that are provided with bunks about large enough for one man to lie in comfortably. My wife said she did not want to be separated from me among strangers, and that being fully in accord with my ideas of financiering, I paid three dollars for a ticket for one bunk. When the conductor came round he said I must buy another bunk. I told him we could make out with one.

"What! you and your wife and two children all sleep there? You will smother the babies."

"No danger. They will squeal in time."

"But we do not furnish bunks for whole families to sleep in; we only allow two in a place."

I refused to buy another and he went away, but soon returned and in very emphatic English told me that we should not all sleep in that bunk. On being again refused he left with the angry but determined visage of a man who is foiled but not conquered. When night came on and the people began to prepare to turn in, we hastily arranged our bunk and piled in.

The conductor came hurrying in, no doubt intending

to be in time to spoil our plans. Through a crack of the curtain I saw him pass, only honoring us with a sullen glance.

During the night I heard someone fumbling around and looked out in time to see the colored porter carrying off my shoes. I called a halt. He said he was only going to give them a shine.

"Well, now," said I, "I have started to go around the world with neither money nor friends, and you seem to be entirely too friendly."

He threw the shoes back under the bunk and bothered us no more.

No other incident occurred to disturb our slumbers with the exception that one of the children got shoved out of the bunk, but I snatched him back without arousing my neighbors.

Next morning we were gliding over the plains of Colorado, which seem like a vast sea rolling in gentle swells as far as the eye can reach. This beautiful country and rich soil has tempted many a poor man from the East to come here and make a home, but the grasshoppers and drouth are greater barriers to the advance of civilization than ever were the red men.

A few more bounds of the iron horse and Pike's Peak bursts into view, with the snow-capped summit towering above the clouds. Although more than a hundred miles away, it looks like it would be only a pleasant walk. Next we leap over Raton Mountain, 7,000 feet high, then down its side on a track so crooked that sometimes one end of a train will be going in one direction and the other in almost the opposite. In our flight through New Mexico we catch a glimpse of the Pueblo Indians, who build their adobe houses on the clefts of the rocks. Arizona presents a strange contrast between evergreen mountains and deserts covered with sand. The Needles stand as

great sentinels to guard the entrance to California. The tall though scattering cacti of the Mojave Desert remind us of the mighty efforts of Nature to clothe our earth with

Altogether Too Friendly.

verdure. At San Bernardino we began to smell the scent of flowers and to hear the song of birds. After a journey of more than a thousand miles over rocks and deserts, it was natural for us to imagine that we were almost in

paradise. For here the orange and lemon and the lime bloom continually, and the voice of the dove is ever heard in the land. To add to our joy a messenger from ex-Governor Merrill boarded the train, and like the angels with Bunyan's Pilgrim, welcomed us with many charming words to the delectable land. He said His Excellency the Governor was always very happy to welcome blizzard-tossed pilgrims from Iowa to the delights of his city, and with his own hands would pour in the oil and wine to gladden their hearts and heal their frost-bitten toes. He said we were now nearing the city of the Governor, and it would be well for us to secure a choice lot with haste, where we might dwell near His Excellency and ever eat of the fruits of the land.

"There grow the pear, the peach, and the pomegranate, the plum, the quince and the apricot. Pumpkins and melons grow as big as barrels, and potatoes like teakettles. There is water in abundance, as pure and sweet as nectar, and you are continually fanned with breezes from the ocean like unto the gentle zephyrs of paradise."

With many such words did the man delight us, until my wife—like Pilgrim in the land of Beulah—became sick and had a fit or two, and in her delirium would cry out: "If thou seest a corner lot, buy it for me, that I may dwell in the land and be satisfied."

I was hard pressed to care for my children and my wife, too, for I feared on seeing the first stakes she would jump from the train to secure the prize.

Governor Merrill's town site is a short distance from San Bernardino, on the railroad to Pasadena. It is in the valley, with mountains on two sides, and is a very stony, barren place.

On nearing it my wife exclaimed:

"What mean these little white things so thickly dotted over the ground? Are they not some of the fruits of this

goodly land? Oh, that I might eat thereof and be satisfied."

I told her they were stakes that the Governor had set at the corners of his lots. Whereupon she seemed to revive a liittle and talked more rationally. She said:

"Is this the town the messenger described so beautifully?"

I told her it was.

"But where are the mansions I expected to see?"

I replied: "Yonder in the distance to the left is a house or two, and to the right is another. They may belong to some old Spanish ranch, or they may have been built by some tenderfoot; and here close to the railroad is a shed, used by the Governor's men who are grading the streets."

"I see," she said, "the streets are well laid out and graded, but it seems strange to speak of a city that has no houses."

"Well, my dear!" I replied, "while the language here sounds very much like that of the New Jerusalem—described by St. John—yet the customs of the people are very different. There the mansions are already built and the streets paved with gold, and the King sits on His throne ready to welcome us to the glory of His city, without money and without price. But here the Governor expects the people from the East to come and bring the gold to pave the streets and build their mansions." Then my wife spoke of being thirsty and asked me to bring her some of that delicious water of which the messenger spoke.

"Pshaw," said I, "that water is floating in the clouds over yonder mountain. Some day it will condense and come rushing down in torrents, carrying rocks, gravel and mud, and perhaps death and destruction in its path. It may cover up a section of these town lots or it may wash them away."

By this time her strength and mind seemed to be fully recovered. So she arose from my support and jerking up the car window, stuck her head out and exclaimed:

"There! I see something very beautiful that fully comes up to the messenger's description."

I asked her what it was, but she would not tell, saying I had taunted her enough. It made no difference, for I already knew.

Along the principal street was a splendid concrete sidewalk that reached far back toward the mountain, with a row of shade trees on one side and a beautiful flower bed on the other.

"This," said I, "is a highway cast up by the Governor whereon he causes the tenderfooted pilgrims to walk.

"In the beginning of the boom the people, in walking over these parched sands and jagged rocks, would often tear their shoes and their feet would become sore and tender and many a sucker from the East has become disgusted and gone back without even giving the boomers a nibble, whence the origin of the word 'tenderfoot.' But now, when a man is going to boom a town he builds a sidewalk the first thing, with shade trees and flowers, where he makes the people walk while he talks to them of climate and sells them corner lots."

During this talk my wife was sitting in a kind of unconscious revery, and I feared she was going to have another fit, when she suddenly aroused and exclaimed:

"What does all this mean? Is this thing real or am I in the land of dreams?" And pointing to a cactus patch in the distance she said: "See yonder, what a nice herd of sheep."

"Oh!" said I, "you have just had one of those magnetic fits which people nearly always have on entering this country. I have not been alarmed at your condition at all. Many of the greatest minds and financiers from New

York and Boston have come out here and become so enchanted that they have made trades ten times more foolish than you would have made if you had bought that cactus patch for a herd of sheep. And now, my dear, permit me to congratulate you on having a husband who is able to navigate your financial bark through all such dangers as this."

Whereupon I could see a kind of ominous smile stealing over her face, and with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes she began to say: "Did you not have one of those fits when you were here two years ago?"

I saw in a moment my mistake, that I had aroused a tiger, and I tried to drown her words from the passengers by an allusion to the orange groves of Pasadena that were looming into view.

But she kept right on and said:

"I want to ask the great financier and lord of creation if when he was in California he was walking in the king's highway when he bought that corner lot?"

Knowing that the only way to successfully argue with a woman is to keep silent, I turned away to view the grandeur of old Baldy, whose snowy peak was glittering in the sunlight.

When I was in California at the latter end of the boom you could hardly walk within fifty miles of Los Angeles without stumbling over stakes of town lots. In many places the streets were graded and sidewalks made, with no sign of houses. The people seemed to be completely enchanted, seldom talking of anything but the boom and the price of corner lots and acre property.

They would preach about it, pray about it, and dream about it, talk of it when they laid down and rose up; teach it to their children at the table and by the wayside. The stranger who would listen to them a few weeks was sure to

fall in with their ideas, although he might be ever so prejudiced at first.

The boom was now dead, but not buried. Its disgusting carcass was everywhere to be seen. The land was divided into such small pieces and corner stakes were so thick that it was impossible to plow, and much of the choicest soil was only growing the rankest weeds. But the people did not seem to be discouraged. Men who have the pluck to engineer such a boom as that are not apt to lack the grit to face any emergency. They were gathering up the fragments of the wreck and preparing to build on a solid foundation.

The stakes were fast disappearing and the land was being bought up at reasonable prices, many times at not more than one twentieth of the boom price. Men who had been accustomed to stand on the corners and watch for "tenderfeet" from Iowa, were now beginning to plant and reap bountiful harvests.

California is in every respect a wonderful State, and in many respects a splendid country. And when the people there, like the people in Iowa, learn that no solid wealth ever comes except by the slow process of hard knocks and diligent labor, they will have one of the best States in the Union.

CHAPTER III.

TRYING FOR WORK.

Our four days' journey from home was soon ended and we found ourselves among our relatives at Whittier, that young and thriving city of the Pacific coast. A week was spent in rambling over the mountains; and now the time had come for my wife and children to return to their home in Iowa, and I to go across the sea. Feb. 21, 1890. we spent in Los Angeles waiting for the train that was to carry my family away. Late in the evening the time arrived that we should part. The bell rang and the great train passed quickly around the curve and they were lost to view.

Although not subject to fits of despondency, a feeling of loneliness came over me, and I went behind the depot where no one could see me and bawled like a weaned calf for about five minutes. When one has deep emotions and feels like crying, it is better to get out alone and pour out one's grief like rain than to try to suppress one's pent-up feelings in company. I arose with a feeling of entire relief, and during all my long and tedious journey never was again troubled with homesickness.

Next morning I paid nine dollars for steerage passage to San Francisco, going to San Pedro by rail, then by the steamer City of Mexico. I had heard of the awful seasickness, and had prepared to battle with it by eating very little for two days, and by a good deal of will-power managed to make this voyage without much trouble.

At night we stopped at Santa Barbara. Three China-

men went ashore, and failed to return till the ship had moved several feet from the wharf. The sailors threw out a rope; one of them grabbed it and came down like a pendulum against the ship; another did likewise, but the third refused to venture and so was left. In the morning we stopped at Port Hambleton for half a day. I took a walk up the beach. A stranger fell in company with me. He wore a stovepipe hat and a long ulster, and carried an umbrella, which he used for a cane. He was greatly delighted with the grand scenery. I took him to be a young preacher out on his first vacation. Some one hailed us, and on looking around we saw a man by a little stand. The preacher said, "Let us go over and see what the fellow is doing." He had some walnut shells and some little black balls, and proposed to bet five dollars that we could not tell under which hull the balls were. The preacher bet and won; then the fellow took out of his pocket a handful of gold coins and offered to bet any amount. The preacher urged me to take a hand and we would clean the gambler out, but when I declined he kept on, winning most of the time, according to the promise, "the Lord prospereth the righteous." I tried to act as green as I could and watched the gold changing hands in amazement, but about the time the boys felt sure of their game I told them I would try my luck later, and walked away, much to the chagrin of the rascals. When they returned to the ship I saw them walking among the passengers admiring the beauties of nature. These fellows make a business of following the coast fishing for suckers, and on this trip several passengers lost money; one fellow, sixty dollars.

At daylight the third day we were sailing past the heads of San Francisco harbor, high bluffs that stand on either side of the entrance. The bay extends back into the country 40 or 50 miles, and all the ships in the world could here find a safe anchorage.

I stepped ashore feeling much like a conquerer; I had traveled two days on the sea and was not sick. I wrote home to my wife that I was proof against seasickness, and that I guessed I was cut out for a sailor. But I had ample time to do penance for my vain boasting during the long and weary weeks when my stomach was as tender as your eye; and to keep from starving I was compelled to stand near a sheep pen and eat sour mess pork and butter that was strong enough for a Keely motor.

I spent the day along the wharf in search of a chance to work my way to the Islands. The Spreckels Bros. have four large steamers, three of which sail to Australia, touching at Honolulu; the other, the "Australia," runs to Honolulu. She was to sail in four days. The cheapest fare was $25. Each ship company has a superintendent of its docks who must give a permit to every man who ships on its vessels. The man at the Spreckels' docks was a big burly Irishman, whose very looks would strike terror to a timid countryman. He was very busy, but I caught him on the fly, and asked him for a chance to work my way to the Islands. He said, "Are you an able seaman?"

"No, I have been on the sea some, but never worked."

"What is your occupation?"

"I have always been a farmer."

"Well, why in h—l do you want to leave this country; you would be lucky to get $8 a month there hoeing cane with the Chinamen. I have no place for you, and besides that is no place for a laboring man, you had better stay in this country."

Then he hurried away and left me to wonder why a man with a comfortable home should ever leave it and throw himself on such a cold, unfriendly world.

I went off to myself to figure a little on the cost of my undertaking. There is a saying of the Savior warning the people to count the cost before beginning to build. It

would take $25 to go to the Islands and the same to return, and $40.10 to go from San Francisco home. I counted

I Ate but One Meal a Day.

my money and I found I had just $90, lacking ten cents of being enough to pay the fare and nothing with which to

buy anything to eat. I stopped at the Golden Eagle House, where they charged 25 cents for meals and the same for a bed. I asked the landlord to let me have a bed for 25 cents without board, expecting to buy bread and live cheaper. He would only agree to furnish bed and breakfast for 50 cents. Believing it is best for a stranger in a strange land to let people have their own way, I accepted the offer and henceforth lived on one meal a day. During our stay in California I had been so highly fed that I was not feeling well, but when I left off two meals a day I began to improve and soon felt like a new man.

It was Sunday, and in the evening I took a walk through the city. Over a door was the sign, "Gospel meeting every evening at seven o'clock." The door was locked, but I sat on the step a good while after the time, and still nobody came. There were a dozen saloons close by in which were warm fires and comfortable seats for the accommodation of strangers. Not caring to visit these places and being cold I stepped into a grocery and sat down by the fire with two other men. Presently the clerk asked me what I wanted to buy; I said nothing. Then he said for me to get out, for he did not keep fire for loafers. I obeyed and went across the street into a saloon. There are hundreds of these places in the city, where a man is welcome whether he drinks or not. They are frequently furnished with the best kind of music and other amusements, as theatrical plays and comic songs. So the stranger who fails to find a gospel meeting, unless he is very pious, is apt to drop into a saloon to pass away the time.

The next three days I spent in search of work, which was very scarce. All the trades were run by unions; the men generally got good wages; coal heavers and bricklayers got $5 per day, hod carriers and dock hands $3. I would have been glad to have worked for $2, but failed to

find a job. The papers claimed there were a thousand men walking the streets clamoring for bread.

One day I came across a great company of men who were erecting a platform for some man who was going to talk on the wrongs of the working classes. As there was serious talk of a riot, I did not stay to hear the speech. Since these unions are run in a great measure by foreigners and I am a free born American citizen, it would not have been safe for me to have gone to work if I had got a chance, in any of the trades that are run by unions.

"The star spangled banner, long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

After two or three evenings in the saloons I began to feel the need of a little religious influence. I might have stayed at my hotel, but that was a saloon, and besides had no music. So I set out in search of the Young Men's Christian Association. None of the policemen knew of it, and would answer as though they thought I was a fool to ask for such a place. I was looking in the directory, when a man learning my wants said he could show me where it was, but he added, "you are in d—d poor business if you think you can get any help from these fellows."

"I am only hunting a place to spend the evening."

"There are lots of saloons where you can spend your time, but if you must go I will show you."

He was so drunk he could hardly stand, but he went with me several blocks, contending that I was on a vain search for consolation, and that I had better go with him into a saloon.

I went up two flights of stairs and came to a large hall from which doors led into the different rooms of the Association. I started into the reading room and was met at the door by a young man who I supposed was the secretary. I asked him if there was any meeting there that night. He said, "Yes, in about an hour." I told him I

was a stranger in the city and thought if there was meeting I would come in and spend the evening. I expected he would invite me in, but was greatly surprised when he said, "You had better come back in an hour, when the meeting will begin in the hall below." I said, "Can I not go in there and wait?" He replied, "I don't know that it will make any difference," but still he stood in the door and made no motion toward letting me in. So after waiting a little I said I would go down and come back to the meeting; then my Christian friend stepped in and shut the door. I wore a woolen shirt and was pretty commonly dressed, and besides had been in the rain and was wet and cold. As everything there was prepared in drawing-room style, and the people very aristocratic in appearance I concluded that only select company was welcome. Through the glass doors of two or three other rooms I could see gentlemen and ladies sitting around tables playing various kinds of games; some were thumping little black balls toward each other. If as my drunken friend said this was a poor place for a clodhopper to seek consolation, there is no doubt but it is a splendid place for young people, and perhaps older ones, to do their courting. I started down stairs, but concluded not to spoil my chance of a blessing by going to a saloon to wait for the meeting, so I sat down on the steps. Many gaily dressed people passed by going up; they would stare at me, but none spoke. I asked a boy if there was any place about that house where a fellow could go to get warm and wait for the meeting. He said he thought I might go down into the gymnasium, that people generally had to have tickets, but if I would just go in and take a seat I would not likely be molested. That was a success, and for half an hour I watched fifteen or twenty young men, dressed in tights, skin cats and cut other monkey shines. A man came in and announced the meeting, and I with two or three others

went up. There was good singing, and music from the piano. We listened to a grand discourse, followed by testimonies. My friendly secretary gave two very bright ones, much to my edification. After meeting he came and shook my hand, saying he was glad I was there. I went away much relieved in spirit, thinking how much better it is to behold people skinning cats in the house of God than listen to the finest music in the tents of wickedness.

Hearing that the Spreckels Bros. had large sugar plantations on the Islands and a good many vessels that sailed there, I went to their office in search of a job; Claus Spreckels was in Philadelphia, and J. D. was not in. I waited all the afternoon and he did not come. Next morning I went back, and learned from the doorkeeper that he was in the office, but unless I had more important business than hunting for work I could not be admitted; my only chance to see the millionaire was to wait till he came out. I waited several hours and finally a tall slim man appeared, and the doorkeeper gave me the wink. I tried to engage him in conversation, beginning to explain my business. He listened a moment, then passed on down stairs. I followed and finished my story in a rather embarrassed manner. He said he had sent a man over a few days before with horses, but did not think there would be another chance soon. He hurried across the street and into a restaurant and began eating dinner. It is said you can drive a better bargain with a man with a full stomach, so I waited at the door, intending to try him again; but the sight of a man filling himself with pie and sweet cake was more than a man who was trying to live on one meal a day could stand, so I went away in disgust.

CHAPTER IV.

OFF FOR THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The "Australia" was to sail the next day, and I resolved to make one more effort for work, and if I failed would pay the passage. So I went back to Capt. Douglas, the superintendent, and told him if he would let me go I would work during the voyage, and help unload the ship at Honolulu. He said, "You can't go, but why do you not see Capt. Matson, of the Lurline, who will sail to Hilo in a few days; he will take you."

I had spoken to Capt. Matson twice before, but armed with the words of the superintendent I tried again, and was told to come next day and they would commence loading the ship. She was a small sailing bark of only 600 tons. It is wonderful how much these little ships will hold. A dozen of us worked hard for four days rolling in great boxes and sacks of freight, among which were barley, flour, onions and potatoes, and also a large amount of bone dust. I noticed corn starch from Ottumwa, and canned chicken from New Jersey.

When ready to sail a tug hitched onto our ship, and with another one (the John D. Spreckels) towed us out to sea. The bay was as still as a pond, but when we passed the Heads there was a heavy gale blowing. As far as I could see the great swells, crowned with white caps, were heaving down upon us.

The sailors climbed the masts, which were swaying about like reeds in a storm, and unfurled the sails. The deck

was covered with boxes and barrels of freight, together with baled hay. Even so small a vessel as this has seventeen sails, each of which is tightened with four ropes.

I was told to stay on deck and help the men pull the ropes. There was a hard storm raging without, and although I strove against it with all my might, I could feel a harder one brewing within. My head and stomach both seemed to be tossing about in a whirligig. I staggered about after the boys, a good deal in their way, sometimes getting hold of a rope, but oftener stopping to disgorge an invoice of the soup I had eaten for dinner. Oh, that awful ship soup! I have never learned its origin or history, but as we were sailing out of the bay I was very hungry after a hard day's work, and ate enough to last me forever.

In two hours the sails were all set, and with a volume of wind that was straining them to the highest tension, we were sailing away to the southwest. I looked abroad to catch a last glimpse of the shore, but it had vanished. I had often thought with what lofty inspirations I would watch the shores of my native land disappear, but now I was too miserable to care a straw for friends, relatives or beloved country; I sought a place to rest. There being no room for me in the forcastle with the sailors, I had to sleep in the donkey-room. I don't mean a long eared donkey, but a little engine, that is used in unloading the ship. It was a crowded room full of litter and covered with grease, and smelt more like a hog pen than a bedroom. It contained a bunk, which I was to occupy, but I found the second mate in it, dead drunk. Of course a work-away had no authority to order an officer about, so I waited a long while for him to vacate; then I crawled in, feeling about as sick and miserable as a man ever does. To add to my misfortune I had no mattress or blanket, and only a piece of an old sail, which was about as stiff as

a dry cowskin. After putting on two suits of clothes and an overcoat, I could only lie and shiver, and hold on to the bunk to keep from rolling about.

The long night wore away and I was glad to get on deck again and breathe the fresh air. The wind changed often and every time the sail had to be changed to suit it, and I was kept busy running about over the great piles of boxes and barrels. It is very trying for a novice to walk on a ship that is tossed by the waves. When the vessel is climbing a wave he will feel like he is made of lead, the next instant he is as light as feathers. Every step he takes is a disappointment; he thinks he sees the deck, and tries to put his foot on it, but it has moved away.

The second mate came back again and took possession of my bunk. He was worse than ever, for there were snakes in his boots. He could hardly have shown more signs of suffering if he had been in the fire. He begged the boys to give him more whisky, but when they refused, he cried out for them to bring a pistol and shoot him. The poor fellow got no sympathy from the men, who only laughed and tantalized him. Next day he was over his spree, and during the rest of the voyage was a steady and faithful man. The day wore away and I again turned into my bunk. I had eaten nothing, and the very thought of food sickened me, but yet I had to sleep close to the kitchen and get the full benefit of the fumes of the cooking.

The storm was increasing, the rain began to pour down and the ship was tossing about like a leaf. At one time there came a squall that seemed to almost turn it over; some of the sails were torn into ribbons and would whip the air and crack like pistols. The men were all called out, and above the roar of the storm I could hear the voices of the officers giving orders. There was no danger, however, for the ship was so heavily loaded that every sail would have gone before she would have capsized. The

storm lasted five days, then the wind became steady and blew a gentle breeze from the east the rest of the voyage.

I ate nothing worth naming for the first seven days, and there were two days and nights in which I tasted nothing, not even water. I was growing pretty weak, but managed to get around and do my work. The officers were all good fellows. There was very little swearing, and I saw none of the abuse of the men that we hear so much about among seamen. They never asked me to do anything unreasonable and I never had to work in the rain, as the other men had oil skin coats, while I had none.

There is nothing so monotonous as life on a ship. The first sight of the sea and the great waves is sublime, but after being tossed by them four or five days they lose all their charms, and the tired passenger begins to look about for a whale or some other monster of the deep to vary the monotony, but is generally disappointed. I saw only two fishes during the voyage; one night a small devil fish and a flying fish were washed on deck. The only thing to give variety was a flock of sea gulls that followed us across the ocean.

The sailors think it is a bad omen to kill one of these birds, but they sometimes play tricks on them. One of the men took three or four pieces of bacon and tied them to a string about two feet apart and threw it out. A dozen gulls lit and began fighting for the meat, each piece being swallowed by a different bird. I cannot give the sequel, for we soon sailed out of sight, and left the birds trying to untie the Gordian knot, and the poor gulls seemed to be completely gulled.

The law now compels the ship companies to furnish sailors an abundance of food, but it is mostly of the "pork and beans" style, and so rich with old grease and strong butter that it is awfully disgusting to a man with a weak stomach. Hunger and starvation finally compelled me to

try to force down my regular rations of this stuff, but I only succeeded in eating barely enough to keep from starving. I never could sleep when cold, but after the voyage was half ended we began to feel the warming influence of the tropics, and then I managed to drown trouble by sleeping about thirteen hours in twenty-four. Every day the mate brought out his instruments and took bearings from the sun; the captain would remain in the cabin to take the numbers. The mate would cry out "watch, time," and then in a few seconds would say: "26, 42," or some numbers less than sixty. Then after a short pause he would go through the same ceremony again, and call out two other numbers, generally greater than the first. I would sometimes have to stand at the door and pass the word in to the captain, who would tell to a mile where we were.

The distance from San Francisco to Hilo is 2,100 miles, and it generally takes from fourteen to sixteen days for a sailing vessel to make the voyage, but as we were racing with the "J. D. Spreckels," we hoped to make the trip in less time. On the twelfth day the captain said we were too far away to see land the next day. Afterwards I heard one of the sailors say the captain made a mistake of thirty-seven miles in figuring, so that we were that much nearer and would see land about three o'clock next day if everything went well.

I went to bed that night in my hard bunk and dirty room the happiest of men, for on the morrow I was to see the shores of the most delightful country in the world, whose mountains and valleys are burdened with the choicest of tropical fruits, and whose inhabitants never feel a chilling blast or a scorching sun. Two weeks of cold, hunger and foul air had greatly increased my capacity to enjoy such a place, as those who read will be quite willing to admit. Next day, it is needless to say, I kept gazing toward the southwest most of the time. Finally about the appointed

hour a sailor from aloft said he saw land. The men all looked and said the same, but I could see nothing that I could distinguish from the clouds. It was too late to enter the harbor in safety, so they "hove to" and sailed about until morning. On nearing the shore a most beautiful sight burst upon our view. Miles upon miles of cane fields skirted the coast with fern-covered mountains and snow-capped peaks of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea in the back-ground. Around the bay were groves of tall palm trees and the great spreading bananas. The ship anchored half a mile from land, and after the sails were all furled, the captain told me I might go ashore when I chose; so I prepared to bid farewell to the Lurline and her crew.

She was new and said to be the fastest ship belonging to the Spreckels Bros. When in Jerusalem, eight months after that, I saw a Boston paper that said the Lurline had been wrecked on the coast near San Francisco, and that her cargo of sugar was damaged to the amount of $25,000.

You may think it strange, but this happened in a calm. There are rivers in the ocean ten times larger than the Amazon, and which flow as swiftly. Sometimes when a ship is becalmed near the shore it is caught in one of these currents and dashed against the rocks in spite of all the men can do, there being no wind with which to sail away.

CHAPTER V.

RECEPTION AT HILO.

Some Kanakas (natives) came out in a canoe and I jumped in and was soon on land. I stepped ashore, as I thought, with a sense of relief, but it was a delusion; the earth seemed to be moving about in great waves, and I was bothered more in walking than I had been of late on the ship; but that feeling soon passed away and gave place to a ravenous desire for the luxuries that were everywhere to be seen.

There were many houses of natives and Chinamen along the way, nestling among tall cocoanut trees and banana orchards. I stopped at a house and found a native woman hoeing in the garden; she spoke no English, but called her husband, who invited me into the house, taking off his shoes, and I did the same. He brought in a large bunch of bananas, a pineapple, a bread fruit and a papia and laid them on the floor beside me. The pine-apple is very sour; the bread fruit looks like an osage orange ball and has rather a sweet insipid taste; the papia looks like a small muskmelon and has a sweet sickening taste to a beginner. I ate a little of the other things, but played havoc with the bananas. Among the furniture of the house were a bamboo carpet, a sewing machine, and a picture of Garfield. The Kanakas everywhere take great pride in decorating their dwellings with the pictures of our presidents, that of Garfield seeming to be the most popular.

My new friend's name was Nalimu, and his wife's Keheloa. They would take nothing for their hospitality, but Nalimu asked to take me to town, where he could find me a room at his sister's, who was a widow, and kept a lodging house. He stepped out on the front porch and donned a nice suit of clothes, then brought out an old horse which he urged me to ride. I engaged a room with Nalimu's sister, Mrs. Clark. Her husband was a white man, a native of Massachusetts, and was the first blacksmith on the Island of Hawaii. Her family consists of a son and daughter, who entertained us with native songs and music from the guitar. And now as regards bodily comfort I doubt whether Adam in Eden was more pleasantly situated than I. With the seasickness all gone and pure air to breathe, and a temperature too mild to be felt, I seemed to be in a new world. While I laid down to rest the gentle trade winds were murmuring sweet music among the leaves of the palm, the bamboo and the magnolia, seasoned by the patter of the rain upon the roof, and the low bass chimes of the surf that was lashing the beach near by.

Next morning Mrs. Clark said the family were going into the country to visit their brother Nalimu, and invited me to go along. Several of his neighbors were there; they sat in the veranda facing the sea, and talked and laughed, singing their native songs and having a jolly good time. An arm of the sea came close to the house, and Nalimu proposed that we go seining; I did not want to soil my best clothes, so Keheloa kindly offered to lend me a wrapper, which I donned. Then with Nalimu clad in a shirt and the wife and daughter in wrappers we went into the water. The little girl, only four years old, followed us in, and waded about up to her neck, as fearless as a duck. Nalimu and I held the net, while the women drove in the fish, which were small, but we soon caught

a peck or more.

Every draw we caught some shrimp, a little animal that looks like a cross between a crawfish and a grasshopper. I noticed the Kanakas eagerly devoured them alive, so being about as hungry as a wolf I tried them and found they were very good. They taste something like an oyster, only more tender and sweet. Like the Irishman's rabbit, the first thing in eating a shrimp is to catch it. You must pick it up by the head, which is hard to do, for it will hop about in the net at a lively rate; then with a cool head and a steady nerve you must open wide your mouth, and be sure its legs all enter; then while it is kicking with all its might you must bite it in two just behind the eyes. The feat is now accomplished, and the delicious morsel dissolves in your mouth like a flash, producing a pleasing sensation fine enough for the gods. The women cooked the fish by boiling. Their cooking is all done out of doors on some stones.

The dinner was set on the floor in the parlor. There were a dozen Kanakas, and we all sat on the floor around two large gourds full of poi. This is the great national dish of the Kanakas. It is made from a root called tarro, resembling a beet, with a top like pieplant. It is first boiled, then pounded in a mortar with a heavy stone and water added until it is the consistency of soft dough; after it has fermented a day or two it is ready for use, and will keep good enough for a native a week or more, but soon gets too sour for a beginner. It is very nutritious and good for people with weak stomachs. Tarro is propagated by sticking the tops in the ground, and is so prolific that a patch forty feet square is sufficient to sustain one person. After a moment of silence, and Nalimu had asked a blessing, we were invited to help ourselves.

The Kanakas never use knives, forks or spoons, but eat poi with the two front fingers, all dipping in the same ves-

sel. The natives eat poi very gracefully and never touch any but what they take out. I was so awkward that it soon looked like there had been a hen and chicken scratching, so they gave me a spoon.

After dinner the women had nothing to do but set away the gourds of poi and shake out the fish bones, then they resumed their places in the veranda, and under the shade of the magnolia trees, with no labor and cares to drive them away from the joys of life. How different is this scene from the average American woman who before she receives company must sweat and stew over the stove a day or two cooking unnecessary courses of nicknacks, and who wears her life away in washing chinaware and silver spoons.

Nalimu had a farm of about two acres, half of which was grown to weeds; the rest was occupied with papia, cocoanut and banana trees, which require no care, and a tarro patch in which he hoed a little for recreation. He seemed much interested in me and desirous that I should find work, and said if I failed to find any to come back and I could have all the cabbage I could raise on his spare ground, which I could sell for ten cents per pound.

When the folks started home they went by a road that crossed a pond about four feet deep. I queried how we should get across. Mrs. Clark said we would have to wade, but I excused myself on the grounds that I wanted to go round and visit a sugar plantation. I passed by many banana patches with their fruit in all stages of growth, from the blossom to great bunches, that were bowing the trees to the ground. Although I had eaten about a hat full of fish and a large amount of poi for dinner, and had been nibbling at papia and shrimp a good deal, nothing seemed to satisfy my hunger and fill my capacity. So I stopped at a Portuguese shanty and gave five cents for sixteen fine large bananas.

Having an eye to the laws of health I strung them out about half an hour, eating one at a time. This closed my epicurean program for the day, and I hurried back to the city with a steady gait and elastic step, singing, "Though troubles cloud the night, joy cometh in the morning." Had I not endured two weeks of sickness and privation on the sea I never would have been able to drink so deeply of the pleasures of this delectable country.

Everything about Hilo is new and strange, from the people down to the smallest plant. Instead of the apple, the peach and the pear, they have the orange, the mango and the banana. Vegetables that grow so well in Iowa, such as cabbage and potatoes, do very poorly here, but instead they have yams and tarro. The soil produces the most luxuriant grass, yet nothing but donkeys and Texas cattle can live on it. The uncleared land is covered with a rank growth of timber and ferns, so thick in places that a man cannot go through them. The climate is equally wonderful to one from America, who has lived amidst the warring elements of hot winds, blizzards, sunshine and cyclones. No storms ever frighten the people here, but they are continually fanned by the gentle trade winds. Although it rains almost very day there is seldom any thunder or lightning.

Besides the English speaking people there are a great many natives, Portuguese, Chinese and Japanese; the three latter were imported for plantation hands.

For several days I was busy taking in the sights. At the native Sabbath school were about eighty Kanakas, who carried on business in a spirited manner. They were mostly well dressed, though a few were barefooted. The women wear loose gowns with no belt, which is the universal style, although the goods may be the finest silk. The old people's class was taught by my friend Nalimu, and they seemed to make it interesting. Everybody was

anxious to put in a word; sometimes when one was burdened with some important thought, he would rise to his feet and relieve himself with very graceful gestures. After school we had preaching by a native, with fine music from the organ. I thought I had never heard such good singing. The Kanaka language is spelled with about twelve of our letters, and consists principally of vowel sounds, no word ever ending in a consonant. When set to music it pours forth with great volume and melody.

The Kanakas take great pains to make strangers feel at home in their churches. On entering in time of service some of your nearest neighbors are sure to take you by the hand. One aged man took special pains to speak to me. He was very old and must have been a good sized boy when the missionaries first landed on the island. I left this sanctuary feeling like I had found the "Model Church," although I had not understood a word that was said.

I took several excursions into the country to get acquainted with the people and learn of their ways. One morning I started, with no particular object in view, but just to go somewhere and to see something. The continuous rains make the roads impassable for wagons, except in a few places where they are macadamized. There were many caravans of ponies and donkeys bearing freight into the country. I talked with a Kanaka who was hoeing in his tarro patch; who invited me into the house and gave me pawpaws to eat, and asked many questions about the land across the sea. In almost every glen and secluded spot you will see a shanty hidden away in a banana patch. These are generally occupied by Chinamen, who cultivate small gardens. They live solitary, lonely lives and are always glad to have any one call on them, especially a white man, for here, as in America, they seldom get a

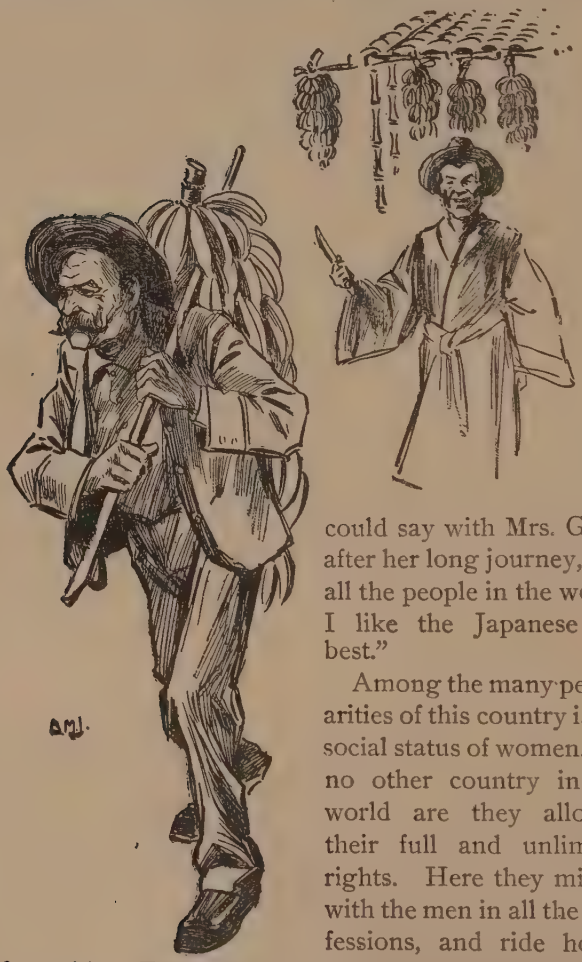
friendly word from white people. At one shanty was a young Chinaman hoeing in the garden, who set out a kettle of rice and a plate of fish and invited me to eat. Although he could not speak a word of English he kept up a continual jabber and seemed much pleased. I suppose it was the first time he had ever been noticed by a white man. Another man with a solemn visage was sitting in the door of his shanty. Many years ago he had a wife and lived in Hong Kong, but she was dead, and he had come here to spend his old age in this solitary place. While there I heard a noise in the cane, and the Chinaman ran out and brought in a trap that had caught a mongoose. This is an animal of the weazle tribe, imported by the planters to exterminate the rats that were destroying their cane. When the rats gave out the mongoose commenced on the chickens, which now are raised with difficulty. Some Kanakas were searching among the stones on the sea shore, and I climbed down a precipice 200 feet high to investigate. They were catching small crabs the size of a half dollar, and a kind of eel the size of a leech.

In my journeyings I fell in with an old woman and boy who were driving a lot of what appeared to be sunfish walking on stilts; I inquired what they were and was told they were hogs. Each hog was dragging a long rope tied to one leg; when one would break for the cane-field the woman would grab the rope and Mr. Hog would have to come back through the same hole by which he went out. They would perhaps weigh fifty pounds, and the woman said they were worth five dollars a head, ten cents a pound being very cheap for hogs here. They have to be kept a year or two to weigh a hundred pounds, and then hardly get fat enough to fry themselves. I hurried on past these and soon heard another hog squealing over behind a banana grove. On investigation I found three Chinamen trying to put a seventy-five pound hog into a sack.

It was a hard job, for the wiry thing kicked and fought like a deer, but they forced it in and tied it up, then one of the men mounted his pony and took the hog and started for town. This was the principal hog dealer of Papikow, who handled his stock independent of the trasportation companies. If Uncle Sam would let the Chinamen have free access to his country they would soon burst the railroad monopoly. At the Papikow sugar plantation I introduced myself to Mr. Goodale, the superintendent, who is a young man and a native of Massachusetts. He invited me to partake of a bountiful dinner, and ordered his servant to bring out a mule and a pony, which we mounted for a ride over the plantation. They had five thousand acres of sugar cane, employed one thousand hands and ran a mill with a capacity of fifty tons of sugar per day. We rode through seven or eight miles of cane, in all stages of growth, from the puny plant that was just coming up, to the great wilderness of ripe cane that will yield seven tons of sugar per acre. There were many gangs of men at work, each having an overseer. At one place twenty-five or thirty men were mowing grass with hoes to clear it off the ground for the plow. Mr. Goodale talked of giving me a job as overseer at $60 per month, but another man was ahead of me.

On the way home I stopped to buy some bananas of a Jap. He cut down a fine, large bunch and insisted that I should take all; I at first refused, but on learning he would take no pay I changed my mind and shouldered the load. I was yet four miles from Hilo, and it was nearly night and threatening rain. The burden soon began to grow heavy, but I hurried on with the precious charge. At one time I had serious thoughts of abandoning it, but knowing the remorse that would follow, I still held on. Then a happy thought struck me. I would lighten the load by eating; I ate until I seemed to sustain a pressure of about

ninety pounds to the inch, but still the thing grew heavier. At last about 8 o'clock I made into my room, and then



could say with Mrs. Grant after her long journey, "Of all the people in the world, I like the Japanese the best."

Among the many peculiarities of this country is the social status of women. In no other country in the world are they allowed their full and unlimited rights. Here they mingle with the men in all the professions, and ride horseback astride. Every day in Hilo might be seen a white lady doctor riding through the streets at a gallop and frequently a lady lawyer could be seen taking her pleasure

ride. At Honolulu women, both white and native, go sweeping through the streets in that position, and they make the most graceful equestriennes.

Where I worked on the railroad in Oahu was a large ranch, and often Kanakas would come out with their women to lasso wild horses, and they rode over the hills and among the rocks in daredevil style.

CHAPTER VI.

PLANTATION LIFE IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

In a week after landing at Hilo I was settled in business at the trade of "luna" on one of Spreckels' sugar plantations. Luna is the native word for overseer. A luna's business is to take a company of thirty or forty men into the field and watch them, and see that they do the work right. There is a boss luna in charge of the whole plantation, who rides about and gives orders. My boss was Mr. Gibbs, a young Scotchman, who, two years before, had left his native land to seek his fortune among the islands of the South Sea. Beginning here as a common luna, by steady habits and industry, he soon worked himself up to the head of the plantation at a salary of $125 per month. Then remembering the girl he left behind in the Highlands of Scotland, he wrote her of his good fortune, and asked her to come and share it with him. Almost any girl but a Highland lassie would have shrunk from such a venture, but the brave girl bade her parents good-by and set out alone on her long journey. After crossing one continent and two oceans, traveling half round the globe, she arrived safely at Hilo, and had been a happy bride for five months. The Scotch people are noted for their education, refinement and inbred piety, and among the enjoyable times I found in my wanderings, none were brighter than the Sundays spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs.

When I spoke to Mr. Gibbs for a job he said they had

a camp of seventy-five Japs and Chinamen about three miles away on the plantation, but they could not get a man who would go and live with them. If I could live with these heathens and keep "bach" or eat Chinamen's grub I could have the job at $50 per month. Nothing could suit me better, for it would give me a chance to study, in many respects the strangest people on earth.

At the camp were three low shanties some sixty feet long, divided into rooms about fourteen feet square. These people do not build their houses with a view to making them a warehouse for an endless amount of furniture, as we do, but with much simpler means arrange to live about as comfortably. Around the walls of the rooms some two feet above the floor is a second floor about four feet wide covered with bamboo carpets. Here they spend their idle time sitting cross-legged, or lounging. Everything is kept clean, for they always leave their shoes out of doors, or on the first floor, and the cooking is done out doors. The Japs lived in messes of about six, and did their own cooking, but the 30 Chinamen employed a cook, who made that his business. In cooking, as in everything else, these people use the simplest means. The kitchen was ten feet square and contained a furnace with two large iron kettles. In one they boiled the rice and in the other cooked the meat and vegetables, which are always cut up into small pieces so that no knives are needed in eating. Instead of forks they have two round sticks which they use very cleverly, but it takes practice, and I was as awkward with them as when eating poi with my fingers. At table each man has a bowl of rice and the meat and vegetables are eaten from one common dish. The Chinamen are not the dirty, half starved, rat-eating people I supposed, but they live as decently and well as workingmen generally do, though on a different diet. They never use bread, pastry, or flour in any shape, but in-

stead they use rice, which is boiled in water with no seasoning, not even salt. In their gardens they grow a great many strange and curious vegetables, which they cook and season in many ways. They are also very fond of chicken and fresh pork, and although chickens were one dollar apiece and pork 22 cents per pound, they indulged quite freely in these luxuries. Although I am very fond of Chinamen's grub and they offered to board me for $2.50 per week, I did not feel able to live so extravagantly, so I set up keeping house alone. Mr. Gibbs kindly offered to place a servant and pack mule at my disposal to bring up a bed, chairs and table, and a complete outfit of cooking utensils. I told him that was unnecessary, as in a warm country I considered a bed a nuisance, and only wanted a few gunny sacks to spread on the floor; as to chairs, I thought I could learn to sit cross-legged like the Japs, and for cooking I only wanted a frying pan and some oyster cans. With a jack-knife to cut meat and whittle out some paddles from bamboo, I thought I was well armed for the epicurean craft, but when I came in from work the first day, I found in my room a plate, knife, fork, and spoon, a cup and saucer, and a governor's chair, which were a gift from Mrs. Gibbs. Out of deference to the kind lady I received and used them with thanks, although it added an immense amount of dish-washing, which I despise above all occupations. I would rather go to jail than have to keep in order the endless amount of implements of housekeeping that the average American housewife thinks she must have; and for the benefit of some care-worn women who may want to learn a better way, I will give my "modus operandi." My stock of provisions consisted of a sack of flour, a side of bacon, sugar, salt, etc. Sometimes when I had plenty of time I would cook rice, tarro, or yams, but in the morning was the time when I had to "get there, Eli."

These people, especially the Japs, are very lively and sociable, full of fun and sports, and there were many allurements at the camp to keep one up late at night. I spent much time in writing notes for this endless journal, and frequently there were three or four men in my room with their primers trying to learn to read English. I often visited the men and watched them play dominoes and listened to the music from the reed flute and Chinese fiddle, hence we generally kept late hours. We had to start to the field at six o'clock. The Chinese cook would get up just in time to have his men eat breakfast before starting. He always left a good lot of coals in the furnace and I had the use of them to do my cooking. He had a ram's horn, which he blew to wake the men and then gave another loud blast for them to come to breakfast. I always dozed until the second blow. The Chinamen are fast eaters, but after they were at table I would arise, arrange my toilet, cook and eat my breakfast and finish with them. At the long, loud blast of the ram's horn I arose and made a dive for a can of water that was always replenished by the rain during the night, then with a frying pan and a piece of bacon in one hand and a can of batter in the other I would run for the kitchen, and in an instant the meat was frying in one side of the pan and a flap-jack on the other. This I would eat while another was cooking. To heat dish water I would dip up a frying pan full of ashes and live coals and pour water over them; a little rubbing would remove all the grease, and rinsing would remove the ashes. Then in about five minutes from the blowing of the horn with a cake, a piece of meat and some sugar rolled up in a banana leaf for my dinner, I was ready to take command of the forces to march upon the cane field.

I will give my first day's experience in hoeing cane. At six a Portuguese luna rode up and blew a whistle for the men to start for the field a mile away. He was a rough-

looking fellow, of the cowboy style, who was sent to initiate me. We led out, followed by seventy-five men in single file, armed with great heavy hoes. Although we went slowly the men went slower and soon fell far in the rear. When we arrived at the field I looked back and there was not a man in sight. In about ten minutes the front one could be seen in the distance slowly emerging. The long column dragged its weary length over the hill and down through the canyon and began to appear on the field. Although but few of the men could speak English, yet it was perfectly plain to every one just where he ought to commence work, but every man stood still until the Portuguese showed him his row and ordered him to strike. I simply looked on to learn what I could. An hour and a half had passed before the men were all at work, and then the Portuguese took one end of the line and told me to watch the other. There was a solid mat of weeds knee high, all of which had to be cut and the lower blades of the cane had to be stripped. In some places it was eight feet high, and so thick I could not see twenty feet. It was no child's play to climb about through the tangled cane and watch the men, every one of whom would shirk at every chance. It rained almost every half hour in the day, but they never stopped work; each man carries an oil cloth coat, which he puts on during every shower. My men were falling somewhat behind and I was getting discouraged when Mr. Gibbs rode up and asked how I was getting along. I told him I was disgusted with such an awkward, worthless set, and that I would not give one white man for half a dozen of them.

"Oh," says he, "you need not be discouraged, the Portuguese has taken all the best men and given you the scabs. These Japs of yours are new men, and we do not expect so much from them."

Although the men are often provoking to a new hand

who is trying to make a good showing, yet I learned to sympathize with the poor fellows who are expected to go with bent backs and wield a heavy hoe from morning till night, and from one year's end to another. Such business would make old even a white man. As evening drew nigh they would strike as if each lick would be the last; when the whistle blew for us to quit, then it was as if life had made a sudden bound out of chaos. Some clapped their hands and shouted, others leaped high into the air, and all made a wild rush for the camp. I went as fast as I could conveniently, but was soon left out of sight. On nearing the camp what a strange, unnatural sight I beheld. The men had all thrown off their clothes and were walking about the camp entirely naked. Some were in the bath house, taking an ablution. A great crowd was standing under a flume that poured out a large stream of water into the yard, others were cooking their supper. The women of the camp (for some of the men had wives) were passing about among them as indifferent as if they had been a drove of hogs. I stood awhile perfectly abashed, undecided whether to advance or retreat, but remembering that a man who starts out to see the world must take it as it is, I ventured up. As fashion is the great controller of our fancies I soon got used to this one, and felt easy among my army of naked Japs. Even the poorest of Chinamen and Japs are very cleanly about their person. They seldom appear in dirty or ragged clothing, and always bathe and don a clean suit in which to spend the evening after their day's work. Some of my men had evening suits of silk. They seem to have no use for clothing only as a means of comfort, and when the weather is hot spend much of their time in their houses, and even receive company while naked.

In every country the people are slaves to some foolish and ridiculous fashion. In the islands of the South Sea

they tattoo and punch great holes in their ears. In England a man would be disgraced who would appear at an evening party in anything but a scissor-tailed coat. In Paris the men of fashion change neckties every hour of the day, and pay professional men large sums of money to tie them. In America we are straining every nerve in the mad rush after the fashions of the Old World. So, since we are all alike foolish in running after the ways of others, let us not blame the poor Celestials too much for following their own fashions.

Every phase of life here is new and strange to an American. Although the men are what we call heathens, they are as to outward morals no worse than white men. They nearly all use tobacco, but I never knew of any drinking, and only about four out of the seventy-five smoked opium. Their houses were decorated with pictures of their gods, some of which were hideous looking, yet I saw no signs of worship, except that the Japs every morning would greet the rising sun by clapping their hands and muttering prayers. A few of them were Christians, and were regular attendants of church and Sabbath school at Hilo, and no doubt many more would soon come to the light if professed Christians would treat them according to the Golden Rule.

The educational system of China and Japan must be pretty good, for most of the men could read and write.

CHAPTER VII.

A MATTER OF RECIPROCITY.

The sugar industry of the Sandwich Islands and its fabulous prosperity for the last fifteen years depends so much on its reciprocity treaty with the United States, that for the benefit of protectionists I will give a little history of it. Fifteen years ago the Islands were just beginning to realize their capacity for producing sugar. The missionaries' children and other shrewd men of the Claus Spreckels type seeing this, conceived the idea of working Uncle Sam for a treaty of reciprocity. If we would admit their sugar and bananas free of duty, they would take our grain, provisions and lumber in the same way. This seemed fair, as an honest exchange is no robbery. We needed their sugar and would get it free of duty, and as they cannot produce our staple products they would buy everything from us and pay good prices. At first sight could anything be more enticing than this offer? The parlor was arranged and the table was loaded with sugar, which was very tempting to Americans in those days, and the cunning spider sang at the door. Reciprocity may be a good thing, but it is like trading horses, you must be careful not to give a good horse for an old plug, but in this case we gave a good horse and failed to get even the plug.

Knowing that Uncle Sam was beginning to cater to men of wealth and note, and was easily dazzled and bewildered by display, they concluded to send over their king to make the trade. King Kalakaua claimed to be a descendant of the great Kamehameha, but he had a woolly head, and

the common talk is that he had negro blood in his veins. Although he lived in a finer palace than our President, and got as large a salary, he was nothing but a figurehead, kept there by the influence of white men, who used him for their selfish ends, and as a tool to rob and oppress his own people. Although the king is said to have been a polished gentleman, still he could not give up some of his old heathenish ways, one of which was the Hula Hula dance, in which girls dance naked for the delight of libertines, and which is practiced every week in Honolulu. Another little affair that happened in 1888 will serve to give you some light on the man who negotiated the first reciprocity treaty with the United States. They had passed a law legalizing the sale of opium to the man who would pay thirty thousand dollars license. Competitors for the prize ran it up to seventy thousand. A Chinaman, T. Aki, offered seventy-one thousand. The king accepted the offer and took the money, and then turned round and sold the license to another man for eighty thousand dollars. Poor Aki was so chagrined at this that he killed himself.

As it is so seldom this country is honored by the presence of a king, when this grand specimen of humanity was coming our government made great preparations to receive him. His railroad fare across the continent cost three thousand dollars. Although there was a failure of crops in the grasshopper regions of the West and thousands of people were suffering and starving for want of bread, our Congressmen spent twenty thousand dollars in hauling this son of a Cannibal around and in giving him royal banquets. But that is not the worst, they made a treaty by which sugar was admitted free into this country, thus giving them an advantage over all other countries of almost two and a half cents per pound, which amounts to the same thing as a bounty of two hundred dollars an acre on all the cane they produced; this we did

for thirteen years, or until the McKinley bill took the duty off of all sugar. As there is a good profit in sugar without this bounty, is it any wonder that these islands have become vastly rich at our expense? The amount of sugar they produced in proportion to what we used was so small it is doubtful whether it ever had any effect on reducing prices, while the amount of our products they used was so small they could not benefit us in prices.

As soon as this scheme was put through Congress Claus Spreckels and his gang hurried back to the islands, to cheat the poor natives out of their land before they learned what this treaty would make it worth. Some of it they bought for a few cents an acre that is now worth several hundred dollars; what they could not buy they managed to lease for a pittance on long time. If a native was stubborn and held on to his land they would surround him with their plantations and squeeze him out, by making his land worthless to him, for a man of small means can do nothing toward making sugar. All the sugar land has long ago passed into the hands of white men and the king, and is worth fabulous prices, and there is almost no land now of any value that can be bought. This is the history of our great sugar king, Claus Spreckels, and this is the history of a hundred other men who live in Honolulu and are known as sugar kings. Although the capital invested on a plantation is great, these fellows do not think they have done much unless they make a yearly profit of a hundred per cent. Thus you will not be surprised that during the heated discussion of the McKinley bill, which would compel them to compete with other sugar countries, they were very uneasy, and were discussing it with more energy than our politicians did.

They thought it strange that America would be willing to cripple her sugar industries, and when they heard there was to be a bounty on home sugar their papers

claimed that by their treaty with us they were entitled to the same benefits. But the McKinley bill brought these fellows to time, and they had to submit to a reduction of about one-half in the price of their sugar.

While at work in Honolulu I used to pass by the palace of Kalakaua and see his lazy Highness lounging in the veranda surrounded by his guards. I always felt humbled to think our statesmen should pass by so many of our suffering people to do extravagant honors to such a man, and then sell us out for a mess of pottage.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEGEND OF HALEAKALA (THE HOUSE OF THE SUN.)

The Sandwich Islands are twelve in number, four of which are mere rocks, the rest are inhabited. They are volcanic, having all been thrown up from the interior of the earth. In no other place in the world can there be seen such mighty effects of the internal forces of the earth. Sometime in past ages the waves of the ocean rolled with one unbroken sweep from the shores of Japan to California. But as nature abhors a vacuum, she dislikes such a vast expanse of desolation, so in a weak place in the bottom of the sea two thousand miles from land the fires broke loose and threw a jet of lava, as hot as melted iron, up through three or four miles of water and high into the air. Such a battle between fire and water would form a scene too grand and terrible to depict, but the natives now living on the Islands have often been treated to such sights. The lava fell back into the sea and cooled, forming rock until it reached the surface of the water, and there continued to build until it had formed an island four thousand feet high. This is the Island of Kaui and is the furthest northwest in the group.

Finally the fires here died, and broke out in the ocean southeast of Kaui, there forming another island. Thus the volcanic forces continued to travel in a southeasterly direction for three hundred miles, forming islands, and are now at work on Hawaii, the largest of the group.

Maui is the last island that has been finished and abandoned by the volcanos. Here they left the grandest speci-

men of their handiwork on earth. On top of a mountain ten thousand feet high is a crater two thousand feet deep and thirty miles in circumference. What a sight it must have been when this great caldron was shaking and groaning in a seething mass of fiery billows!

The natives have a beautiful legend of this great crater of Haleakala (the House of the Sun). When the fires broke out and began to drink up the waters of the ocean, the god of the sea became very angry, and fought hard and long, trying to subdue them, but failed. Then he called on the god of the winds for help, who sent a cyclone which gathered a mountain of sand from the sea shore, and threw into the crater. This aroused the fury of old Madame Pele, the goddess of fire, and mistress of the House of the Sun, who sallied forth, like a mad woman with a broom, and hurled the sand into the clouds. But it fell back into the same place only to be thrown up again by the indignant woman. This continued for many generations until the goddess was almost worried to death, and finally concluded to abandon her house to the sand, which soon choked out the fires. This accounts for the great amount of sand in and about the crater. But, woman like, Madam Pele though vanquished was not conquered, and would not be outdone, so she took up her journey to the southeast for seventy-five miles, and there renewed her attack on Old Ocean, where she made the island of Hawaii, which is larger than all the others together.

If the sands ever came she was so vigilant and kept them swept out until she has built two mountains fourteen thousand feet high, that reach above the clouds. Being so high the god of the winds could lift no more sand, the Ocean employed him to cast snow upon the goddess, but she only laughs at this and the snow disappears at the gentlest blast of her breath. Thus is the goddess en-

throned on the top of Mauna Loa, and Mauna Kea, high above the clouds and the storms, a warning to any man

Madame Pele Enthroned.

who is harboring a foolish idea that he can conquer a woman.

On the side of Mauna Loa is the great crater of Kilauea, the largest active volcano in the world, where in a caldron nine miles in circumference the fiery billows have never ceased to roll, since the earliest tradition of the natives.

Before you visit this wonder, that you may better appreciate the situation, and the terrible fires over which we will have to pass, I will give an account of a few of the great eruptions that have been within the memories of men now living. Some of them may seem almost beyond belief, but after you have walked sixty miles over the lava beds that have run down in great rivers from the top of the mountains, you will be prepared to believe anything that can be said about volcanoes.

Since the first coming of white people a century ago, there has been an eruption about every ten years, the last being in 1881, which came so near overflowing the city of Hilo. In 1852 Mauna Loa gave one of the grandest exhibitions that has ever been seen. Mr. J. Fuller, who was an eye witness, has written a description of it.

After a journey of three days he came to the crater on top of the mountain. Although this was nearly three miles high the internal forces were able to lift a column of lava all this distance and throw it into the air six hundred feet, it then ran off and filled up a large valley between the mountains. A few months after this a light was seen on the same mountain. It rapidly increased until the whole heavens at midnight were as bright as day. Mr. Coan, the missionary, started from Hilo, and was four days in reaching the crater. He there found the lava flowing off in a viaduct several hundred feet deep. In some places the arch had broken in and he could look down at the seething torrent below, which was running at the rate of forty miles an hour Two miles down the mountain it came to the surface and spread out over the country covering three hundred miles. The stream was sixty

miles long, and came within six miles of Hilo. In 1868 the fires again broke forth and sent out a river of lava forty miles long. The stream was a mile wide and sometimes a hundred feet deep. It reached the coast at Wianalu, where it continued to pour over a precipice into the ocean for three weeks. The heat was so intense that the sea became hot for twenty miles round, and was scalding hot near the shore for six weeks. So many fish were killed and drifted ashore that it caused a pestilence. During the eruption some people went to the top of the mountain and found the volcano spouting a jet of lava two hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and over a hundred feet high. Two months after this a dense column of smoke several miles high could be seen over the mountain.

The next day a series of earthquakes commenced which lasted for a month. At Kana fifty shocks were felt in one day; at Kau as many as three hundred in the same time. The country around the great crater of Kilauea was in a constant quiver for days together. The whole district of Kau on the south side of the island was so shaken that all the houses and most of the stone fences were thrown down, and all the churches except one were destroyed, some being completely demolished in less than ten seconds. At one place the mountain opened and a stream of mud shot out and ran down a valley at the rate of a mile a minute. Men, animals and trees were all alike engulfed. Thirty-one people and several hundred head of stock perished in the mud. At the same time a mighty wave forty or fifty feet high swept all the southeast coast of Hawaii. It destroyed half a dozen towns, among them Punulu. The trees and houses were all carried away and twenty-five people perished. The town has been rebuilt and two hundred people are living there as unconcernedly as if nothing had ever happened.

During this eruption one hundred people lost their lives. So much smoke came from the mountain that it covered

the ocean for a thousand miles. I have reserved a description of the last great eruption of Kilauea in order that it may be fresh in our minds when we enter its gloomy portals and walk over its treacherous crust, and among its awful fires. In 1840 the volcano broke out. The people of Hilo were greatly alarmed, for if the fiery lava, four thousand feet above them should flow that way the devastation would be dreadful.

But on the third day it started in a northeasterly direction and in four days reached the sea forty miles distant. In some places the lava would spread out into lakes many miles wide. Sometimes it forced its way under the soil, lifting large quantities, together with houses, trees and animals, and bore them off to the sea like floating islands. On the third day of the eruption three hills were formed six hundred to eight hundred feet high and a mile long.

At Hilo and other places forty miles distant the finest print could be read at midnight, and this continued for two weeks. Fortunately the warning was sufficient for the people to escape, but many cattle perished.

Nothing can equal the variety and grandeur a lava flow leaves in its track. Sometimes it moves in great semicircular waves, which will stop and harden, on top of which other waves will congeal, thus forming a hill having the appearance of a huge coil of rope. Sometimes the mass of liquid lava behind the wave will break through its crust and flow on, thus leaving a great hollow shell resembling a fortification.

Again the small stream will run down a precipice of the mountain and gradually congeal until great pillars are formed. I remember two that had the appearance of the legs and paws of a lion. The surface of the flow frequently freezes over like a river, which breaks up and is carried along in drifts like ice; this will lodge in gorges, from which the liquid lava will flow and leave it lying in great

heaps. I have seen miles of country thus covered with sheet lava standing on edge and in all kinds of shapes, making it almost impossible to pass over. The road and trail across the island by way of the volcano is sixty miles long, and much of the way leads over lava beds of recent formation, so in our tramp we will not lack for strange and varied scenery.

CHAPTER IX.

A NIGHT AT KILAUEA.

To see the volcano of Kilauea is one of the great events of a lifetime, yet it costs so much that many people who live in sight of the smoke are never able to do so. They can't afford it. A rich company in Honolulu has the monopoly of the travel, and furnish round trip tickets for fifty dollars, including guides and board. As part of the way there is nothing but a trail over lava beds, they succeed in making the people believe that it would be very dangerous to venture without horses and guides. When I spoke of going afoot and alone, the natives and even the Portuguese on the plantation laughed and said I could never make it. But even for the foolhardy adventurer who would try to go independent of the company they have traps set. They have an inn at the volcano, and a half way house on each side, where they charge a dollar for a meal and the same for a bed.

The world is full of wonders, to see which would be the happiest day of the life of many people who are never able to get far from their own narrow sphere; but it swarms with human cormorants that pounce upon the helpless tourist, and unless he is a millionaire relieve him of his money before he has gone far. I set out with a determination to show these fellows that other people besides the rich had a right to the pleasures of sight seeing. It has been said by the trappers in the Rocky Mountains that in proportion to bulk a man can live longer on parched corn than any other food. This struck me favorably, so with five

cents' worth of corn and ten cents' worth of dried beef, I set out on a four days' journey, intending to burst the Hawaiian land, water and transportation monopoly. It was a dangerous experiment, as those who read of will discover.

The first seven miles of the road led through a jungle of ferns, trees, and tropical vines, so dense a dog could hardly go through. This grew on a lava bed that has been made perhaps not a century ago. The dampness here is so great that ferns will start to grow as soon as the rocks are cold, where there is no sign of soil. I found them clinging to the rocks down in the volcano. In this jungle I saw no one except—in a shanty by the road—a lone man, who twenty years ago had left Iowa to seek his fortune in these islands. He had leased forty acres of land of the company, and was starting a coffee plantation. By great labor he had cleared fifteen acres and planted fourteen thousand coffee trees, which were from two to three feet high and growing nicely. The ground was nothing but heaps of rock, and so rough that I saw no place where a man could run a wheel barrow for two rods, and one would have to hunt a good while to find a half bushel of soil. The trees were planted in the crevices of the rocks with a few stones piled about them. The people here are just beginning to learn that their country is as good for coffee as sugar, and they claim it equal to the best coffee from Arabia. The monopolies seeing this are quick to appropriate these lava beds, and are willing to lease them for one dollar and fifty cents an acre, for a term of twenty years, as they had to this man. If the volcano should pour out its lava and fill up another section of the sea it would belong to these fellows before it was cold enough to walk over. Six miles further and I came to the camp of the men who were building the road to the volcano.

The overseer was a Mr. Ramsey from State Center, Iowa. It was a great treat to enjoy the hospitality of one from the Hawkeye State in this far-away land. Although some months after Mr. Ramsey made some disparaging remarks to my Hilo friends about the amount I ate, I still count him among my warmest friends; as it takes more than that to offend a genuine American tramp.

Next morning I started early, for I must be at the volcano at four o'clock, and the trail for seventeen miles led over lava beds, and was so rough and crooked that it was like walking up a winding stairs. But the thought of seeing the greatest wonder in the world will stimulate any one, and by two o'clock I began to smell the fumes of the everlasting fires. At the Volcano House was a lone traveler from California who was waiting to go down. People always visit the volcano at night, as the fires show to better advantage. We started with a guide. When a few steps from the house we stood on the brink of a precipice, and could look down into a circular hole five hundred feet deep and three miles across. Columns of smoke were rising everywhere and all of the crater seemed to be one dense mass. Kilauea is unlike most volcanos, which generally belch forth their smoke and lava from the top of a high peak. To reach the crater of Vesuvius you have to climb a mountain four thousand feet high that has much the appearance of a hay stack. Although Kilauea is the same height, you approach the crater from a level place, and the ascent from the sea has been so gradual you are not aware that you are on a mountain, but there is no lack of mountain scenery. Fifteen miles to the northwest, but seemingly right at your feet, stands Mauna Loa, with its cone-shaped peak towering ten thousand feet above your head. The banks of the crater are too steep to descend except by a zigzag trail cut in the rocks. Standing on the top and looking down you see what seems to be a black, level

plain, but when you get to it you find great hills and canyons, and perpendicular cliffs a hundred feet high or more. I hurried on ahead and was soon stopped by a fissure in the rocks six feet wide and seventy feet deep, at the bottom of which the lava had lately been running. Seeing how easy it was to run into pitfalls I afterward staid closer to the guide. We soon came to where the smoke was rising all around us, and we had to wind about to find currents of fresh air. There were great fissures everywhere, from many of which the molten lava had been lately running. Some places it was so hot we had to run over it to save our shoes. At one place was a hole twenty or thirty feet across of unknown depth, from which smoke was arising in torrents. Two miles through such scenes as these and we stood on a high bluff, looking down into a dark and gloomy canyon, formed by the caving in of a large section of the crater. It looked like "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," but those who would see the glory of Kilauea must pass through this. Our guide went before, pointing out the dangerous places and we safely descended into the depths. On one side of the trail was a precipice a hundred feet high, from which a mass of rocks had fallen a week before and covered the path for eight or ten rods. This happened just after a company of tourists had passed along. We were now in about the center of the crater, in the midst of a column of smoke a mile in diameter, but of course it is perforated with cold currents of air which would naturally seek the lowest places, so we were able to breathe fairly well.

A half mile up this canyon and the guide said we were nearing the Boiling Lake. We began to hear strange noises, mingled with rumbling and cracking as if a great ice gorge had broken loose. The guide started to run and called to us to follow if we wanted to see the fire break out. A strong puff of wind dashed the smoke in our faces, but

we held our noses and ran. I managed to reach the edge of the lake and glanced down, but had to retreat and run back fifty paces or more before I dared take a full breath, and even then my lungs were so full of the poisonous fumes I hardly got over it that night. The wind soon changed and we could go back, but the fires had died down and we had missed the great sight.

The Boiling Lake (or Lake of Fire and Brimstone, as it would more properly be called) is about three hundred feet long and half as wide. Except on the north it is surrounded by high banks; on the west is a precipice a hundred feet high. On the north you can walk to the edge and look in at the seething lava which had sunk down about 15 feet when we gazed at it, but it frequently boils over and runs down the valley. The grand exhibition of fireworks is not going on all the time. The fires frequently cease and the surface of the lake will cool and harden and remain still for hours, then it will break forth in a rage which may last for a few minutes and sometimes for days. Many people after having gone to much trouble and expense go away disappointed, sometimes through necessity, but oftener because they are nervous and want to get out of this dismal place as soon as possible. The night before a party of men and women went down in a drenching rain, and found the goddess of the lake sleeping and she would not awaken.

After waiting an hour or two and seeing nothing satisfactory, my chum wanted to go, but I told him I was going to stay all night. He thought it would be awful to stay alone in such a dangerous place. Finding his warnings were in vain, he took my name and address, and said if I did not turn up in the morning he would write to my widow, which would have been very appropriate, as he was just my age and a bachelor. After considering that matter further he had about concluded to stay and take the

chances with me. The guide gave us a little encouragement by saying: "Although there had been many narrow escapes; among the hundreds of people that came every year, none were ever hurt." It was his opinion they were guarded by Providence. God had placed here the greatest wonder in the world, and wanted everybody to see the big fire; if he should permit some one to get killed other people would be afraid to go down. Pretty good reasoning for a poor ignorant Portuguese, from which I took a little comfort.

While discussing this subject there came a great noise, as of rocks breaking and falling. We thought the crater was caving in somewhere and started to run; even the guide was somewhat frightened, but he and I soon saw what it was and stopped, while my chum made tracks as far as he dared to go alone, when he continued waving his hand and entreating us to hasten out of that horrible place.

Some rocks had broken loose from the precipice and came tumbling down into the lake, from which we were in no danger. The Portuguese took his lantern and hurried on to reassure the frightened man and guide him out. Once or twice they called to know if I had not changed my mind. Half undecided and fearing I would yield, I listened until their voices died away down the dark valley, and finally the light disappeared, which settled the matter, for had I known the whole thing was going to blow up I never could have got out in the night alone.

The fates had burned the bridge o'er which to flee,
And left the world to Pele and to me.

I crawled to a little eminence and took a position to watch for the show to begin. The lake was frozen over, covered with a crust of rock from four to six inches thick. In places around the edges the heat was glowing and darting forth forked tongues of fire, keeping up a continual

hissing and sputtering. This lasted for nearly an hour, when the strange noises began to increase, and the rock to bulge up in many places. It would crack with a sharp noise and the lava would burst forth, while great slabs of rock would be thrown up on edge and settle down, melting like wax. In a few seconds the rock was melted and the great caldron was boiling like a sugar kettle on a scale in proportion to its size. Sometimes the surface of the lake was covered with fiery fountains spouting their glowing embers into the air; sometimes a wave would rise and sweep across, dashing against the rocks. A current seemed to be flowing from south to north, showing that the whole crater must be underlaid with liquid lava. The strangest thing is the unearthly noises. There is puffing and whistling and screaming. Sometimes it seemed as if a dozen locomotives were blowing off steam, while deep below the raging sea could be heard awful groans and moans, which, like Pollok's description of hell, were long, loud, deep, dark, dolorous, immense. But why multiply words trying to describe the indescribable. None can ever appreciate Kileauea who has not seen it.

This scene would last perhaps fifteen minutes and then the raging would cease and the lake would freeze over and all would be still for half an hour or so, when it would break forth again. This continued all night, and seemed to grow worse as day approached. One time the lava rose several feet and came near boiling over. I tried to sleep and took a few naps, but about the time I would get into a doze some rocks would fall, or the fires break forth, and startle me. It seemed to be about the poorest place in the world to sleep.

Although no one has been hurt in the volcano, yet by the sudden convulsions of the lava many have narrowly escaped. In Honolulu I helped build a house for Judge Judd, and heard him tell of the narrow escape of his

father, Dr. Judd. At that time the boiling lake could only be approached by a narrow trail. The Doctor went down to make some experiments, and while there the lava suddenly arose and covered the path, cutting off his only way

Poor Place to Sleep.

of escape. He cried to his native attendants above, but they had fled. The lava rapidly arose and was beginning to cover his last retreat, when the Doctor's cries brought

one of the men back, who, at great risk, reached over the brink of the pit and lifted him out, and immediately the pit was full of the boiling lava. In 1888 Mr. Lee Merriwether, a noted American traveler, was standing with a party of tourists on the edge of the lake when about an acre of the opposite side, over which they had just passed, fell in.

Mr. Maby, who keeps the Volcano House, said he was once guiding two men through when several acres of lava close to them suddenly fell down seventy-five feet. He said in the last seven years the whole surface of the crater had at times risen four hundred feet higher than it then was, and sometimes it had sunk away until it was five hundred feet deeper. The lake frequently changes; only a short time ago it was a mile from where it now is. During my visit I saw some of the changing that is constantly going on. A tunnel commenced forming under the bank of the lake and in two hours' time it had extended back 60 or 80 feet. Great flames of fire would dart out, mingled with noises as if all the forces of hell were at work. I could see the rocks melting and pouring down from above and soon the twenty feet of rock was consumed and the arch fell in.

As soon as it was light I bade farewell to this earthly sheol and retraced my steps for the upper world. I soon lost the trail, and in hunting for ways around the frightful chasms and bluffs lost my directions also. My only chance now was to wait until the sun rose high enough to penetrate the smoke and then follow it out. This led me over many hard places. The lava frequently forms in layers like limestone rock by different additions that are spouted up and spread out and cooled until they are hundreds of feet thick. Then in time of an eruption a great section of this will be turned up on edge and the layers come

apart and the great slabs will fall in all shapes. I had to cross a quarter of a mile of this, and then a dark canyon and up a steep hill, where the lava had been lately flowing, and was too hot in places to walk over. Sometimes the under current had run off and left a thin crust, and I would drop through a foot or more. This was very trying to the nerves, and I tried to avoid these places by pounding ahead with a club.

I finally found the trail and had no more trouble in geting out, but found the tug of war had only begun when I started up the steep ascent of 500 feet. I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours except parched corn and dried beef, which did not work as well as I had hoped, but after a good many rests and eating the last of the corn I stood once more on the bank of the crater. Looking back at those great hills and canyons I had just crossed they had all disappeared into one level plain, so deceiving is the human eye among mountains.

There are many crevices about the crater which extend away back into the country where the smoke is issuing. At one near the hotel they can boil water. The smoke has a strong sulphurous smell, but is sometimes varied with other perfumes. At one place it smelt as if they were burning cow horns and hoofs and other refuse of a tanyard. It was very foolish, but I still purposed in my heart not to pay the monopoly a dollar for breakfast, so I started in company with the bachelor intending to walk to a cattle ranch twenty miles away with nothing to eat. Walking down a gentle grade was so much easier than climbing out of the volcano that I got along well for two or three miles. If I had had nothing to carry like my companion I could have kept up with him all day, but under a burden of twenty-three pounds I began to lag. When I was preparing to start on my journey my wife ransacked the stores to get all the necessaries for such a trip, although

I refused to take a good deal of her "fixins," yet with an affectionate entreaty that I would always keep in good trim she got me started, with two suits of clothes, three "biled" shirts, three other shirts, a blouse, two or three pair of overalls, stockings, collars, cuffs and neckties too numerous to mention. Had I thrown most of them into the sea I would have been much better off; but my sense of economy became so strong that I held on to every vestige until I arrived in Jerusalem, where I took an inventory and found I had enough yet to last me about twice around the world, so I gave some of them to the poor of the Holy City. My stopping to rest so often seemed to worry the "Bach" a little and he chided me for not getting breakfast. He was trying to travel cheap, having walked up from the sea, but was not going to starve to death for a dollar. I told him it was sleep I needed most, but I had no doubt that a little poi would do me good, so seeing a grass hut off of the road we went over. There was no one at home and nothing in the hut but a jar of water. This was a sore disappointment, for the "Bach" said there were no more signs of human habitation nearer than the Half Way House, nine miles distant. I told him I was going to have a nap and he could go on if he chose, which he thought he had better do, as it looked like raining. The sleep refreshed me and I hurried on, but it was of short duration and I had to sleep again. Thus the day wore away, walking half a mile and sleeping a few minutes, until about three o'clock I arrived at the inn. A great change had come over my mind about paying a dollar for a meal. As I was out trying to see the world I ought to eat one such dinner and I would perhaps never be in a better condition to do justice to it than now. The landlord was a Yankee, who had come here at an early day and married a native woman. He had been to Siberia and knew a great deal and could tell lots more than he knew; so he sat down to

feast my mind while I filled my stomach, but before I got through his wind had failed and he sat there completely dumfounded.

For the benefit of people who hate monopolies, I will give a statement of what disappeared from the table: Five hot biscuits, two fried eggs, a large slice of fried ham, several slices of boiled beef, three potatoes, one pie, a dish of berries and two small sweetcakes, a very large hole in a dish of butter (that is, I ate the butter and left the hole for the company), a cup of coffee, a glass of milk and two glasses of rain-water. I left with a strong conviction that both the monopoly and I were about "busted."

Just as I arrived at the inn it commenced pouring down rain. The "Bach" had started a little before and so got the full benefit of it, although he had left me exhausted by the wayside in the morning for fear he would get wet. He failed to find lodging until nearly midnight, getting lost and crawling on his hands and knees for fear he would tumble into a pitfall. He finally found a shanty and paid forty cents for the privilege of sleeping on a board. I also got lost, but seeing a light went to it and found a cattle ranch with lots of cowboys, both native and white, who gave me shelter and breakfast and would not take a cent.

Near by was a sugar plantation which is connected by railroad with the seacoast at Punuluu, six miles distant. The locomotive was about the size of a road wagon, and the cars were all flats, seven feet long and five feet wide, on which they made a pyramid with sacks of sugar and the passengers climbed on top. I got on one car and found it hard holding on, while three natives clung to another. At one place we took on a Portuguese woman, two children, two large bundles and an old hen. How they all managed to hold on to one car was a mystery. A man out in a field halted us. There is nothing growing about Punuluu, so he had walked out five miles to gather grass for his

horses, and was returning with two sacks full. The engineer carried the whistle in his pocket and blew it with his mouth. The brakes were worked by a treadle, and if any one thought we were going too fast he could climb down and stand on them. The road was very crooked and we went down a grade of six feet to the hundred at a frightful speed. Although the accommodations were not as good as the Vanderbilt roads, yet in some respects the management was much better, for they charge nothing, and the engineer treated me to ginger ale.

At Punuluu a company of small children were playing in the sea. They would wade out and wait for the wave to come rolling in and wash them ashore. Down in the water they looked like a school of fish.

The Kanaka children are like ducks. As soon as they can walk they toddle down to the sea and plunge in, and the mothers seem to have no fears of their drowning.

The ship was to sail early next morning, and to save a hotel bill I took a boat and went aboard in the evening. They charged ten dollars for a cabin room to Honolulu, but I paid two dollars for deck passage. They had scrubbed the deck and there was no place to sleep, so I had to make a bed of a step ladder.

All day we sailed along the west side of Hawaii. Many places the mountains rise from the sea two and three thousand feet, down which the lava has often run. They stopped at many towns to take on freight. At Kailua they took on some cattle and horses. The animals were lassoed by the cowboys and dragged into the sea, where a dozen were tied to a boat and drawn by a cable to the ship half a mile from shore. They were hoisted aboard by means of a crane and pulleys; some ropes were passed under them and the steam turned on, when the affrighted beasts would be jerked twenty feet into the air. The cattle were of the Texan breed, with horns two or three feet long.

It was exciting, dangerous business, but it was fun for the Kanaka sailors. One steer broke loose and ran for the mountains. Two men gave chase and soon lassoed him and dragged him back into the water. Another steer swam out to sea. They paid no attention to him until he had ridden the waves for a quarter of a mile, then they gave chase and brought him back. One sailor while standing on the bulwarks of the ship was kicked and thrown off his balance; with a powerful leap he landed beyond the boat and cattle below, sinking deep into the sea, but he came back and was ready to tie the steer when he was lowered on deck. Another man had a great gash cut in his forehead, but he worked away.

These Kanakas are large and well built men, as active as monkeys and make the best of seamen. It is almost impossible to drown them. In time of a storm they will sport in the surf where a white man could not live for a minute. They will even attack and kill sharks in the water.

The mate pointed out one of his sailors who he said was cast overboard one dark, stormy night. When they found him an hour afterward he was steering straight for the nearest land, twenty miles away, and did not seem to be in the least excited or afraid he would not be able to make the port in safety.

At Kealakeakua Bay I went ashore to see the monument of Capt. Cook, which his countrymen have lately erected to the memory of the great circumnavigator on the spot where he was killed by the natives in 1779.

Had the Englishman treated the simple people well, they no doubt would have treated him as royally as their grandchildren treated me, but his cruelty provoked their savage natures and brought vengeance on his head.

CHAPTER X.

IN HONOLULU.

On arriving in Honolulu I happened to wander into the Chinese quarter of the city, and could find no one there who could speak English. After a long search I had about concluded I would have to sleep in the streets, when I came across an American barber. He said he could send me to a high-priced hotel, but he knew of no cheap place, as they had just had a big fire which had burned out several of their lodging houses. So he proposed if I could afford to sleep on a lounge in a room used by their little boy for a playhouse to take me home with him. The wife soon returned from church, and before I was allowed to see my room she must give it a thorough overhauling with clean sheets on the lounge. It was quite a surprise to a tramp from America, where every lady turns a cold shoulder, to be taken into one of the best families of Honolulu. They did not want to take pay, but as I was not trying to dead-head my way, but wanted to travel as cheaply as possible and pay a reasonable price for everything, I paid them twenty-five cents a night for the room.

My first business in Honolulu was to hunt work, which was the easiest to find of any place I ever struck. Any skilled workman as carpenter, engineer or blacksmith could easily command four and five dollars a day, but as I had no trade I took a job at helping to build bridges on the railroad, at two dollars and fifty cents a day.

These islands are about the hardest place in the world to construct railroads, but they were building a narrow-

gauge road about twenty miles around Pearl Harbor to a sugar plantation.

We took the train and rode fifteen miles through desert land covered with cockleburs and part of the way through banana orchards and rice swamps. This is on the dry side of the island where it seldom rains and, except when irrigated, almost nothing grows but burs; I never found a country in which burs and pursley did not grow. We went to work under the shade of a grove of tall palm trees, whose slender trunks held mammoth clusters of cocoanuts far beyond the reach of anybody but Kanakas or monkeys. In the grove dwelt an old native and his wife who did nothing but smoke and eat poi. They were very friendly and did not seem satisfied unless we partook of their bounties.

We were in the midst of rice fields of many thousands of acres, the golden grain of which was ready for the sickle. This is cultivated by Chinamen with a patience and care that is never dreamed of by the careless, wasteful people of Iowa. The ground is cut up by levees into patches from an acre down to a few rods. After the ground is plowed the water is turned on and a man with a Chinese ox hitched to a rake will drag through the mud and water up to his knees, and thoroughly puddle it, when it is ready to receive the plants. These oxen are large, have little hair, with horns two or three feet long, which turn backward and come together over their shoulders. They look much more like rhinoceros than cattle. The rice plants are set in rows each way about ten inches apart. The water is kept on until the rice begins to ripen, when it is turned off. The rice is cut with sickles, carried on the backs of men, tramped out by ponies or cattle, and the chaff blown out by the wind. The land is owned by landlords who rent it to the Chinamen for about thirty dollars an acre. They raise two crops a year, and one man can work about three acres,

so you see we had plenty of neighbors. Every morning at daylight we could hear the shout of the men in all directions as they were driving the ponies over the threshing floors. A crop of rice will produce about two tons to the acre, and sell before hulled for fifty dollars a ton. It was very interesting as well as agreeable to be cast among such strange scenes, and strange companions, and doubly interesting since we were close to a large banana orchard which the road had cut through. Our company consisted of a white man from Australia who was a good fellow but liked his beer, a native called Dave, who was a graduate of a seminary and a nice Christian gentleman, and Jack, a man from New York. Jack was a carpenter by trade, but had drank so much that his manhood was destroyed and he could not be trusted with anything but rough work. He was very willing and handy about our housekeeping and cooking, and we used him for all he was worth.

Jack had lately taken an object lesson that had made a deep impression on his mind, and had sworn off from his evil habits. A week before one of his friends had been found drunk in the streets of Honolulu, and some men carried him to his room. During the excitement when the great fire broke out, the people forgot the drunken man and he was burned to death. Poor Jack thought this was sufficient warning, and he had to come out here to get away from the saloons and the bad influence of the city.

Every evening while the boys were getting supper I would go for a sack of bananas. We would cook them on pancakes and sprinkle flour on them and fry them in peanut oil. The steamers that carry bananas to America only sail every two or three weeks, and as they never ship any that have commenced to turn, all that ripen between times must be disposed of at home. I have seen places where they fed them to the hogs by the wagon load. This looks bad to an Iowan, but you must remember that most

countries yield their natural products as profusely as Iowa does potatoes and pumpkins, and while you are envying the Kanaka his bananas, do not forget to give thanks for the butter and milk, chickens and eggs, and a dozen other good things that Iowa produces so abundantly, but which are such a scarcity to the people of the Sandwich Islands.

In a week the bridges were done and I returned to Honolulu to seek another job. My friendly barber had moved to another part of the city, but still had possession of his first house, so he told me I might occupy it until his time was out for a dollar and a quarter a week, although he was paying four. There were five rooms, two beds, one stove, tables, chairs and all the implements for keeping bach in first-class style. It was in the heart of the city, and I could sit in the upper veranda and watch the busy throng passing below, feeling a good deal like Don Quixote did when he became governor of the Island.

One day I heard music and saw a long column of men marching up the street, led by the Kanaka band. They stopped in front of my mansion and played "Marching Through Georgia," and "Star Spangled Banner." The band moved on, followed by a company of white men clad in uniform and a large number of native soldiers; the usual amount of boys following in the rear rattling bones and tin pans. I was at a loss to know what this all meant, but learned it was Decoration Day. Since the war our veterans have been scattered all over the world, but in all places are ever found doing honor to their fallen comrades, and that national air written by an Iowa man to commemorate Sherman's march to the sea is one of the most popular pieces in all countries.

My next job was hostler on the Eva plantation, a new ranch they were opening at the upper end of Pearl Harbor. A ship load of laborers had just arrived at Honolulu from Japan, and with fifty of these we took a steamer and sailed

up the harbor. Arriving at the stables in the evening I found them in charge of a young man from Ohio, who gave me instructions in the business. I was to feed the teams at four in the morning and ring the bell for the men to get up. After they were gone to work I was to clean out the stables, prepare feed for night and be continually on the watch for the overseers, and take their horses when they should happen to ride up.

Soon the teams came in from the fields. There were about forty mules in charge of a half dozen Kanakas and Portuguese. These men have no sense whatever about a horse and would spoil any animal. The mules were a fresh importation from California that had never been handled and were as wild as deer, and after a few days training by men still wilder you can imagine about what kind of a pandemonium we had. Some of the mules would be led to the trough for water only by the help of two or three men, and sometimes even refused to be led into their stalls. After they were hitched the only safe way for the man to get out was to climb over the stall, for no living object was safe within ten feet of their heels. One fellow who tried to step out behind got a kick which laid him off duty for several days. Many of the mules had to be tied fast to the stall to be harnessed. But with all this disadvantage these reckless Kanakas would by main strength and awkwardness handle their teams with a dispatch that was wonderful. At night I was left alone at the stalls to keep company with the mules and see that all went well. I slept in a room overhead where I could get the full benefit of the kicking, squealing and braying of the mules, but such harmonies as these were only music to me. My only fears were that I would not waken in time in the morning, and I had told the boss he must get me an alarm clock. I had been told that out here near the rice swamps no one could sleep without mosquito netting. I arranged my screen and went to

bed, and above the uproar from below could hear the ravenous insects swarming about. I felt secure, however, but soon began to feel the quickening influence of their touch. I tucked the netting under the bed, trying to stop holes and slapping myself trying to kill mosquitos until I felt like I had been through a Turkish bath, but still the plague grew intolerable. I lit a lamp and then learned the trouble. The rascally Chinaman who sold me the net gave me one with meshes too large. The pests could come through, but after they had filled up could not withdraw with their hinder parts, and there they were, the great red things, inside the net resembling a dewberry patch. I doubled the net together and tried it again. This was a success and I laid down in my retreat in rather a boastful mood thinking what a grand thing it is to belong to the Anglo-Saxon race, whose genius is ever sufficient to surmount the worst difficulties. I had gone off into a gentle doze, when, bang! went something that sounded like the firmament had collapsed and all the powers of heaven and earth had broken loose. I jumped up thinking the day of judgment was at hand, but looking round saw neither the angel Gabriel nor any of the other phenomena that are said to accompany that wonderful time. I was at my wit's end to know what had happened, when, bang! went the thing again like a thousand bells. I was now sufficiently awake to take in the situation, and soon saw what the trouble was; the stalls were nailed to the posts that supported the iron roof close to my head, and one of the fighting mules had missed his mate and hit the post. I now saw the folly of my desiring am alarm, and stayed awakened in mortal fear that I would die for want of sleep in this horrible place. To add to the unpleasantness of my situation I was working under a very disagreeable man. He was a Vermont Yankee who had never done a lick of work, but thought he knew all about it. On the Hilo plantation

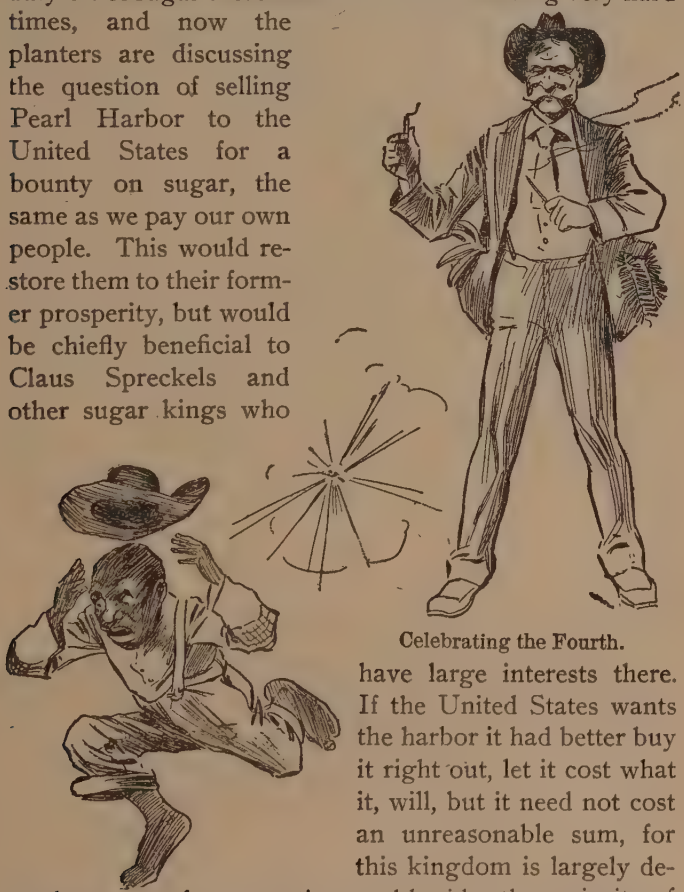
I had never had a word of censure from the bosses, but here every time this man came round he found something going wrong, and never anything that was done right.

One day he gave me a racket because I had not taken his buggy from the shed and washed it before he took a drive; this was the first time I knew he had a buggy. The boss luna told me to pay no attention to the fellow's talk; he was only a figurehead employed by the company, but at the end of two weeks I called for my time, and all the other white men soon did the same, and left this grumbler to solve the sugar problem with Portuguese, Kanakas and other yahoos.

As I was returning from the Eva plantation a man on the train asked me to help him build a flume up in the mountains at the head of Pearl Harbor. So next morning we set out on the train for the scene of action. The flume, which was fourteen inches high and two feet wide, was intended to bring water down from the mountains to Pearl City, a town of only two houses, which had just been laid out by Mr. Dillingham, a Yankee from Massachusetts. This fellow is one of the shrewd men who can see into the future and know just where to invest money to get large returns in after years. It is a well known fact that the Sandwich Islands is the only place where ships can stop in the center of the Pacific between the United States and China, and that Pearl Harbor is the only one of much size on the Island, consequently many nations have looked upon it with a covetous eye. As our country has been one of these, and as I spent six weeks working around and on the harbor, I thought I might give the public a little light on the subject.

It is a large and beautiful harbor, well protected from the sea and with a little dredging will hold almost any amount of shipping and would be a great prize to any nation that wants to control the traffic of the Pacific. The

people there understand this well and so intend to make the most of their opportunities. Since we have taken the duty off of sugar these islands have been having very hard times, and now the planters are discussing the question of selling Pearl Harbor to the United States for a bounty on sugar, the same as we pay our own people. This would restore them to their former prosperity, but would be chiefly beneficial to Claus Spreckels and other sugar kings who have large interests there. If the United States wants the harbor it had better buy it right out, let it cost what it will, but it need not cost an unreasonable sum, for this kingdom is largely dependent on us for protection, and besides the majority of the white people there are Americans, who would not want any other country to dominate.



Celebrating the Fourth.

Although it was then a kingdom, the people here celebrated the 4th of July with as much vim as in America. I

went the evening before in order to see America abroad. It was a gala day. Three of our great war ships, among which was the Charleston, were lying in the harbor. They were gaily decorated with flags and bunting and saluted the rising sun with the boom of cannon. The American minister delivered an oration in the presence of the king and queen and a large audience. In the evening King Kalakaua held a reception for the benefit of Americans, where about four hundred of the sons of freedom were privileged to shake the hand of royalty. Most of our men refused to go to the celebration, because they knew they could not help squandering all their money, and two or three were trying to save enough to take them to America. One fellow, however, whose name was Johnson, thought he would try it. Through the kindness of Mr. White, this fellow had become my room-mate at the barber shop. On leaving the train Johnson, through a wise precaution, stopped at the first store and spent a little of his money for some shirts. I tried to get him to go right to our room, but he must have just one drink first. He had not come in the morning, but late in the day I came back and found him sprawled on the floor in the first stage of delirium.

He had gone to the Hulu Hulu dance, where he had been made drunk and relieved of his money (about ten dollars) and had been shut up in the agony of delirium all day. After he had somewhat recovered I loaned him a dollar to buy his supper, but the first fifty cents went for a bottle of beer to quit off on. One Irishman stayed out at the flume over two or three Sundays in order to save money to pay his passage to San Francisco, but the last I saw of him he was shoveling dirt in the streets of Honolulu. Thus the lives of such men are wasted.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE TRAMP AGAIN.

I had now been on the Islands four months and was beginning to want to go; so I got a job in Honolulu, where I could watch the ships for a chance to work my way westward; my objective point being Jerusalem, I cared not by what route.

There is a ship passing for Australia every month, and one bound for Hong Kong every three months. But the ship I tackled first was the Morning Star, which you often read about in religious papers. It is a wooden vessel of 600 tons and cost $45,000. It is owned by a missionary society and is used to carry supplies to the missionaries on the islands of the South Sea that are not on a regular line of steamers. It sails once a year and visits about thirty stations on the Marshall, Gilbert, and other groups, where the people never hear from the outside world only at the yearly return of the Morning Star

While I was in Honolulu an old man finished translating the Bible into the language of the Gilbert Islanders. He had worked at it for twenty years and the day he finished the last chapter the people gave him a reception.

There was another sailor wanted before the ship could sail and I was anxious to get the place, but the captain said the rest of his crew were all islanders and it would not do to put a white man to work with them; giving as a reason that he should feel under obligations to treat a white man with a little more respect than a native, and that would cause trouble. I told him I would be willing to

take almost any kind of fare and live along with the sailors for the sake of going. The fact is the aristocratic people of Honolulu think a white man shouldn't put himself on a level with Chinamen or any of the dark races, so by a strange mixture of bigotry with Christianity I was prevented from going. It may be a good thing, for my only chance to go on would have been to stop on some of the islands and wait for a ship that occasionally comes down from Japan. I knew a boy who was thus detained on the Marshall Islands for two years.

As the time is drawing near in which we must leave these islands for other adventures on the sea, I will close with a description of Honolulu. Standing on the leeward side of the island, where it only occasionally rains, it is not cursed with moisture like Hilo, but enjoys almost a perpetual sunshine, and a climate so mild as to be only felt to be enjoyed. If you will take the most pleasant and beautiful day you ever saw in Iowa you will never see a worse one in Honolulu. But the delight of the climate cannot be surpassed by the beauty of the scenery, for there are great parks and driveways along which are the mansions of the sugar kings embowered in palms, magnolias and the choicest of tropical plants and flowers. Among a population of 14,000 there are only about 3,000 that are white, but I suppose there is not another place in the world where they will average so wealthy as in Honolulu. Many of these are the missionary children. It has even been used against them as a reproach that they have monopolized so much of the country of the heathens they went there to convert. I once attended the Cousin's Society that is kept up by the descendants of the missionaries. Their president spent an hour in trying to defend the idea that a Christian has a right to be rich. It is the boast of Christians everywhere that within one generation after the first missionaries landed here, the people turned from the dark-

est heathenism to the brightest Christianity, which is true as far as surface indicates, at least, for they have schools, fine churches and the most eloquent native preachers.

But there is a dark side to the picture, which in our boasting of what we have done for the Sandwich Islanders is never mentioned. While the savage cares but little for home or property, the civilized and Christian man must have both, or be all the more miserable. Then is it not more cruel than charitable to send missionaries to convert the heathen, and by the time they are advanced enough to appreciate homes and lands and all the blessings of civilization, to have cheated them out of their lands, and set them adrift like Noah's dove, with not even an ark to which to return? I have spoken before of how the white men got their lands, but this is not all. They have monopolized the waters that sweep their shores! There is hardly a mile of coast where a poor native can fish without paying rent to the landlord. One fisherman said he paid $1.50 for every twenty-four hours he fished. I am not blaming the missionaries for this state of things, but it is hard to see why some man does not voice the rights of the poor heathen to a portion of this world as well as the next. Under our present system we are robbing the heathen nations of their country faster than we are converting them. God in his dealings with Israel not only led them out of bondage but guarded them with laws by which they never could be robbed of their lands. Then while we are sending men to enlighten the heathen would it not be well to send some law-makers (if there are any) that would look after their temporal interests a little?

But being robbed of their lands is not the greatest wrong Hawaiians are suffering at the hands of white men. Honolulu is a high license city. Thirteen saloons each pay a thousand dollars yearly to deal out death to the poor natives. It is the worst place for drunkenness I ever saw.

Any night you can see dozens of drunken men, and every Saturday or holiday night you can see hundreds of them reeling in the saloons and staggering in the streets.

There were two or three American war ships in the harbor, among them was the Charleston, with over 400 soldiers. They were regular patrons of the saloons. I have seen a hundred of our men in one night drunk enough to be fools, if not lying in the gutter. On the evening before the Fourth a company of them got into a row with the natives when one of the latter was disembowled by the knife of a soldier. On the night of the Fourth I was passing by a saloon when I heard the patriotic refrain of "Marching Through Georgia." Inside were about forty of our boys almost too drunk to stand, singing and yelling at the top of their voices. But soon the singing stopped and from some unknown cause a rough and tumble fight began among themselves. They tumbled about in the house awhile and then went out in the street. Although the Kanaka police are brave men they only followed up to see the soldiers hurt no one but themselves. This was the wisest course, for if they had interfered perhaps some of the soldiers would have been killed. Then through some misunderstanding our people at Washington might have thought our flag had been insulted and would have spent a million or two in preparing for war, if, happily, it should end there.

Honolulu is well supplied with costly churches, the Kanaka Cathedral being the finest, but the white people had commenced another that would cost $120,000. The Chinese have a Christian church, Sabbath school and Y. M. C. A.

The city is well supplied with street cars, telephones, electric lights and theaters. I learned but little of the latter, but was once invited by a stranger whom I met in a grocery to go with him to the Chinese theater. I knew the

boy could ill afford to spend the quarter, but he urged me so strongly that not being willing to offend by refusing to accept so innocent amusement as a Chinese theater I consented. The play was very tame, but the orchestra was enough to startle the natives. It consisted mostly of fiddles, or instruments of only two short strings. They make a screeching, squealing noise. If your curiosity is aroused and you cannot travel, just go into the barnyard some night and take half a dozen chickens of different ages and sex in one hand and as many pigs in the other and you will have a very good Chinese orchestra.

On the morning the Mariposa was to arrive I was at the wharf at the break of day. The great ship, which had been lying without the reef, came slowly sailing in. It is a gay time to the people of Honolulu when a steamer arrives, as sometimes they are three weeks without the mails, and the wharf is always crowded with people who are anxiously awaiting the arrival of friends. Two hundred passengers were on deck, from the wealthy sugar king to the professional rover, who seeks a precarious living in many lands. But the most auspicious figure in the whole lot was the stately form of Peter Jackson, the negro slugger, from Australia. He was returning from America, where he had gone hoping to get a chance to knock Sullivan from the ring, but the haughty Irishman denied him the pleasure on the grounds that he could not stoop so low as to fight a "nigger."

It is against the rules for any one to go aboard without a permit, so I watched until the mate came ashore and asked him for a chance to work my way to Australia. He said he thought there would be no chance, but would speak to the captain about it and let me know at noon if I would be there then. He was one of those gruff, unapproachable men of whom you dislike to ask a favor, and I have no idea that he ever spoke to the captain, but I was back

on time, and after waiting an hour caught him ashore again and inquired my fate. He said there was no chance for me to go. I then asked for permission to go aboard but was refused.

I said no more, but lingered about the wharf awhile and was presently overjoyed to hear the mate say: "Go aboard if you like." I set out with the idea of seeing a good deal of the world and had worked four months on the island to accumulate a little means, but still had barely enough to pay my way to Jerusalem, so it would be madness to take passage only as a work-away for countries where wages are almost nothing. To add to my perplexity the mails brought letters from home, in which my wife chided me for staying away so long, and thought I had better be at home than working out there by the day. If I failed to go on this ship it would be a month before there would be another, and then my chances would be no better, so I resolved to leave no stone unturned. While sauntering around on the ship I happened to over-hear two of the engineers talking with a man who wanted to hire as a fireman. One of their men had got hurt, but they said he would be all right in a few days, and they would try and get along without hiring another man. This seemed to be a lucky chance for me; if they would not hire perhaps they would let a man work for his board; so I offered my services. These men were very different from the mate, being free and open-hearted, and before they had replied I was sure I was on the winning side. They said there might be a chance, but they would have to see the captain, who was out in the city; so I was told to go ashore and wait his return. Most of the afternoon was spent in anxious suspense, but still no captain. I suppose he was helping to honor the renowned Peter, for the people had formed a great triumphal procession, led by the national band, and were marching the proud darky through the

streets of the city. Night coming on I began to be a little uneasy for fear the ship should sail before my case had been tried, so I got a permit to go aboard again and sought out my friendly engineer, only to learn that he had forgotten to speak to the captain when he came aboard for supper, and now I would have to wait until his return from the "pugilistic exhibition." It had been advertised in the papers that Peter Jackson would arrive on the Mariposa and that he would, for the small sum of one dollar teach the people the "art of self-defense." This is a respectable way they had of saying the art of mashing fools' noses, and if the darky had spent the night in mashing their heads he would have come nearer earning his hundred and fifty dollars. At least such thoughts as these ran through my mind as I spent the tedious hours sitting on my baggage beside the ship waiting for further orders. It was near midnight when the engineer came out and told me if I would agree to leave the ship if necessary when the captain returned I might come aboard and have a nap. He led me down into the forecastle, where twenty or thirty men were asleep in a little close room, beside which the odor of a common hog pen would be as the scent of roses. But as I will have other occasions to speak of the accommodations these great steamers provide for their sailors and firemen we will leave this at present. Suffice it to say what little breath the foul air of the place left me I used in asking permission to go on deck to sleep, and so holding my nose hurried up stairs and laid down on a coil of rope. I was soon aroused by the shout of the men who were hauling in the cables.

In the morning the islands had disappeared, and we were going like children on a teetering board, only ours was 320 feet long and 40 feet wide. Few happier moments have I seen than this bright morning as I sat on deck and saw the sun arise in a cloudless sky and dart his beams

over the vast expanse of ocean. The sea was rolling in great swells, that gave to the ship such a delightful rock. The persistent trade-wind was fanning us with cool, pure air, such as is seldom found on land. The playful, innocent-looking sea gulls were sailing about the ship, bound,

The Forecastle.

perhaps, for a voyage across the sea. But that which delighted me most was the thought that I had now crossed the Rubicon and my doubts and fears about making a trip around the world were ended, for there was no turning back this side of Australia, and once there there would be

ten chances to go on to one to return. My delightful reveries were soon ended by an order to report to the engine room for duty. Although I had supposed it was very hard work I had engaged as fireman with very little idea of what it was.

There were six boilers fourteen feet in diameter with two men to each boiler, one of whom was shoveling in coal most of the time. They work in a crowded place in the very bottom of the ship, some thirty-five feet below the upper deck, and would soon smother were it not for the fresh air that is forced in from above. Everything about the room is blistering hot, and I have seen some of the men who worked with their shirts off with blisters on their backs where they had touched something.

The firemen work four hours and rest eight. I donned a woolen shirt, rolled up my sleeves and climbed down the ladder with no other idea than that I would have to shovel coal.

Instead of ordering me to take a shovel and go to work in a kind of "git there" tone as you would expect from an American, the engineer gave me a polite "good morning" and began a friendly chat. He inquired a little into my history, and learning that I had never been in such a place before, said it was pretty hard work with the firemen and as I might not feel well the first day he would give me some light work to do. So he brought out some old rusty tools and some sandpaper and said I might go back in the corner and brighten them up. I had felt perfectly well while on deck and was determined if possible to keep the demon of seasickness off this time, but the smell of the grease and the hot, close air of the engine room being too much for poor human will power, the fountain of the great deep was soon broken up and old Neptune was exacting his offerings. At eight o'clock the engineer said I could now go up for breakfast, and as it was Sunday I would not

have to work any more that day. This was fortunate, as I was almost too sick to live in that close place. And now a word for my good engineer, who was considerate enough to give me light work instead of firing before that hot furnace. Had I been put there I doubtless would have been hauled up in a basket, as I have seen them do old firemen. The engineer was a native of Virginia and with his politeness and good will would make a stranger feel at home as only a Southerner can.

There are a dozen different cures for seasickness. One is to drink sea water; another lie on your back and keep your eyes shut; if that does not do, you can fast and starve it out, or eat a square meal at regular time, whether you feel like it or not. But after considerable experience I think the only sure cure is to tie a stone about your neck and jump into the sea. Although I was too sick to bear the thought of victuals, at the advice of the engineer I concluded to try the "square meal remedy."

Every doctor knows that the effect of medicine depends on the kind and quality of the drug and also on the condition of the patient, both inward and outward. You already know something of my inward state, but in order that you may see the wisdom of the engineer's prescription I will tell you the kind of medicine and the condition in which it was to be taken.

The forecastle of a ship is the place where the sailors and firemen eat and sleep. It is generally a very crowded part in one end of the vessel. In this case our eating room was three cornered, about twenty feet to a side. The table was a plank two feet wide and twelve feet long hung by ropes from the ceiling. On one side, not six feet from the table, was a pen of fourteen sheep, which were fed, watered and slaughtered there.

The sailors are furnished with an abundance of the richest food, but it is not always of the most delicate and tempt-

ing flavor, especially to a man whose stomach is as tender as his eye. Their potatoes frequently have been exposed to the light until you would imagine you were swallowing cockle-burs. They had corned beef and mess pork that smelt as though they had been made soon after the war. Some ships furnish also margarine, but the Mariposa catered to the granger idea and always had a dishpan full of genuine cow butter that must have been made by Mother Noah on her first voyage. It would bear the inspection of even the farmers' alliance, for no other known substance could absorb so many rank odors. They always furnish good bread, but their coffee or tea was of the poorest quality. These are some of the conditions in which I was to try the heroic treatment for seasickness.

There were a dozen dirty, greasy Irishmen crowded about the table, bracing themselves and holding it with one hand while shoveling in the pork and beans with the other. There are no refined civilities here, but every man grabs for what he wants.

I saw it would be impossible to swallow my medicine there, contrary to the laws of reaction, so I snatched a potato and some salt and ran up on deck. There I was ordered back, as it was contrary to the rules to take one's food out of the forecastle to eat, so I threw it overboard. I was sick during this voyage of eighteen days and could only force down barely enough to keep from starving, but I finally recovered and on my next voyage grew fat and so hearty that I could hardly wait for meal time. Although I never could eat their cow butter and soup, I could take pork and beans along with the boys. Like the Irishman, who was merry on the way to the gallows, it all depends on getting used to it.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE WAY TO AUSTRALIA.

A large steamer is like a city, where the people of all grades live in the closest proximity and never become acquainted. There was a line drawn on deck, beyond which a sailor or steerage passenger could not go. I managed, however, to steal around and take a peep at the parlor of the cabin. It was furnished in the finest style. There was a piano, library, tables for card playing and all the conveniences for the comfort and luxury of the passengers. The dinner table was loaded with the most tempting viands. There were melons, fruits of all kinds and mutton roasts from the sheep, while I was compelled to stand by the sheep pen and swallow my tainted pork. If I had only been allowed to nibble at some of the baskets of remnants that were thrown overboard I thought I would get well, but I soon learned that among the sailors is no place to be a granny, and if I would stand in with the boys I must live as they lived, and eat what they ate.

There were some lordly Englishmen on board who had made a tour of America. I tried to talk to them, but was always spurned. I also tried to talk to Peter Jackson, but the honorable darky would not be caught talking to a sailor. I was fortunate, however, in overhearing a discussion on America between Peter and one of these nobles, in which I learned some very humiliating lessons about my country. They expressed surprise at the greatness and marvelous growth of America. The darky gave as a reason that we were continually absorbing the best blood

and the best genius of the old world, especially England. He did not mention Africa, but of course that was implied. The Englishman went to the cabin to feast on his mutton and wine, and I to the sheep pen to try and swallow a potato, under a stinging sense that if America is great, England was ahead, on the Mariposa at least.

Seven days sailing brought us to the Samoan Islands, 2,200 miles from Honolulu. When the engineer came down from breakfast he told me to hurry up and I could get a sight of land. It was the small volcanic island of Tutuila. It lies about three degrees south of the equator; the warm sun and humid atmosphere clothes it with the rankest vegetation to the top of the highest peaks. The great leaves of the ferns, bananas and palms could be seen swaying in the breeze. While we stopped to change the mails with an American warship the natives came out in full force in their canoes. They had fans, baskets, war clubs and other trinkets to sell, together with chickens, cocoanuts and tropical fruits. They are a very well formed, beautiful people, about the color of the Sandwich Islanders. Their hair is curly and inclined to red, but perhaps it was colored. They wear very little clothing, but that deficiency is made up by tattooing, their bodies being covered with very beautiful and artistic figures. The passengers amused themselves by throwing coins into the sea for the women to dive after, and they seldom failed to bring them back.

In their eagerness to trade, some of the women climbed into the ship, and when we started made no effort to get off. Although the waves were running high when they were ready to disembark, they jumped into the sea and swam off, carrying their merchandise. I supposed they would swim to the shore, some three miles away, as those in the canoes had gone off. It looked hard to see a woman cast adrift in charge of a stock of merchandise on a sea

where the best swimmer in Iowa could not live half an hour. But this amphibious race seems to be as much at home in the sea as on land. If one of these women was thrown overboard ten miles from land I don't suppose her folks at home would be much uneasy but that she would make it all right.

Our Government has some claims in the Samoan Islands, using them for a coaling station. The Germans also claim some rights there, and during a war among the natives a few years ago their man-of-war made some interference that did not please our Admiral, and he ordered the German to retract by the next day or he would be fired upon. Before the time arrived a hurricane appeared upon the scene and threw both ships high upon the beach, where they are still to be seen.

We crossed the torrid zone in August, 1890, the time people in the United States were suffering so much with heat. But I saw no time when it was warm enough to be in the least uncomfortable.

There are thousands of islands in these regions of the Pacific similar in climate and productions to the Sandwich and Samoan Islands, where it is a delight to live, and where human life can be maintained with almost no labor. I imagine that not far in the future, when people learn that they are safer in one of these large steel steamers on the ocean than on the railroad, it will be as common to take a pleasure trip out there as it now is to California.

I never knew why I was not put to firing, but happily I was kept with the engineer and never had any work harder than sweeping the floor. This gave me a chance to study the ponderous machinery it takes to propel a large steamer across the ocean. The engine was three thousand horse power, run by three cylinders from three to five feet in diameter. The pistons are connected directly to the shaft, which is sixteen inches in diameter and about

eighty feet long. The wheel (or screw as it is called) is seventeen feet in diameter and shaped like a wind mill. It revolves two or three times a second and every revolution is counted by an automatic register. It was numbering up in the millions when we got to New Zealand. The immense force would soon melt the bearings of the shaft if the friction was not disseminated among a system of rings, so that when one begins to heat it will stop and let its neighbor take its place. A man is kept busy oiling, and is required to make his rounds every fifteen minutes, using about six gallons of oil a day.

I had a fine time sleeping on deck and hoped I would never have to try the ordeal of sleeping in the forecastle with the firemen, but as we were crossing the southern tropics there came a storm that drove me in. The spray began to dash over the deck and the rain to pour down, still I could not give it up and sought shelter on a kind of table on the stern of the deck that was covered by an awning. The table was four feet high, four feet wide and nine feet long. Although it was round on top like the roof of a car, and seemed to be moving about like a snake's tail, I would have managed to sleep had I not been ordered off by two firemen. After they had laid down I saw there was about three feet of the bed at their feet that was vacant. So I climbed up in two or three rings like a dog on a hay cock. My bed-fellows were soon snoring, but before kind Morpheus had come to my relief the ship gave a lurch and sent one of the men sprawling out on deck. It sounded as if every bone in his body was broken. He lay there a moment seemingly unconscious, while his chum jumped up and cried out, "Are you hurt, Paddy?" Paddy never replied, but slowly gathered himself up and went below. I was in hopes the other fellow would take warning and go too, but instead he stretched out on his back, with one foot hanging over either side of the table

and seemed to be a fixture. As the storm increased, and my cramped position became intolerable, I was compelled to follow Paddy into the forecastle.

The sleeping apartments of the firemen on a steamer are worse, if possible, than the eating. In two small rooms were three rows of bunks for the accommodation of about thirty men. The mats, pillows, and everything is covered with a coat of indescribable dirt, and I never saw any attempt made toward washing them. The men sometimes wash their clothes and hang them to dry in the forecastle, and there are always great quantities of clothes, both washed and unwashed, to help pollute the air. There are little port-holes to give light and ventilation, but in a storm they have to be closed. There seemed to be no room for me, but one of the men offered me his bunk, so I spread my blanket over the dirty thing and crawled in. I had much worry for fear there might be lice present, but I think it was groundless, for no louse or bug of any kind can endure a steamer forecastle, and even those disease germs that are always after humanity would seem to be foiled, for I never saw a stouter, healthier set of men than were those Irishmen.

Next day the wind had increased and in the afternoon, although down in the engine-room, where the motion is least, I knew the storm was raging much harder. When the ship would jump over a wave the screw would be lifted partly out of the water and then the engine would start off like a thousand horses, in spite of the efforts of the engineer and the automatic cut-off. When my task was done I started up the ladder and had reached the top when a wave struck the ship that seemed to loosen every joint in her. I was thrown against the railing, but gathered myself up and went back into the forecastle, and there found everything had been thrown from the table and was slashing round in about a foot of water an inde-

scribable mass of bread, butter, mess pork, tin plates and dishpans. It was lucky for me, for we were then allowed to eat supper with the steerage passengers, where I got something I could almost swallow. The storm brought me another blessing; so much water had run down into the sleeping-rooms and wet the bunks there was no room for me in the forecastle, so I was allowed to sleep in the steerage-room the rest of the voyage, which was tolerably clean.

Few things are as terribly sublime as a storm at sea. The ocean was lashed into foam until it was almost as white as snow. The waves in their mad rush would dash against each other like armies in battle, throwing up volumes that would sweep over the ship. From the top of a swell the ship would dive into the trough of the sea, the bow sinking deep into the coming wave, but the vessel would bob up again like a cork and slowly climb up ready for another plunge. This would happen two or three times every minute. The flying fish would rise from the water in large flocks and sail off. They fly close to the surface, rising and falling as the waves pass under them. The sea gulls, instead of being blown about at the mercy of the wind, as one would suppose, were out in their most playful mood and seemed to rejoice most when the storm was hardest. They would sail about the ship, flying with perfect ease against the wind. Sometimes they would sail away close to the water until almost out of sight, then rise high into the air and dart back to us like an arrow. It is marvelous to what perfection God has supplied the least of his creatures with means of safety. No storm can ever endanger the life of a sea gull. And man, who is naturally the most helpless of God's creatures, has not been forgotten, He has been endowed with genius to build great and wonderful ships to carry him safely through both wind and waves.

It took seven days to sail from Honolulu to Samoa, and a week from there to Auckland, but the week had only six days, since it is the custom of seamen to change their time on crossing the 180th meridian. The appearance of the heavens changes very fast as one sails southward. At Honolulu the north star stands about 22 degrees above the horizon. At the equator it has gone down, and many new constellations have come into view, among which is the Southern Cross. At Auckland the sun and moon have taken a strange freak, and sweep the heavens far in the north; while the man in the moon has turned clown, and is trying to amuse the people by standing on his head. The trade winds also seem to catch the inspiration and add to the variety. At Honolulu they blow from the northeast, at the equator they incline from the east, but are somewhat variable, while further south they give a steady breeze from the southeast.

CHAPTER XIII.

GETTING ASHORE AGAIN.

It was joyful news when I was told that we would see land in the evening, and I could once more stand on solid ground, after having been tossed for two weeks. When the engineer came down at four o'clock, he said there was land all around us, and for me to go up and enjoy myself the rest of the day. The main-land on one side and little islands on the other, with many inlets and high bluffs, make Aucland Bay one of the prettiest in the world. Large numbers of sea birds, led by the great slender-winged albatross, came out to greet us, and also large shoals of porpoise were coming from all directions. They are a heavy, clumsy-looking fish, but swim very fast and frequently jump out of the water. They sported along beside the ship as though they were racing with it, but I think their object was of a more substantial nature, for when a man threw a bucket of slop over-board they all disappeared. It was nine o'clock and very dark before we landed, but I hurried into the city, eager to have a solid footing again and get something which I could eat. I bought some provisions and asked the man the price. He rattled out a meaningless jargon about two, six, ha'penny. It sounded so musical I had him repeat it. Then I told him to quit fooling and come down to business, that is to dollars, dimes and cents. But strange to say he did not know what I meant.

Then I threw down a half dollar. The man eyed it suspiciously and called his partner to know what it was.

He concluded it was American money, then very coolly handed it back. He did not seem to like the looks of the eagle. I guess he remembered that it had scratched his forefathers badly two or three times. So I put the bird up,

Scratching Him Hard.

determined to never again exhibit him on British soil.

I was much impressed with the difference in the ways of the people from what I had been used to in America. They move about in a very orderly and quiet manner and do not go as though their house was on fire.

In Honolulu, a city of only 14,000 inhabitants, with not more than 3,000 Americans, I could hardly sleep for the hurry, bustle and rattle of the street cars, while in Auckland, a city of 60,000 inhabitants, I had to ask a man before I learned that there were any street cars. Again, in America every little town of two or three thousand inhabitants is all aglow with electric lights, while in this great city the conservative Englishman is content to go about in the dark, or with what little light he can get from gas.

On Sunday morning, I, in company with a young Englishman, took a stroll through the city. There were no cars running and scarcely any one on the streets, and not a store open. It was so unlike Honolulu and San Francisco, where Sunday is the busiest day in the week, especially for drunkenness and debauchery. From the top of a hill in the park we had a fine view of the city, standing gracefully upon the gently sloping hills. The houses are mostly gray or white, and standing among scattering evergreens, have a beautiful and peaceful appearance. It is the most cleanly and best kept city I ever saw; even the poorest part is neat.

About ten o'clock the streets suddenly became full of people of all ages, many of whom had books and were evidently going to church and Sabbath school. They are very fair and good-looking people. There were scarcely any of those care-worn and haggard faces one meets so often in America, especially in large cities. I talked with an old resident, who said they had made an effort to have electric lights, but the gas company was too strong for them. He said they needed more Americans, who have some stir and push about them. Auckland has no saloons, and is the only large city I ever visited that can be said to keep Sunday. The people are largely of Scotch descent, who live on religion, oatmeal and mutton. And for their

persistent piety and industry God is giving them a rich reward even in this life. There were some native New Zealanders about the city. They are very large, fine-looking people, but like the Kanakas are fast disappearing before the march of white men. Auckland has a large trade with England in wool and mutton. Although more than 14,000 miles away, she furnishes London with fresh meat of the finest quality.

Leaving Auckland we sailed close to a column of islands for twenty-four hours. Most of them are barren rocks which rise to almost mountain height, some are mere points that emerge from the water almost as sharp as a steeple. It is a pleasing sight to see even a barren rock in the dreary waste of waters. The last we passed were three small islands called the Three Kings. They stand at the head of a range of islands that reach clear to Auckland, three hundred miles distant, and from there the New Zealands turn south and extend 1,000 miles further. They are evidently the highest peaks of a range of mountains that stand on the bottom of the sea.

In the morning of the fifth day from Auckland we were told we would see land about three o'clock, so all the passengers were out to catch the first sight. Many of them had glasses. I saw what seemed to be land a full minute before any one else discovered it. In course of half an hour many miles of the coast was visible. Again there were lots of porpoise and in the distance some whales were blowing, which was the only time I ever saw any sign of these great fishes. On entering the harbor of Sydney we were met by two steamboats loaded with the admirers of Peter Jackson. The band was playing "Home, Sweet Home," and the men were waving their hats and cheering with all their might. The proud negro stood with bared head and took the ovation with becoming dignity. Our ship stopped and one of the boats came

alongside and took him aboard. The men gathered about him, some holding him by the hands, some with their arms around him, while they fairly trampled each other under foot to get hold of him. Thus amid the screaming of the whistles, the playing of the band, and the yelling of hundreds of Englishmen, they bore their champion away. Our Irish boys looked on with silent indifference, but one of them ventured to remark, "If he was a white man they would not make such a devil of a fuss over him."

It was dark when we landed at Sidney, but I went ashore and spent several hours in exploring the city. In all the British colonies in this part of the world the nights are made lively by the Salvation Army. They are allowed full sway and are much more popular than in America. I was soon attracted by their music, and followed them on to their hall, where they had a rousing meting. I attended several of their meetings in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide, and they were generally crowded; sometimes there were hundreds who could not get in. They were so diligent in looking after the outcasts of society and were reducing the cost of the jails and poor houses so much that the government at Melbourne voted them $5,000 in one year.

Sydney, as well as the other large cities of Australia, is abundantly supplied with the finest museums, art galleries, public parks and gardens. Although it is nearly as far south of the equator as Iowa is north, yet there are never frosts on the coast, and these parks are rank with the finest of tropical plants and flowers.

The people of Sydney, like most Englismen, are slow to take hold of inventions; nevertheless they have made a success of running their street railways by steam; they move along very fast but quietly, and I saw no teams get frightened at them. The people there are unlike the

Americans in another particular: they build their houses very plain though substantial on the outside and if they have any spare money they decorate them within.

New South Wales, I think, is the only British colony that has adopted the mother country's policy of free trade. While the adjoining colonies are for protection, the people there mostly talk free trade, and they seem to be enjoying a good degree of prosperity. Farm hands get from sixteen to eighteen dollars per month, common railroad hands one dollar and seventy-five cents per day, dock laborers get thirty cents an hour. The difference between skilled and unskilled labor was not as great as in America, for carpenters and masons only get two dollars and a half a day.

The workmen of Australia are thoroughly organized into unions, and have brought about some reforms to better their condition, among which is the eight hour system. But, as in all such cases, they are sometimes led by bad men into strikes that do them great harm. The day before we arrived at Sydney, for some trival reason, the officers of the coasting vessels had struck, although they were the last men in the country that needed to strike, since they were getting good wages. To help them, the dock hands struck, then the railroad men and other unions, and finally even the sheep-shearers, although none of these had any particular grievance. All business was at a standstill and there was danger of people suffering for want of food and fuel. The price of potatoes advanced two cents per pound. There were ships loaded with bananas and other perishable fruits from the Fiji Islands which could not be unloaded. At all hours, day and night, the strikers were swarming about the wharf, discussing in an excited mood economic questions, and ready to pounce upon any one who should dare to go to work.

I had intended to go into the interior and get a job on a sheep ranch, where I could make excursions into the coun-

try and hunt kangaroos, and see the natives throw the boomerang, but the strike had so disorganized business that it was hard to get any kind of work. I found an American who belonged to the sheep-shearers' union, who said if I would join them he thought he could get me a job.

So he sent me to a labor bureau where a man from the country was collecting hands. After waiting nearly a day I obtained an audience from him. He was one of those lordly Englishmen, who like very much to show their authority, and take special pains to make every one whom they consider beneath them as miserable as possible. He asked where I was from and how many sheep I could shear in a day. I told him that sixty-six was the biggest day's work I had ever done.

"Well, then," he said, "I don't want you. I want men that can shear eighty or ninety, and besides I hire none but colonial men."

There was no reason for this, as they pay five cents a head for shearing. I felt terribly chagrined that I should be barred from earning an honest living simply because I was an American. I could then enter into deep sympathy with the Chinamen, who cannot land in Australia until they have paid $500. And now as the nations of the earth are trying to ostracize and exclude us, would it not be well for Americans and Chinamen to unite and show the world that sober, industrious people have a right to live anywhere on God's footstool?

Up to this time I had had no thought of leaving the country soon, but this cold reception changed my mind in a moment; I would stay no longer in such a place, so I hurried down to the wharf to seek passage for Port Said. There are two lines of large passenger steamers that sail for London every week. I failed with these, but was directed to the Culgoa, a large merchant steamer of the Blue Anchor line. There was talk of the sailors of

the English vessel joining the strike, and none of the ships would be allowed to sail. The captain, after he became convinced I was not a spy trying to learn his intentions, was very willing to take me. He said he should sail at daylight the following morning, and for me not to come aboard until about 8 o'clock at night.

I went back to the Mariposa to get my things and bid farewell to Mr. Hackney, my friendly engineer. He tried to persuade me to go back to San Francisco with them. He said my proposed trip through the Orient would be full of hardships and dangers; and besides, he thought rambling was very poor business, either as a means of profit or pleasure. The happiest people that he had ever seen were those back in the mountains of old Virginia, who had never been fifty miles from home.

It was a long way between the two ships, but at the appointed hour I was at the wharf of the Culgoa, with a heavy burden on my back. Just before entering the gate I was halted by a man who demanded where I was going. After giving him a straight answer, he said the union had determined there should no ship leave the port, and that I would have to go back. Several more of the watchmen came up and in pretty strong language declared that no ship should sail. I told them I had no fight to make against their union, but was a stranger in the country; that I could not live without work, and as they knew no one would be allowed to work, I thought I had better leave the place. They said they had made provisions for food and shelter for men who were without money. I thanked them very much for their generosity, but said I was strong and able to work, and did not like to live on charity. Should the ship sail it would be better for them to have me out of the country, and if not, I would still be there to partake of their bounties. They argued no further, and said I might go aboard, but

that was all the good it would do me, for the ship would not sail.

The captain gave me in charge of the cook, who made a bed for me in the pantry, where there was a box of raisins and some grape pudding. I knew it must be a critical time and case of great emergency, for they had just as well have put a rat in the cheese case as to put a sailor in such a place as this. There object was to keep me out of sight of the sailors, for if they found out the captain was taking on scabs they might refuse to work. I fully expected there would be a battle in the morning, but I was too happily situated and contented with the present surroundings to borrow much trouble for the morrow. At early dawn everything was astir on deck; the sailors drew in the cables. Old Captain Josiah Ebenezer Albury was about as large as his name. He had had thirty years' experience on the sea and was not going to be foiled very easily. He had a large force of police concealed about the wharf, ready to give the strikers a warm reception if they should interfere. He stood on the lookout, with one eye on his men and the other on the shore, while a tug pulled us out a little; then they turned on steam and were soon out of danger.

As the ship was moving out I was surprised to see seven other men, who had been smuggled aboard as I had, come out of their holes. Some were mechanics who were returning to England, where they said they could do as well as in Australia. One was a boy from White Chapel, London. He showed some of the moral taints of such a low place, but was very smart and witty, affording much amusement for the boys. My chum on the voyage was an Irish boy from Dublin. He had left home with $200, but a few weeks' stay in Australia had rendered him penniless and he was now returning, about as homesick as a boy ever gets. Men on a ship generally go by nick names, so

my friend was called "Dublin" and I was called "Yank."

The distance from Sydney to Port Said is 9,000 miles. We were to sail round the south side of Australia, stopping at Melbourne and Adelaide, and then across the Indian Ocean and up the Red Sea. The workaways were put to scraping pitch from the deck, but there soon came a storm that drove us in. The boys were mostly sick, but to my surprise I escaped. I had been sick and had eaten very little during the thirty-two days of my first two voyages, but now my appetite became so ravenous I could hardly wait meal time, and the sailors' rough food had become delicious.

The ship's cargo consisted principally of baled wool and silver bullion. The latter was in bars about two feet long, four inches wide and two inches thick, each weighing about one hundred pounds. There were about fifteen dollars of silver in each bar, the balance being lead. They would place down a layer of wool and on that a layer of bullion. There were rumors that the strikers would not allow the ship to be loaded, but as soon as we landed at Melbourne a company of men came aboard and went to work. The union there work under an overseer and do not allow any one to handle freight who does not belong to the order.

Melbourne is a city of some 400,000 inhabitants. It has cable cars, and the people move about with a good deal of vim; it seems more like an American city than any I saw in the English colonies. Some of us were up in town the night the gas hands struck, and the city was left in darkness. The railroads had to light their depots with lamps. There was much talk of a riot, but it did not come off. The gas company offered five dollars a day to men who would shovel coal, but as they would have to work under a guard of soldiers I declined the job. We found a Sailors' Home, kept by a man from Ohio, where

the boys often spent the evening. There were books and newspapers in abundance and a piano. They sometimes had preaching and at other times stage performances, where the sailors were allowed to sing comic songs and recite their adventures. There are many such places in all English cities, where they try to counteract the evil influence of the saloons.

In the parks of Melbourne are many of those strange trees that shed their bark instead of their leaves; they are quite large and resemble the sycamore. The bark comes off in flakes and rolls up, making a great deal of litter. I had a curiosity to see some of the natives, who are thought to be about the lowest type of humanity, but I saw only one. His business was to play the fiddle in the streets.

If "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast!" so fashion has spells to enchant the savage mind, for he was dressed like an English lord, with burnsides and a stovepipe hat, and in manners and deportment was doing justice to his great antitype. The seamen generally have a "blow out" just before sailing, so the last night in Adelaide most of them came in drunk, and between fighting, yelling and singing, there was no rest for either the wicked or righteous that night.

The English sailors generally follow the sea from boyhood to old age, and seldom save any money. As soon as they are on land after a long voyage they hurry off to the saloon, and in a week's time are very lucky if they have a cent left. If they are in need of any clothing they have to take pains and visit the store before the saloon. Much of the time on the forecastle was spent in talking about the spree they were going to have as soon as they reached London. Among the men was "Old Bill," from London, who had been a sailor for forty years, and "Maltee Joe," from the Island of Malta, who had been a fireman nearly as long.

On leaving Adelaide we sailed close to Kangaroo Island and then saw no more land for five days, until we rounded the southwest point of Australia. Then we started straight for the mouth of the Red Sea, 5,000 miles distant. Supposing we would encounter no cold weather, I had neglected to provide myself with a bed, and had nothing to sleep on but the slats of a bunk, with a blanket for a covering. While rounding the western point of Australia there came a storm from the south pole that rendered my quarters untenable, and I was compelled to search the ship for a more congenial clime. In order to give ventilation the engine room entended from the lower to the upper decks, and about seven feet higher, and was covered with a grate of iron bars. On this for three or four nights I managed to drown trouble in the gentle soothings of sleep. One side would freeze from the Antarctic blasts while the other would scorch from the heat of the furnace; but by combining the two I managed to keep up a normal temperature. Sometimes the storm was so hard I had to lie face downward and hold on to the bars like a giant on a ladder pulling against horses. But such little inconveniences as that did not prevent me from getting an abundance of sleep. There were six life-boats fastened on trestles at least fifteen feet above the water, and one night the waves rolled high enough to smash one of them. On nearing the southern tropics the weather became delightful and we could sleep on deck.

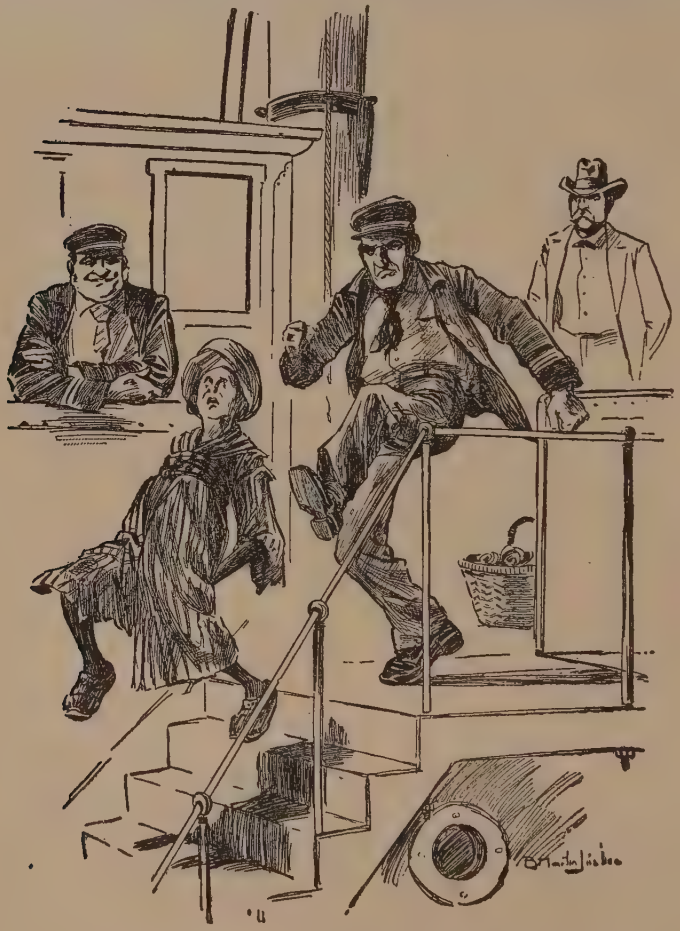
The live stock of the ship consisted of some chickens and a dozen sheep to furnish fresh meat for the officers, half a dozen emus or Australian ostriches, and one kangaroo; also about 300 parrots and magpies. The cost of a parrot and cage in Australia is about seventy-five cents; at Aden, in Arabia, some of the sailors sold them for $2.50.

On the 21st day from Adelaide we sighted Cape Guardafui, the most eastern point of Africa. Then in two days

more we arrived at Aden, in southern Arabia; here they stopped for coal. They generally hoist on coal by steam power, but here human power is both cheaper and faster than steam. A hundred men ran a barge on either side of the ship, and soon they had carried in a hundred tons of coal in baskets on their heads. It was a strange sight to watch the lines of almost naked men, completely besmeared by coal dust, hurrying along and keeping up a continual yelling. Many Arabs came aboard with things to sell, among which were shells and the snouts of sword-fishes. I bought one of the latter three feet long for fifty cents; afterward they were sold five feet long for thirty-five cents. These people always ask three or four times what they will finally take.

Here I saw a specimen of the cruelty and injustice English sailors generally manifest toward heathen people. We had been told to keep a close watch or these Arabs would steal everything in sight. I saw no sign of that; on the contrary, several of the sailors stole from them; one man grabbed a large conch shell and ran and locked himself in his room. A boy came aboard with a basket of shells, and when the whistle blew for the ship to start two officers caught him and took nearly all of them; when he began to cry and remonstrate they kicked him down the ladder. I said it was a shame to use the poor boy so. They replied that I did not know that these people were all cut-throats and robbers, and if I should go ashore alone I would be murdered before night. I replied if I had treated Arabs as I had seen them treated on that ship I would expect nothing else. They laughed and said I would get over my sentimentalism before I got through with my tour of Jerusalem.

to the lower end of the peninsula about dark I thought the matter was settled, for we would be too far away in



English Seamens' Treatment of Heathen People.

the morning. I got up several times in the night, but it was too dark to see anything except a dim outline of the coast. At dawn in the morning I was out, but there

being no one up except the pilot and mate, I ventured on the lookout, contrary to the rules, and inquired for the mountain.

"Yes," said the mate, "there it is," pointing to a peak about forty miles away.

After a few friendly explanations he said I had better go down before the captain came out. There was a cloud hanging over the mountain, and when the sun rose, just on the opposite side from us, the whole mountain appeared to be on fire. How vividly this brought to remembrance the time when Moses stood on Sinai in the presence of God, amid the thunder and the lightning and the quaking of the mountain.

About ten o'clock we crossed the place where the waters were divided for the Children of Israel. There is a valley six or eight miles wide, with precipitous mountains rising from the sea on either side. Moses led the people down this valley and encamped by the sea, while Pharaoh followed up behind, cutting off their only chance of escape. On the other side of the sea was a plain, with mountains in the background, where , if they were only across the water, they might have some chance of escape; but there was ten miles of water between them and safety. It is not much wonder that the people murmured and chided Moses.

Two hours more sailing brought us to Suez. This city stands on a sandy plain where it sometimes does not rain for three years. Here we entered the Suez Canal, and spent one night and half a day in passing through it. It is eighty-five miles long and just wide enough for one ship, except where every few miles it widens for vessels to pass. In a few places it is cut through rocks, but in most places it is dug through a level plain of sand. If left to itself the canal would soon fill up with drifting sand and disappear. It is kept clear by a great many powerful dredges that run buckets on an endless chain and deposits the sand

fifty or sixty feet from the banks. I failed to see any of the great engineering skill they say DeLesseps showed in making this canal; it was nothing more than digging a ditch on a large scale through any level piece of ground. As it was through sand it was very easy work, and only required enough Arabs to carry the sand out in baskets on their heads. As there was an inexhaustible supply of them who would work at twenty cents a day, DeLesseps must not have been troubled much about ways and means.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON HOLY GROUND.

We arrived at Port Said at noon. It is said that this is about the worst place in the world for a stranger to be cast adrift. But the captain gave me an introduction to a merchant from the Island of Malta, who agreed to help me off to Joppa. He said there was a Russian steamer to sail at four o'clock, and there would be no other for a week, and that I must go ashore and get my ticket. So I went to the ladder and found half a dozen Arabs waiting for a job. They were all yelling for me to go with them, but I picked my man, and asked him what he would take me ashore for. He said, "Anything you say." But I said "Set your price."

"Oh, just anything you are a mind to give me."

"Will three pence be enough?"

"Yes, come ahead and get in."

"But I have a valise to get. Now, will you put me ashore for three pence and no back-sheech?"

"Yes; bring up, and no more money you pay when you get ashore."

I thought I could detect a devilish grin in one corner of his mouth. But I made a bargain that ought to hold the biggest rogue in the world, and I went aboard, determined he should stand it at all hazards. Meanwhile the disappointed boatmen were saying, "That fellow is no good. He'll want four pence, as a back-sheech," etc.

As we moved away another fellow jumped in and each

took a paddle. After we had cleared the ship my Arab remarked it would be six pence, for there is two of us. I pretended not to hear, but began to understand the meaning of that grin. He spoke about it again, but I was looking at something of interest and could not hear him. When we landed he took me by the arm and helped me out. I had taken the pains to strap my valise to my back so we would not be separated under any circumstances. I started straight for the Maltese's office, holding out a three pence to him. He hesitated, and caught me by the arm and said I must pay six pence, for there were two of them, and besides he did not agree to take my baggage for three pence. I replied:

"I told you I had baggage and you agreed to ask for nothing more, and if you don't take this you will get nothing." He took it but said I should pay more, and I must go this way, pointing to a man standing in a door.

I did not see the point and still kept on my course. I wanted to see the Malte and get orders from him. By this time there were three or four Arabs talking and gesticulating, and when one came with a sword at his side and ordered me in, I thought it was time to surrender.

So I followed them in as docile as a lamb. I was presented to a man in official garb who demanded my passport. I replied:

"I have none."

"Well, we can't let foreigners land here without one, and I can do nothing for you; you had better go to the Consul and see what he will do, but I think it doubtful if he will help you if you have nothing to show that you are an American."

I replied I thought I could make it all right with him.

So I left my baggage and started, followed by the boatman and a swarm of boys who were clamoring for the job of taking me to the Consul. I knew the way and told them

to go back; walking so fast it kept them in a trot. The boatman finally gave up the chase and turned from the scene, no doubt thinking he was losing more by neglecting his business than he would gain by following me. If you will walk along as though you were in a great hurry, and know just where to go you are not apt to be bothered with these boys, but as soon as you make the least hesitation, or stop to ask a question you are surrounded by a swarm of them ready to help you out of trouble; like Pharaoh's frogs, they seem to rise right up out of the earth.

The Consul was not in, and would not be until late in the evening. And there I was, the ship nearly ready to sail and my baggage in the hands of the officers.

I went to the Maltese and told my story. He said I should not have brought my baggage ashore, but taken it directly to the other ship and I would not have been bothered this way. So he went with me to the officers, and got them to agree for me to take my baggage back to sea and settle the passport question at Joppa. My friend sent his Arab servant to take me in a canoe to the Russian ship, telling me I might give him a shilling, which I did and was not asked for backsheech. I went aboard the steamer feeling a good deal like a conqueror, for I had a hard battle with backsheech and came out victorious.

There was a motley, indescribable crowd aboard the ship. I tried to talk to several, but could not understand a word. I finally thought I learned from an old man, in priestly-looking garb, that he was from Roumania. We sailed at five, the night was cool, and I slept on deck, but with my overcoat and blanket I kept warm. I expect if you were told that when you awoke in the morning your eyes would rest on the sacred and historical land of Canaan you would not sleep much, but I was getting used to such expectations; so when I awoke in the morning I could see the whole coast, from Cesarea to the lower coast of the

Philistines. One morning the sun rose for me over the top of Mount Sinai, where the law was given to Moses; the next it rose over the wilderness of Sinai, where the Children of Israel wandered for forty years, until one generation died and a new one grew up worthy to occupy the promised land; the third morning the sun rose over the Mountains of Judah, where the Savior was born and worked out the great salvation of men. Thus these great evolutions of religion have been accomplished in a very small territory.

The city of Joppa stands on a high bluff that extends into the sea. The white flat-roofed houses look very picturesque as they rise terrace above terrace up the hill. The ship cast anchor half a mile from shore, and soon there were some fifty boatmen coming toward us, yelling like a pack of Indians. A man agreed to put me ashore for ten cents, but as soon as we started he demanded fifty. I was not in quite as good a mood to quibble over small matters as the day before, the passport question was bothering me most, so paid thirty-seven and one-half cents. There was a white man on board who said if I would pay $1.25 the boys would get me through without any passport, but their trap failed to catch a sucker. There was no wharf and the boats lacked twenty feet of reaching the water's edge. There were half a dozen men grabbing for a job to carry me ashore, so I rode out on the back of a man, for which I paid four cents.

Such a confusion cannot be imagined. There were a hundred men pulling at the passengers and grabbing for their baggage, and when a man got ashore he was lucky if he had not lost friends, family and baggage, and many were the hot disputes about the price and backsheech; the last word means a gift over and above the price for service.

My boatman took me into the custom house, where the

officers, finding I had no passport, said I would have to go to the government house. So in charge of the boatman, and a rough-looking soldier, with a long sword, who followed behind, I was marched through the city. It seemed like a new world, everything looked so ridiculous and strange. The streets were very narrow and crowded with people and caravans of camels and donkeys. There was a man carrying what I supposed was a dead hog, swelled to almost bursting. I wondered why he should have that abominable thing strapped to his back, but when I saw him draw water from it to sell I remembered a passage in scripture about goat skin bottles. For some unaccountable reason a boy was figuring in the matter; he ran ahead to point out the way and to shove aside the camels and donkeys. I told him I had no use for him, but he stuck all the closer.

Coming to a door where stood some soldiers, I was ordered in. The man with the sword told me to sit on the stone steps and wait for further orders. On one side of the room was a narrow hall with openings in the wall with iron bars across them. This made it evident I was in jail, yet, strange to say, I never felt safer or more at home in my life. At home we hardly stop to think what it is to be an American, but when one is cast out among strange people there is something inspiring in the thought that there are thousands of men and millions of money pledged to one's protection. This may be rather sentimental, yet there is no doubt but that it is of great advantage to a stranger to belong to a great and powerful nation.

There were a dozen dirty Arabs squatting on the floor. As soon as I entered they began to talk to me and laugh; though I understood nothing, I talked and laughed too. Presently an old man came and took off my hat and dropped his turban on my head. Then the whole crowd roared with laughter, and as I thought they were ex-

perimenting to see what kind of an Arab I would make, I took the joke good-naturedly. The man took his turban and left me, but soon came back and did the same again. By this time another man sat down beside me and was fumbling with his clothing as though he was hunting for lice. This put a bug in my ear and I took the turban off,

He Dropped His Turban On My Head.

and, oh, horrors! it was woolly inside and one solid mass of lice and nits. I threw the thing down and ordered the scamp to give back my hat, which he was not long in doing. This made much fun for the boys, but none for me. I shook myself and brushed my head, but the more I brushed the more I could feel something crawling. This old man belonged to the lousy Dervish, a sect of Mohammedan fanatics, who never kill a louse, but make it their

business to raise all they can, and arrange their clothing so as to accommodate as many as possible. This old rascal wanted to plant a colony of his pets on me. There are several kind of Dervish who adopt various modes of torturing themselves to produce sanctification, but none have found as effectual means of weaning a man from this vain world as the lousy Dervish.

A man came and ordered me to appear at the office. The officers spoke no English, so they sent for an interpreter. Meanwhile I was terror-stricken on account of the lice, so remembering I had a fine comb I brought it out and plied it vigorously in the presence of the Turkish dignitaries. The interpreter said it was against the law for a stranger to enter the country without a passport. I gave him a history of my wanderings, and said I did not know when I left home that I should visit that country or I should have brought the necessary papers. He said if the American Consul would sign a guarantee for me they would give me a passport. The men were all well dressed and very gentlemanly and polite, far different from what I expected in Turkish officials. The interpreter said, being that I was a poor man, they would only charge me three dollars instead of five dollars. He also said he thought I could get a job on the railroad, as an American had just come to set up the locomotives.

I was marched off to the Consul's, down through a narrow street, with bazaars crowded on each side, and out across the market place where the people were so thick there was hardly standing room. The guard walked behind, and although I had several times told the backsheech boy he would get no money from me, he still persisted in running ahead to clear the track. It was funny to see with what authority he shoved both donkeys and men out of the way. At the outskirts of the city were some nice orange groves. The road was very narrow and dusty, and scat-

tered along the roadside, sitting in the dirt, were several lame, blind, and, perhaps, leprous beggars. They sit there from morning until night and keep up a continual cry for help, holding out one hand. There was one very old blind woman, who was little more than a skeleton; she sat in the dust covered with a coarse blanket, and kept up a most doleful cry. Two months after this she was still in the place. How this reminds one of blind Bartimeus, who sat by the wayside begging. It is sad to think of a human being compelled to sit there in the hot sun year after year as time moves slowly on.

I had nothing to prove I was an American but some letters from home, but the Consul signed the papers and then I was a free man, had it not been for the backsheech boy. I was willing to pay him ten cents, but he wanted forty, and was going to have it or blood. Seeing no show for a settlement soon, I sought the shade of a tree and argued the case for a long time. He shook his fist in my face and threatened to call the police. I finally told him if he would show me to the government house in the morning, and ask for no backseech, I would give him a six pence. He agreed to this, and raising his hands toward heaven, swore by Allah and the Prophet, that he was telling the truth. After receiving the money he said, with a devilish smile:

"An American gemmen, like you, would not refuse a poor Arab boy a little backsheech!"

In 1866 a colony of Freemasons from America settled in the suburbs of Joppa. From various causes they never prospered, and now there is only one left, Mr. Rolla Floyd. I called at his house, but he was not at home, but I got lodging with his neighbors—a German family—for forty cents a night. It was a great treat to sleep in a good bed on a solid foundation after having lived on the sea for sixty-four days and traveling 16,000 miles. It was also a

great relief to know that only 8,000 miles lay between me and home.

The French were building a railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem. They had just received three locomotives from the Baldwin works of Philadelphia, and as the American engineer was trying to set them up with a lot of awkward Arabs, who could not speak English, I had no trouble in getting work. There were about two dozen men who spoke half a dozen languages. There were Jews, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Frenchmen, and dwellers beyond the Black Sea, and from the coast of Algiers. It was very awkward business handling men with whom we could not talk. When we would have any heavy lifting we would give orders to the interpreter, and he would repeat it in two or three different languages. If the Greeks there were a fair specimen of the ones with whom Alexander conquered the world, he was a big fool to go around, bawling like a weaned calf, because there were no other worlds to conquer.

Although very awkward, the men were good natured, bidable and willing to do the best they could. I had a hard time putting a wood lining on the boiler. The only saw they had was a clumsy thing stretched on a frame like a bucksaw, and the only thing they had to drive shingle nails was a heavy smith hammer. But this is on a par with the way they do everything in the East.

When I went to work I knew not what the wages would be, but they paid me $1.20 a day, which was as much as any of the men got; the common laborers only got from twenty to forty cents a day. All the surroundings were intensely interesting. The road ran over the bay on piling. Out a quarter of a mile from shore is a stone wall; some places it is ten feet high and at others it has been washed away by the sea until boats pass through. As there is no history of the wall some think it was built before the flood. As

the harbor is much exposed, Solomon might have built it for a breakwater, for here is where he brought all the timber for the temple on floats.

Joppa has many of the conveniences of a great city, among which are water works. Instead of running water over town through pipes, it is carried in goat-skin bottles on the

The First Engine in the Holy Land.

backs of men. It took a dozen men two hours to fill the boiler on the day the engine was finished. There were thousands of people from all over the country to see it start; many were dressed in their best, consisting of a coffee sack or sheep-skin. The beach and house tops were

alive with a wonder-stricken mass of humanity. When the whistle blew the people gave a great shout; and wh n the engine began to move cheer upon cheer rent the air. The people seemed to have no idea of there being any danger of standing on the track, so a dozen Arabs with long gads ran ahead to whip off men and dogs. I enjoyed the fun from a position on the cowcatcher.

They stopped the engine at the machine shop and the people crowded around to examine the monster, when all at once the engineer blew the steam from the mud valve. The terror-stricken people fell back over one another, as though they had been struck with a cyclone.

The road is thirty-six miles long. The first half of the way it runs over the plains of Sharon, which is almost level; then it strikes the mountains and rises about one hundred feet to the mile.

Although Joppa is not very prolific in sacred places, there are two that are always eagerly sought out by the traveler; the spot where Peter had his dream and the place where he brought Dorcas to life.

The house of Simon, the tanner, stands not far from the seaside, but perhaps a hundred feet higher. It is built all of stone, both floor and roof, with a partition in the center. The stairway goes on to the roof from the outside, and is shaded by a fig tree. One day I went on the house top to try to sleep and work myself into a trance, but as I had eaten a lot of green figs it proved a failure. There is a well in the yard covered by a flat stone with a hole in the center. There are creases worn by the rope, and a deep hole in the rock where they set the leather bucket, telling each stranger the many, many years it has quenched the thirst of weary pilgrims; and I vainly tried to picture in my mind the manner of men who drank of the water when the well was new. There is a large stone tank, which might have been one of Simon's tan vats. The house and

everything has the appearance of great age, but it is built so solid it may last two thousand years longer.

Out in the suburbs of Joppa they point out the home of Dorcas. It is a stone house, embowered with orange and other fruit trees, and adorned with flowers. A blind mule was pumping water from a well to irrigate the gardens. Whether these places are genuine or not, it is pleasant to visit spots so near to the life scenes of these ancient worthies, and hear the natives narrate these old stories of the Bible.

One day while working on the railroad, we heard the bugle sound up in the city. Presently there came marching down the streets a column of about two hundred men, guarded by soldiers. They had been drafted into the army and were on the way to Constantinople. The Sultan keeps soldiers at Joppa, who are continually making excursions into the country to recruit his army. The poor Arabs have a great dread of being pressed into the service. They have to stay five years, receive no pay, and are treated very badly; I was told that not a third of them would ever live to get home. Sometimes when the men hear of the soldiers coming they will hide in the mountains, but if they have any property it is taken, or if the soldiers can find any of their family they are cast into prison until the strong man comes to redeem them. Behind the men was a company of women and children; some of the women had babies strapped to their backs, after the fashion of Indians in this country. The men were torn from their wives and children, and hurried aboard a Turkish man-of-war. The ship did not sail for an hour, during which time the women stood at the water's edge, with their hands raised toward heaven, uttering the most piteous cries and wailings. The prophets sometimes speak of this custom of the women of the east, of spreading forth the hands in time of trouble, as in Isa, 1, 15: "And when ye spread

forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood."

CHAPTER XV.

SOME FACTS CONCERNING JOPPA.

My first Sunday in Joppa I took a stroll up several miles over the plain of Sharon to the river Mejarken, spoken of by Joshua as being one of the boundary lines of the tribe of Dan. I passed through an Arab village with houses made of mud and straw and sometimes stone. The people looked in wonderment and some followed me through the streets.

I passed through the stubble of many wheat and barley fields, but everything was dry and parched, and would be for a month, when the rains would set in and then they would be sown again. A man was plowing with a wooden plow, which was nothing but a crooked stick, or rather two or three spliced together and pointed with a rude piece of iron. It was drawn by two small oxen, with a straight pole for a yoke. The man held the plow in one hand and carried a goad in the other; it seemed to run easily and stirred up the sand better than one would imagine. Close by was a large tomato patch, and he gave me some to eat. There were several men at work, who all came out and we sat down and chewed cane while some smoked; they tried to talk, but we could not arrive at any definite conclusions. The scene reminded me of many similar ones on the Sandwich Islands, only with a very different race of men. The cane looks as well as any I saw there, but is only grown for chewing purposes to be sold in the city, though I see no

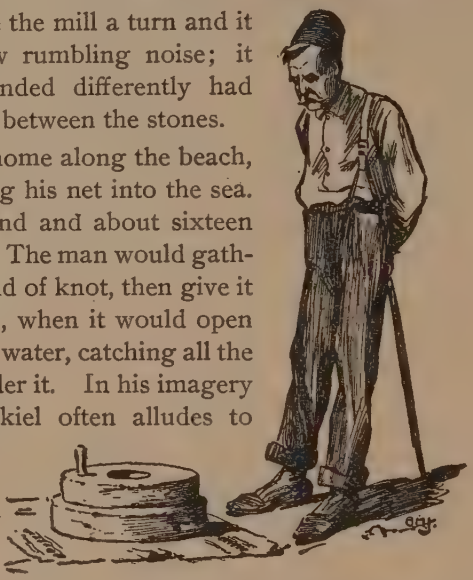
While crossing this plain I found plenty of cuckle-burs ripening in this "promised land." Go where you will you cannot get away from cockle-burs and "pursley."

Walking over the loose sand was very tiresome, and I stopped to rest a while with an Arab and his family. The dwelling was made of some old coffee sacks sewed together and stretched on some sticks. It was about 12x6 feet and just high enough to sit under, on the sand; yet it seemed entirely sufficient to accommodate the man and his two wives and two children, besides containing a woolen mill, loom, and all things necessary for taking wool right from the sheep's back and turning it into garments ready to be worn by man. But, hold on! Don't call me a liar until I have time to explain. The loom consists of three or four rather crooked sticks, one was fastened on the ground a few feet from one side of the tent and had the finished cloth rolled on it; another fastened the same way on the other side, and had the "chain" on it. The weaver sat under the tent and with a curious system of loops fastened to another stick, would cross the threads of the chain, then pass the shuttle through; instead of pounding it up with a baton she had a small iron hook with which she would catch up every thread of the warp, separately, and after they were crossed again would pull it tight against the wool. I expect you will laugh at my bungling manner of describing the great manufacturing enterprise of this country, but I am getting rusty on the loom question. I did not see the spinning "jenny," but have no doubt it was somewhere in the house. The furniture consisted of a few pieces of coarse cloth and some jars of the Oriental pattern, like you see in pictures on women's heads.

In addition to the woolen mill and household goods I have just described, this family also owned a flouring mill of the "roller process." It was not in the house, though there would have been plenty of room for it. It was made

of two stones about sixteen inches in diameter, the upper stone having a hole in the center and a crank affixed to one side. I gave the mill a turn and it gave forth a low rumbling noise; it would have sounded differently had there been wheat between the stones.

On returning home along the beach, a man was casting his net into the sea. The net was round and about sixteen feet in diameter. The man would gather it up into a kind of knot, then give it a sling and whirl, when it would open and drop into the water, catching all the fish that were under it. In his imagery the prophet Ezekiel often alludes to this mode of fishing.



A Roller Process Mill.

Our interpreter on the railroad was Theo. Mitry, an Arab boy 20 years old. He spoke five or six different languages, and could read and write several of them. He was otherwise well educated, having a large fund of general information, especially the history of his own country. Yet, with all his accomplishments, he could only command forty cents a day for his services. I was very fortunate in becoming acquainted with Theodore, for he took much interest in showing me around, and in teaching me the value of different kinds of money, and the prices I ought to pay. There are so many kinds of money current there that it is very hard for one to master them. I took some lessons by experience, more than once I paid a coin worth several cents, when I intended to pay a cent. Then Theodore took me in charge and got my money changed

into franks and metalikes and taught me their values.

If you buy something here worth fifty cents and hand them a dollar you never get back the other half; they always charge something for making the change. So it is better to go to the money changers and pay their per cent. than to trust a shop-keeper to make change for you. The money changers do a thriving business, and can be found on almost every corner. They buy all kinds of money; one showed me a national bank note from Massachusetts; but when Theodore presented my new bright gold eagle they looked bewildered. We told him what it was worth, but he took his balances (the same kind Abraham used), and they fully verified our words. Then began the same battle of words between Theodore and the changer that is always had between the buyer and the seller, although the consideration be only a few cents. The man wanted a good round sum, but when we started away he followed us and said he would make the change for twenty cents, but Theodore said "No, this is good new gold and we must have dollar for dollar." We went to a jeweler and made even change for French money. When I was in Aden I sold two eagles to an Arab for English money without loss, so you can see Uncle Sam's gold will take a man anywhere in the world. I left Honolulu on such short notice that I had no time to change my American money for English and feared that when I reached the Oriental country I would have to sell it at a great sacrifice.

American gold is in good demand in all these countries for making jewelry, it is said to be better than that of most other countries. Theodore, when he found I was paying forty cents a night for a bed, took me to a place where I got a nice room and bed for half that amount. It was a family of Jews who were very strict in the observance of the laws of Moses. They said they would furnish meals for fifteen cents if I could eat their kind of cooking; as they

never used anything "common or unclean!" I told them in my wanderings I had been compelled to eat almost everything, but never objected to its being clean. After eating a meal with these people I was not surprised that the hog was left out of the bill of fare.

As Joppa was a city long before the days of Abraham, and has always been the principal port of Palestine, it has always commanded the trade of the interior for hundreds of miles. It is a strange sight to stand at the entrance of one of the principal streets and watch the long caravans of camels passing. They come in loaded with wheat, grapes and other fruits, and sometimes eggs and other products of the country; and go back loaded with boxes of goods and barrels of groceries. Sometimes one will be loaded with two barrels of coal oil or a great pile of lumber or iron. In the outskirts of the town in the evening hundreds of camels can be seen resting or eating their scant allowance of peas and cut straw. The Arab seems to be content with about as little as the camel; he will eat his rye bread or peas, smoke and lie down beside his camel to sleep, undisturbed by green apple or mince pie dreams. The camels lie down to receive their load, when the boxes and barrels are rolled to each side and strapped on. During this time the beast utters piteous cries and will sometimes turn around and bite at the master, as though to stop him from loading too heavily. The load generally weighs eight and sometimes twelve hundred pounds. When told to arise the camel utters a deep groan, and with two or three plunges elevates the load some seven or eight feet into the air, after which he is never heard to utter another complaint, but will wend his way through the crowded streets with an intelligence that is almost human. In strange contrast to the tall camels are the little donkeys that generally accompany them.

Sometimes two men will ride one not more than three

feet high. To keep their legs from dragging the ground they ride on a wide cushion that covers the animal's back. The streets of Joppa are very narrow, sometimes no more than ten feet wide. Yet you can see almost a continuous line of camels; then there are dozens of little donkeys straining under their great loads. They can walk under the loads of the tall camels and seem to have been made to utilize the vacant place; they are never bridled, even when ridden; a little boy will have perfect control of half a dozen. They are the most patient and obedient animals in the world; I never saw one do anything wrong. Balaam when found beating one ought to have been rebuked by the stones instead of by the brute.

The houses of Joppa are built entirely of rock; floor, roof, and all. Inside the ceiling is arched, but the wall is built to the top of the arch and leveled off with stone and cement. Thus they build story upon story as high as they want them. The streets of Joppa seem about the busiest place in the world; thickly studded on either side are shops and bazaars, where goods are manufactured and sold in rooms no more than seven or eight feet square. A disciple of Tubal Cain will be sitting by his anvil hammering at a piece of copper, which he will fashion into almost any kind of a vessel. A worker in wood will be sitting by his turning lathe, running it with a bow with a string once around the stick he is turning, which he jerks backward and forward with one hand while holding the chisel with the other. Although the streets are narrow, yet they are crowded with men and women sitting on the pavement selling their merchandise. A man will have a basket of grapes from Eschal, and will give you a large bunch for a cent. Others have figs, dates and pomegranates. The latter fruit grows on a tree and has much the appearance of large red apples. Inside it looks like a tomato; the pulp around the seed is eaten. It is very sour.

In a wide place in the street is the general market place, where the people bring their baskets of nuts, fruits and vegetables and sit by them all day waiting for customers. It is about the noisest place I ever saw; one would think he was on the Board of Trade in Chicago. A man will walk about with a board on his head covered with bread, yelling at the top of his voice to attract attention; another has put down his board in the dust and is holding aloft a cake about the size of the moon. If no buyer comes, with an air of indifference, he gives it a sling onto the board. It is all the same if one edge should land in the dust of the street. In no place could I live so cheaply as in Joppa; at an Arab restaurant I would get breakfast for two cents, pay five for dinner and three or four for supper. The breakfast consisted of bread and beans stewed in olive oil, a large bowl of beans seasoned with pepper, the juice of one lemon, and several other things, cost a cent, and a loaf of bread cost the same; this made all I could eat. At first I did not fancy the olive oil, but soon got used to it, and consider it superior to lard for cooking. For dinner I would take a mutton stew; the mutton of that country is excellent. For supper I would sometimes eat bread and sop, a kind of gravy made from sour milk. The bread is made into thin cakes and they eat without knife or fork, doubling a piece of bread into the shape of a spoon and dipping up the gravy. When Theodore and I ate together we both dipped into the same plate. How natural now seems the account of Judas and Jesus dipping together in the same dish.

The climate of Joppa is much like that of southern California, excepting that there are no high mountains near by to cool the air at night. It stands on the edge of the plain of Sharon, which is about twelve miles wide, and extends many miles along the coast. Much of the plain is very fertile, producing large crops of wheat, barley and grapes

without irrigation. As there is an abundance of water only forty feet below the surface, the whole plain might be made as valuable and beautiful with oranges, lemons, and all such fruits as the most favored places in California. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the orange orchards and gardens about Joppa. Scattered about are tall date palm trees, with leaves ten or twelve feet long, growing in a tuft at the top and drooping down, resembling an umbrella. Five or six bunches of fruit, as large as a flour barrel, hang below the leaves; they look like a mammoth head of broom corn, the dates representing the seeds. In almost every orchard is a mule, either blind or blindfolded, pumping water to irrigate the trees.

One day when Theodore and I were visiting the home of Dorcas, we met a company of women beating tambourines and uttering a kind of musical chant, and following behind was a company of boys beating tin pans. The women were barefooted and bareheaded and otherwise scantily dressed. One would never have dreamed that this was a nuptial party, but Theodore said they were Bedouins going to a wedding. These wanderers of the desert have their peculiar customs in marriage as well as in everything else. Perhaps in nothing else are the customs of countries more different than is the custom of marriage. In my country marriage is generally the subject of much thought and preparation. The bride spends many weary weeks and sleepless nights in arranging her wardrobe and in studying up extras for the occasion, while among the Bedouins the happy bride of the evening never dreamed of such a thing in the morning.

I once heard an elderly maiden give a lecture on the "Holy Land," in which she said the most abominable thing in that country was the custom they had of buying their wives. I came very near speaking right out in meeting and asking the woman if she did not know that there was no other coun-

try where men paid as much for their wives as in America, and the great cost of a wife here keeps many a young man from possessing one. Among the Arabs a wife can be bought for ten dollars, while with us a boy has to spend a small fortune in fine clothes, top buggies and theater tickets before a girl will hardly look at him. When a Bedouin falls in love he wastes no time in courting the fickle damsel, but goes to her father and buys her, paying from five to thirty dollars, according to the social standing of the old man. Then he is compelled to wear a green twig on his turban for three days as a sign that he is going to marry. His intended may see it, but has no idea who is

Bedouin Courtship.

to be the lucky girl. On the day of the wedding, the girl takes the goats to pasture as usual, and climbs after them all day over the mountains to keep off the wolves. Late in the evening the bridegroom goes forth and lies in ambush, and as the girl is returning home, singing her evening song, he springs forth and grabs her. The girl will

bite and kick and scratch like fury, and if she can she will pick up a stone and knock him down; but in such a case there are some attendants to help drag the girl to his tent. It is a part of etiquette for the girl to resist all she can, and the more scars she leaves on her husband the more highly she is ever afterwards respected, both by him and his neighbors. After she is landed in the tent she gives up and is taken in hand by her female relatives, who dress her up, then the couple go and march three times around the tent, and are pronounced man and wife. Now the man's troubles and expenses are all ended, for the wife he has bought becomes his obedient servant. She carries the water, milks the goats, spins and weaves his clothing, while her lord sits in the door of his tent in the heat of the day smoking cigarettes.

The Bedouins are the descndants of Ishmael, the son of Hagar, and lead a wild roving life. Their habits and customs are worthy of study, and during my experience among them I found them of great interest.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE ROAD TO JERUSALEM.

In ten days the locomotives were all finished, and I began to be anxious to see something of the city of David, so I shouldered my baggage and started afoot for Jerusalem, thirty-six miles distant. I could have gone by carriage, but they stop over night at the half-way station, and the fare and hotel bill was more than I wanted to pay. I had hardly cleared the gardens of Joppa before I was overtaken by a caravan of seven camels without loads. One of the Arabs, seeing I was carrying a heavy burden, invited me to mount one of the camels. I made signs that I would, so he made the camel kneel, which it did by folding up its long legs like a carpenter's rule, with its feet and legs under it. A camel never rests on its side like other animals, but sleeps and receives its load in this position. I mounted with my baggage and grabbed hold of two sticks, which, with a matting of coffee sack, constituted the saddle. Then began an oscillating motion that would put to shame any common-sized earthquake. The beast first opened one section of hind legs, which threw me forward until I im-

Getting Up.

agined I was nearly to Jerusalem, then likewise with its forelegs, which threw me back to Joppa, thus the vibrations continued in quick succession until I found myself some nine feet in the air. I felt like my back was broken, and every muscle and joint in my body was strained to the utmost. Then the camel began a slow and measured gait, every step of which threw me forward several feet, and then backward, I imagined, almost like the puzzle of the frog climbing out of the well. It is certainly the most disagreeable mode of traveling in the world. The Arabs generally ride sidewise to counteract this disagreeable motion. I could not talk with my dragoman, and knew not who he was or where he was going, and cared not, so long as he went my way. You know I was traveling according to circumstances; so started, intending to make the best of opportunities as they offered. We passed hundreds of camels and donkeys, loaded, going into town.

At the village of Yazur my guide turned off the main road and I went on; I saved the brute the trouble of kneeling by jumping off. I gave the Arab a coin worth 1¼ cents, and he seemed well pleased. I was soon overtaken by another caravan, but did not care to have another shaking-up that day.

Yazur is the scene of Samson and the foxes. The village stands on a knoll, and contains some very ancient ruins, surrounded by one of the finest level valleys I ever saw.

It must have been very aggravating to the Philistines to have had it swept by fire, destroying all their fields of grain, together with their vineyards and olive orchards. Some distance to the left is the village of Bethdagon of the Philistines, and also Lydia, where Peter was when Dorcas died.

From here the plain is barren until we reach Ramley (ancient Aramathea). On the right is a low sand ridge

that separates the land of the Philistines from the plain of Sharon. I walked four or five miles, and coming to some olive trees sat down, tired and thirsty, but there was no water nearer than Ramley, which I reached about two o'clock, then turned aside to examine an old tower. Beside it are the crumbled walls of what must have been a magnificent building. Near by is a cemetery containing hundreds of old and crumbled tombs, but my guide book said nothing about these ruins.

My deviation had brought me into the Arab part of the city; so I walked down through the narrow and crooked streets, bare foot and with my Turkish cap on, without attracting attention. I think I passed for a native. There are three thousand inhabitants, several whites. I watched for a fountain or well, but I saw none, so I stopped where an Arab was feeding cattle and asked for a drink, he brought out a jar of good water. In traveling through this country one can realize the value of water and better understand some of the beautiful allusions to it in the Bible. I sat down in the shade of a cactus hedge to eat. Such a scene attracts no notice here, as an Arab is considered well off if he has a rye cake or a handful of peas for din ner, and sits by the road side to eat them.

I hurried on, wanting to reach the valley of Ajalon and spend the night there alone. The sun was low before I reached the edge, which gently slopes off into the broad valley; at the further side at the foot of the mountains stood the village of Latroon, and a quarter of a mile to the right was an Arab village. I went there to get water, then went about mid-way into the valley, turning a little way from the road, encamped for the night in the dry bed of a creek.

This was the site of the most stupendous miracle that God ever wrought in the material world: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gideon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon;

and the sun stood still in the midst of heaven and the moon stayed, and there was no day like that before or after it."

Taking small stones for a bed and a larger one for a pillow, with my overcoat and blanket I slept comfortably. There was no dew and the temperature remained about the same all night. It seemed strange to be there on the scene of such wonders. Perhaps the terror-stricken Amorites stumbled over these very stones when they were fleeing across this valley, hotly pursued by Joshua's men. The soil in this valley is very rich.

I left my encampment at nine o'clock and soon fell in with a man in shabby, yet clean clothes, and long hair. I could not understand him, but thought he must be going to Jerusalem. We soon came to Latroon. There were women drawing water and they gave me a drink from their pitchers, then filled their large jars and walked up a steep hill with them on their heads. My pilgrim and I sat down to rest, and he opened a sack and brought out some rye bread and picked olives, which he shared with me. I walked up the hill to view the ruins of an old Roman fortress. Some Arabs were living in the lower rooms, which were not quite filled with rubbish. We began to ascend the mountains here. The sun was hot, the road dusty and I soon wanted water again. I thought my friend knew more about the road than I did and had traveled it before, as he would motion that it was on ahead. I talked some to him, though I knew I was not understood, and many a weary step we took, but still no water. I could look back and see the plain of Sharon and the great sea beyond, but the beautiful sight had no attraction for me; neither the glorious one ahead that I should see, for my mind was haunted with dreams of water, water, water! On through olive groves and down a gentle slope and there was a stone fountain; I thought I would try the camel's plan and drink until every nook of my system was

brim full; it proved a success, for I was not troubled so much again.

Here on the hillside stand the substantial stone houses of Kirjeth Jerim, or Boale. The Ark of Israel, when restored by the Philistines, was brought here and placed in the house of Abinidab, on the hill.

We hurried on to make Jerusalem before dark. By the roadside an Arab had a grocery, made of poles and brush, beside a stone wall. His stock of goods were: five eggs, nine cucumbers and a hat full of grapes. I bought 2½ cents' worth of grapes and divided with my friend, who again brought out his rye bread (of which he had an unlimited supply, and divided with me). I did not ask how business was, but think it was lively, for a man soon came up and bought two cucumbers. There was the usual supply of loafers, and six or eight Arabs were engaged in lively conversation—I suppose they were discussing politics or making up a slate for the next election. We then plodded on, much refreshed, and were soon on the track of the wonderful procession described in 2d Samuel, vi. Passing many villages and ruins, one of which is supposed to have been the house of Obed Edom, we came to the brook, where some think David got the smooth stones. It is crossed by a high stone bridge. The valley and mountain side are covered with vineyards, olives and other fruits. To the south, in the distance, stands the village of Ain Karim, the birth-place of John the Baptist.

It was now nearly sundown and I knew not how far it yet was to Jerusalem. We tried to ask a native, and thought he said only a little way. The road came to a high mountain and began to wind around. A quarter of a mile ahead was a point beyond which I expected to see the city. Although very weary with my long tramp and heavy burden, my heart began to beat hard and fast, which gave me new life. So I hurried on ahead of Pilgrim, but

was disappointed, for beyond the point was another. The fourth time I was disappointed, but finally on turning the corner of a stone fence, there stood the city of David, the Zion of our songs, the great type of the Christian's happy home in the next world.

CHAPTER XVII.

JERUSALEM.

I sat down on a rock and tried to soar aloft into one of those eloquent flights of reverie that generally take possession of travelers on this occasion, but my mind, after a feeble flutter, fell into the dust, and I began to figure on the chances of having to sleep out of doors or in a Turk's dungeon.

Although much of the city is now outside the walls, I did not know it, or especially that there was any place that would keep travelers. Had I been alone I should have turned aside in some secluded place and camped for the night; but I supposed Pilgrim knew where to go, so I tried to make him understand that I wanted to go with him. We walked along a broad street, with good new-looking houses on each side, and came to a massive stone arch. We passed under and entered crooked and narrow streets, in many places arched over and looking more like tunnels than streets of a great city. There was a continuous row of bazaars and shops on each side and a throng of people passing to and fro. Pilgrim kept looking, and I thought hunting for a sign. I expected every minute he would turn into a lodging house, but no, he kept wandering about, speaking to someone occasionally, but failing to make them understand. We finally came to the end of a narrow street which led into a large building. I thought it was a Mohammedan mosque, and beckoned my guide to turn back. I had ventured too close to the door of one in Joppa, and was marched away by a man with a

cane at my back. But I was mistaken in this case, it was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. And there I was at night, 8,000 miles from home and friends, in the heart of a great city, surrounded by crowds of strange and rough-looking people, not one of whom I could make understand a word, and knew no more about where I was than if I had been suddenly let down from the moon.

Finally Pilgrim spoke to a man who understood him, and who directed him to the house of a man from his own country, whose son could speak English. The Catholics and Jews have institutions to accommodate travelers of their own sect, and Pilgrim, who was a Catholic, was looking for such a place. I told the boy that I was a Protestant and did not want a place of charity, but a cheap place to stay all night. After a long parley he told me of a place I could stay for eight cents, and his father would pay the bill. I told him again I could pay my own bill. So we went up the street we had come down, and were shown into a small house occupied by Jews from Hungary. My friend told them I was hungry. They set out some bread, pickles and a glass of water, as I supposed. I began eating and took a sip of the water, but it proved to be whisky, or something of that nature.

These were nice people and I had comfortable quarters, and my sleep was sweet after my hard day's walk. So I was wafted away to the land of dreams to the music of hundreds of dogs, which kept barking and howling all night.

Leaving my Hungarian host in the morning I started out in search of the American family I expected to find near the Damascus gate. Passing through the gate I saw no sign of the house as I expected. Going down the narrow street and turning a corner I saw a gate, and opening beyond, supposing this was the right gate went through, passing the guards, who took no notice of me. I finally

spoke to a man and asked him if he could speak English; like Peter, my speech betrayed me. Immediately three men started toward me and motioned me out, and one gave me a shove. I had ignorantly gone into the grounds of the Mohammedan Mosque, that stands on the site of the Temple of Solomon. No Christian is allowed there, only by a special permit, and guarded by a Turkish soldier. I found Mr. Page, the American, who took me up on the house-top, which affords a fine view of the principal places of Jerusalem. He told me of another American family who lived in the southwest part of the city, outside of the wall. I had much trouble in finding them, but of course got in just in time for dinner. So I was safely housed again with good people. The family consisted of man and wife and two little girls. There was a Mr. T. J. Allee boarding there from Rushville, Ind. He had traveled over Palestine gathering statistics for an encyclopedia of missions of the world, to be published by Funk & Wagnals, of New York.

I was very fortunate in finding a Hoosier who could show me over the city; so in the evening we visited many of the interesting places.

There is an elderly widow, Mrs. Davis, whose house joins this boarding house, who is from Boston, and makes her living by drawing pictures of the interesting places about her. She thought I was an Arab when I first came and told me of it in the evening, the whole company enjoying a good laugh at my expense.

Next morning, as Mr. Allee was sick, I did my rambling alone. In trying to find my way out of the city I ran into the temple grounds again. This time I held my tongue and walked across the grounds and back without being molested.

I visited the kind man who was going to give me a night's lodging. He is a converted Jew and is poor, lives

by shoemaking, and what he can make by keeping the church for the Jews. I sat down in his little shop and listened to the biggest sermon from this poor Hungarian Jew that I ever heard. He speaks a little English, and with his German style was rather funny. He told how, when he used to listen to the Rabbi's teachings, all was dark and sorrowful (making signs with his hands and face). But when the Christian got into his heart all was peace and joy. I asked why he offered to pay my bill. He tried to repeat the words of the Savior, about giving a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, and pointing to the door of the church, said he would rather be by the door in the house of God one day than in the world a hundred years. This was said with few words and in a comical way. But it came to me with a flood of meaning I had never seen before and I listened to it with a mixture of tears and mirth.

As was my custom in coming to a city, I inquired for work and had no trouble in finding it. My friendly shoemaker introduced me to a Christian Jew, who had charge of a large olive wood manufactory.

I asked what he would pay. He said, "That depends on what you can do. The common price is eight piasters" (about 30 cents). I could hardly keep from laughing, but with as much seriousness as I could command, said I would be on hand in the morning and try it.

In the morning I began work. There were fifteen or twenty men at the benches. The boss said that as I was fresh from America he would put me in charge of the saw mill. My experience in milling is limited, but after walking through the log yard and mill room I expressed a willingness to undertake the job. The logs are rather undersized, and the mill small beside some of the great mills of America, but sufficient for the manufacture of large quantities of olive wood goods that find their way to all parts of

the world. We rolled one of the largest logs onto the carrier, or saw-buck, and with an awkward Turk on one side, myself on the other, with an old-fashioned six-foot cross-cut saw between us, turned on the steam. The log was 2½ feet long and 14 inches in diameter, but as hard as a beech knot. Although we ran under a high pressure of steam we succeeded in ripping it open only three times by noon. We had an hour for dinner.

Most of the men had bread and wine, with a very small piece of cheese. I had the same, minus the wine and cheese.

At one o'clock the hum of the saw was again heard, and kept up a buzz until half-past five, when we let the steam run down, supposing they would quit at dark. But they brought in some earthen vessels the size of an egg shell containing a wick and olive oil, which made a good light. My partner showed signs of weariness and sat down on a stool to work. If I were going to make this a life business I should shirk too, but as I had decided to either quit the business or strike for higher wages, I was determined to honorably finish my first day's work in Jerusalem. Many times the workmen (Jews) would steal around to talk with me. They spoke of America as being a good country, and wondered why an American should ever come to Jerusalem to find work; I think the like was never known before. These men work for from twenty cents to one dollar per day, most of the good workmen get from fifty to seventy-five cents. At seven o'clock the word came to quit, and I dropped the saw with a sense of relief and supreme satisfaction that I imagine a great and good man does when he sees his life work is about done. I went away in company with two Jews. One was a young man who got fifty cents, but said he worked ten years in Jerusalem for forty cents per day. The other was an old weakly man, who did light work for twenty cents, and yet had a

wife and two children to support. He said they never tasted meat and had nothing but bread and occasionally a little coffee. There are hundreds of Jews there as poor as this man, living in dirty cellars or holes about under the ruins.

My threatened great strike at the olive wood factory went into effect and I did not go back for several days to receive my wages. When I did go the boss, instead of thirty cents as I expected, gave me forty cents.

So, having nothing to do, in company with Mr. Allee, I started on foot to visit Bethlehem.

We went across the country west of the main road, and soon came to the Convent of the Cross. It is a large stone building and is said to stand where the timber for the cross was cut. The building is used for making olive oil. The olives are first mashed by an immense stone roller fastened to a sweep drawn around by a mule, then the oil is extracted by a screw press. Olive oil answers the same purpose there in cooking that lard does in America. We next passed through the plain of Rephaim. This is where the Philistines were encamped when David routed them, described in 2d Sam., v. Here is where the army of Sennacherib was supposed to have been encamped when smitten by the destroying angel; 2d Kings, 19-35. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob have often camped here and their flocks have here fed. It is a gently sloping valley, rather than a plain, and has been almost entirely covered with stones, but they have been gathered into heaps and placed in stone walls for terraces and fences, until a large part of the ground is now cultivated. It is surprising what an immense amount of work has been put on this land. Some places the stones have been piled ten or twelve feet high and four or five rods in diameter in order to get them off the ground. Other places they are built into walls and fences of unnecessary size to get rid of them. I saw around

olive orchards fences four feet high and six feet across. The country around Jerusalem and the mountains everywhere is a mass of lime stone rock, and only by building terraces around the mountain side a few feet wide, or rods at most, can enough soil be caught and held to grow fruits and vegetables.

We entered the main road at the Convent of Mars Elias, on the spot where prophet Elijah rested in his flight from Jezebel. The superstitious show the hole in the rock where his head rested. They also claim there is a well near by where, by its image in the water, the wise men rediscovered the star, after they had lost sight of it. But we had not time to bother with such nonsense and hurried on to something more real.

By the road, and almost in it, stands the tomb of Rachel, but as we will visit it again we pass it by now.

A little way further we come to Bethlehem. A large company of natives were at work on a house. We were invited to take a seat in the shade and an Arab brought us out coffee and served it in little cups. The coffee was very good and I took it with as much feeling of welcome from the hand of this stranger as I would from one of my neighbors at home. At the edge of the city we turned aside to see David's well, described in 1st Chronicles, 11 and 17. The well, or rather cistern, is dry now and partly filled with rubbish. We passed through the main street to the northeast part of the city, where stands the Church and Convent of the Nativity.

It is very rough and homely on the outside, but some parts are finely furnished. We passed in and down some stone steps into the Chapel of the Nativity. At one side is a marble slab, in the center of which is a silver star. It is said to mark the spot where the Savior was born. Near by is the Chapel of the Manger. It is a marble trough, representing the manger, the original one having been

taken to Rome.

Close by this is the tomb of St. Jerome, where he lived and translated the Bible. There is also the tomb of Eusebius and the cave of the innocents, where the children that were slain by Herod were thrown.

Not far from the convent is the Milk Chapel, over a cave where the Virgin is said to have hid with her child to avoid the emissaries of Herod.

From the tower of the convent we had a fine view of the surrounding country. The enormous quantities of stone make the country have a very desolate appearance. But the green foliage of the olive groves scattered about helps to relieve the monotony of the scene. To the north is the town on the Mount of Olives, six miles away; to the west are many villages and ruins, some of which, no doubt, mark ancient historical spots. To the south and east lies the wilderness of Judea, and in the deep depression beyond are the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and still further are the lofty mountains of Moab. A few miles to the southeast is a high cone-shaped mountain. The top, 150 feet of it, is said to be artificial. This was the home of Herodias and the tomb of Herod, the great. To the east lies a broad and beautiful valley, called the Valley of the Shepherd, and it was here the angels appeared singing "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men."

On the north side of the Valley of the Shepherds, they point out the field of Boaz, the place of the gleanings of Ruth the Moabitess. Naomi and her husband had left their home in Bethlehem and journeyed to the land of Moab, to escape a famine that was in this land. For a while all went well; their sons grew to manhood and took wives of the daughters of the land, but after ten years sojourn in the land, Naomi, bereft of her husband and sons, was left poor and desolate among an ignorant and ungodly people. Then she must make the journey over a dry and

thirsty country or die in a strange land. Her daughters-in-law, Orpha and Ruth, started also and walked along with Naomi on the way; but Naomi, knowing the perils of the journey, told them to return to their mother's house. But Ruth steadfastly kept on with these words, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or return from following after thee." "So the two went until they came to Bethlehem." They were penniless, but Ruth, like a brave woman, went down into yonder field and gleaned all the hot days of wheat and barley harvest, and thus sustained herself and aged mother-in-law. Orpha turned back and was never again heard from, but Ruth went on and reached the land of the people of God, where she formed happy connections with them and became the ancestress of the greatest and wisest king the world has ever known, and also of the King of Glory, the Savior of the world.

Bethlehem has about 4,000 inhabitants, although a town of the same area in America would not have half so many. They are mostly native Christians and have a better appearance than people of Mohammedan towns.

We returned to Jerusalem across the country, passing some Arab villages, which were to be seen everywhere on the sides of the barren mountains. Everywhere are tombs cut in the solid rock; they have a small opening, then enlarge into many small chambers. The ancients seem to have been more enthusiastic preparing resting places for the dead than comfortable quarters for the living. But many tombs are now inhabited by Arabs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN INTERESTING TRIP.

Although the country is now comparatively safe from robbers, yet it is not considered safe for travelers to venture alone to Hebron or Jericho. The American Consul, with a party of travelers, went to Hebron in a carriage and the people threw stones at them, and they were compelled to leave on short notice. When he reported the affair to the Turkish government they told him they did not claim to be able to punish criminals down there. So the Consul gave notice that his government would not be responsible for the safety of any American who should venture there without guides. It was a sore trial to put myself beyond the pale of Uncle Sam's protection, yet I did not feel able to hire horses and guides, so one morning at earliest dawn, with twelve boiled eggs, a loaf of bread, and my overcoat strung on my back, I started afoot. The distance to Hebron is eighteen miles, and I intended to make the trip and take in all the sights in two days. A mile's walk brought me to the plain of Rephaim, where I sat down on an old tomb to eat my breakfast. Many great armies have eaten an early breakfast in the same place, ready for the coming conflict. There were many caravans of camels and donkeys, loaded with country produce, hurrying into Jerusalem, ready to take advantage of the early market. They mostly belonged to Bedouins, who had traveled all night and who came a long distance to trade. I fell in with a man carrying a bundle, who spoke a little English, and who said he was going to Hebron, and that his country

was Roumania. From the vicinity of Bethlehem to near Hebron the country is barren and not much cultivated. In many places the mountains are covered with great limestone rocks, that look as chaotic as the lava beds of the Sandwich Islands. In other places the mountains have once been terraced and cultivated, but they are in ruins now. The Turks have lately made a good carriage road to Hebron, which sometimes diverges from the old trail. At one place the latter led over a solid rock for several rods, which, by the constant wear of ages, was worn deep and as slick as glass. No doubt all the old patriarchs have often passed over this rock. It seems strange to be tramping over places of such ancient and sacred memories. We sat down behind a stone wall to eat our dinner. My companion had bread and figs and I had bread and eggs, so by a little commercial treaty we both enjoyed a bountiful repast. We came to one of these stone buildings by the roadside where a fountain was running from the wall. There were some women filling their goat-skin bottles and loading them on the backs of camels. There was a large stone tank, one side of which, where the women set their bottles, was worn down several inches. Perhaps it is the tank from which the donkey of Joseph and Mary drank in their flight into Egypt.

We bought some radishes of the gardener and were feeding the tops to a camel that an Arab boy led up to drink. When the man saw it he jerked the tops from the beast's mouth. I wondered why he should refuse the poor animal the luxury, but saw the reason when the man took some bread from his bosom and began eating it, with the radish tops as dessert, while the camel had to wait for his dinner until he could snatch a mouthful of thorn brush or cactus leaves from the roadside.

We passed a limekiln. The mountains here are made of the best of limestone rock, but fuel is very scare. There

is a kind of thorn brush, about two feet high, that grows on the mountains, and a great company of men were carrying it in on their heads for fuel.

A little further on and we arrived at the valley of Eschal. It is almost one solid vineyard. The time of grapes was passed, but the vines indicate that the valley has not lost all its ancient fertility. Here we passed two more springs, where the water was running out from stone walls. I wondered if these were not the "Upper and Nether" that good old Caleb gave to his daughter, Achsa, as a wedding present. This valley is only about half a mile wide and three or four long. On either side the mountains are ribbed with great terraces, which are kept up and cultivated like a garden. Figs, olives and pomegranates are grown. It is an enchanting spot, and how it brought to our mind scenes of long, long ago, when the spies were sent out to view the land and Caleb took a fancy to this place; so he took a cluster of the grapes, and with Joshua to help, carried it back to the camp and gave a glowing description of the country to Moses, and said by the help of God they could rout the Anakims and possess the land. Forty years after that, when Joshua was dividing the land, he gave this valley to Caleb for an inheritance, and the city of Hebron, "Because that he wholly followed the Lord God of Israel."

We arrived at Hebron about two o'clock. I had carried a letter from a man in Jerusalem to a Jew who spoke English, but had much trouble in finding him. We went about inquiring of nearly every one we saw for an hour or two, then we gave it up and went to my companion's lodging place. There was a crowd of rough-looking men who offered us whisky, but I refused. A man took a glass and held it to my lips and almost compelled me to drink; but finally gave it up, and pointing to a quart tin, tried to say:

"You are no Englishman or you would drink that

empty." The men all laughed. I do not know whether the Americans have such a reputation for stowing away whisky or not, but I showed those Dutchmen there was one who could let it alone.

By this time our Jew arrived and we went to the cave of Macpelah; it is covered with a large mosque, which Christians are not allowed to enter. The Jew pointed to a hole in the wall where his people are allowed to peep in while they pray. But before I had hardly got sight of it it was hidden by the hands of a dozen beggars, who hang about to solicit backsheech.

They began to clamor for money and for the job of showing me around. These vampires hang about the sacred places and are a great annoyance to a traveler. If they see him turn to look at anything they will run toward it, and then demanded backsheech. One old man was particularly anxious to do something for me; I ordered him away, but he stuck all the closer. I glanced over the walls and turned to go away, followed by the old man, begging, whining, and almost crying, but he soon saw it was a wild goose chase and fell back. I have often imagined what glorious and sublime thoughts would fill my mind when I should stand by the tomb of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, which the former bought of Ephron for a burying place. But while there I don't think Abraham, or anything else more exalting than how to escape from those beggars, entered my mind. Many of these sacred spots, even if they are genuine, are so hidden by silver and marble that nothing can be seen in the original. So I hastened to get out among the hills and valleys where we know those ancient worthies did walk and sit and muse.

Hebron is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, cities in the world. It sits gracefully on the hillside, surrounded by terraced mountains, watered by many springs. No wonder that Abraham spent so many of his days in this

quiet place. No wonder that Caleb, when his eyes rested on these vineyards, fountains and olive groves, remember-

Backsheech Beggars.

ing the promise of God, wanted to go up immediately and possess the land.

But it was growing late and we could not linger before this interesting panorama, but must retrace our steps half

a mile up the plain of Mamre to the Hebron hotel. On the way I stopped and was looking at some photographs of Hebron. An Arab came up and wanted to see them, then put them in his bosom and demanded backsheech. I told him to give them back, but he showed no signs of obeying. Then I sprang forward and snatched them from him, when with a guilty look he turned and walked away.

At the Hebron hotel was an American from New Orleans. He served all through the war, first as a conscript in the rebel army, then deserting he joined the Union forces and was in Grant's regiment. It was a great treat to find an American in this remote part of the world.

On coming back I stopped to see some places that were neglected the day before. I fell in with an old Arab of the desert and we journeyed together. He wore a long shirt and one of those great seamless coats, which, with his staff, gave him a very ancient appearance. I imagined he looked like Abraham when he used to travel that road. Although I could not understand a word he said, he talked much, and gave me some figs. I declined to impose on his good nature. I did not know but that there might be backsheech in view, but am inclined to think it was disinterested hospitality.

We met an Arab leading a camel. The men exchanged salutations by touching the breast and forehead and then shook hands. They then held a friendly chat, in which I could frequently hear the word Turk; they thought I belonged to that nation. After a while my friend bade me good-by, and turning aside, sat down with a company of Arabs under an olive tree. There were shepherds along the road. One of them was spinning yarn as he was following the sheep. The machine was so simple that a shepherd can change his occupation and start a woolen mill in five minutes' time. The spinning wheel is nothing but a stone or piece of wood, fastened to the end of the yarn, to

which he gives a whirl, to twist the thread.

Three miles south of Bethlehem, and nine miles south of Jerusalem, are the pools of Solomon. They were made by building walls across the valley and digging out and cementing the sides of the mountains. Near the upper pool is a massive stone wall some twenty feet high, enclosing a space of about two hundred feet square. It has been used for a caravansary, where travelers could stop and be secure from robbers. There was a large underground chamber in which I could hear water running. A dark and winding stairway led down to it. I went down part way, but having no light did not venture very far; but I ran against a man returning who gave me a drink from a goat-skin bottle. The aggregate length of the three pools is 1,385 feet by 236 feet in width and about forty feet in depth. They were plastered with cement, much of which remains. They contained some water and many frogs.

These pools were built by King Solomon to supply Jerusalem with water. The remains of the aqueduct can be traced out, and is in good preservation, across the upper wall of the pool of Gihon. The water was conveyed in tile laid in cement. It was covered with stone about two feet deep. I followed the aqueduct around the mountain to Bethlehem. There were places left open where people could get water. The tile was about eight inches in diameter and was running about half full. Half a mile down the valley from the pools are Solomon's gardens, which occupy the same place as those of the wise king. They are about a mile long and only a few rods wide, and lie in the bed of a deep canyon. There are walls across the valley every few rods, to hold the dirt back. There is a small Arab village and a large spring, from which water is carried in an aqueduct along the bluff, and is drawn off for irrigation when needed. The Arabs do not cultivate many

flowers, but something of a more substantial nature, cabbage, onions and radishes, together with peach and fig trees.

The sun was sinking behind the mountain top when I reached the lower end of the gardens. As I looked back and beheld their serpentine form wending its way up the canyon, with the leaves of the trees blazing in the sunshine, I thought I never saw anything so beautiful; the contrast was so great between that verdant spot and the rocky and barren mountains on each side. This is where Solomon used to take his morning drive, and where he learned those lessons in botany, by which he was enabled to speak so wisely "of all trees from the cedars of Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall!" Down the mountain trail came a shepherd boy bringing home his sheep, while playing a plaintive strain upon a reed flute. How this led our mind back to scenes of long ago when the boy David used to lead his father's flocks over these hills and down this very trail.

I passed down a mountain and through an olive grove, then climbed the stony and rugged hill that skirts Bethlehem on the south. On looking back there was a fine view of the mountain beyond the valley and of the vineyards and orchards rising high, terrace above terrace. As seen in the gathering darkness the white walls look like great snow banks, fringed with evergreens.

On entering the narrow streets of Bethlehem, I passed by a dead dog and another that ought to have been dead, for it ran out and bit me. I stopped in an Arab restaurant and spent six cents for mutton, sausage and gravy, with which, and some bread and radishes, I made a good meal. I then hurried on through the streets, which were full of children playing and of men sitting in clusters, smoking and chatting.

There was no moon and it was quite dark when I arrived

at Rachel's tomb. It is a small building with two rooms. One is partly open on the north, the other is always kept closed and no one is admitted except with an attendant. This tomb, erected to the memory of the favorite wife of Jacob, and faithful mother of Israel, is alike venerated by Christians, Jews and Mohammedans; but the latter only permit the others to enter the tomb by paying backsheech. There was a light inside and I knocked at the door, hoping to get in, but received no response. In the solemn stillness of the night I sat down to muse awhile on the sacred memories that gather around this quiet spot.

I cannot describe my feelings as I sat there in the darkness on the spot cherished by the memories of nearly four thousand years, and where has mused many a pilgrim from that day to this. It was growing late and it was yet five miles to Jerusalem, so I hurried on across the plain of Rephaim, by the tomb on which I had eaten breakfast the day before. On this plain the Assyrians are supposed to have been camped the night the angel of the Lord passed among them and slew a hundred and eighty-five thousand men.

I passed down the hill of evil council, where Judas betrayed his Lord, and entered the valley of Hinnom at the upper end of Gehenna (hell), then took a short cut up the valley of Gihon, with Zion on the right and the potters' field on the left. Here the dogs came out in full force, but with plenty of stones I stood on the defensive, and came through unhurt.

At the upper end of Gihon is a Mohammedan cemetery, which is full of tombs, many of which are only closed with a pile of loose stones. I did not see any ghosts, in fact I do not know whether Mohammedans ever turn into ghosts. If they do they would have no trouble in getting out of these tombs.

I arrived at Mr. Durgin's about nine o'clock at night;

having made the trip to Hebron in the usual time and at a cost of about forty cents. Tourists generally pay about ten dollars.

CHAPTER XIX.

DOWN TO JERICHO.

I had been waiting for a chance to get with a company who were going to Jericho and the Dead Sea, but there seemed to be no prospects, as the travelers at that time of the year generally come from the north and visit Jericho before coming to Jerusalem.

I did not want to wait longer, so I concluded to go alone and take my chances of falling among thieves. This road has not lost all its bad reputation and travelers seldom venture alone, but take along three or four Arabs, with long swords and old, rusty, flint-lock gun, which are supposed to make the journey safe, although hardly one in a dozen of these guns would go off in case of an attack, and if they should happen to, there would be as much danger of their bursting and killing the traveler as the robber. But it is the custom of the country and the traveler must pay four or five dollars per day for an escort to keep up appearances. The Bedouins yet frequently rob travelers on some of the roads and trails of this country, but there is very little danger of their killing a man who is unarmed, and who is willing to let them peaceably take his money and clothing, and adopting Father Adam's plan for the rest of the journey, making clothing of fig leaves.

I had laid in a supply of provisions sufficient for the journey; in my purse I had two francs, three Bishalic, fifteen metalic, and sixteen sartoots, making ninety-seven cents in all. Then with clothing that you would suppose belonged to an old Gibeonite, and my coat, blanket and pro-

visions rolled up in a coffee sack, and strapped to my back, I started for the land of the robbers.

I went around the north wall of Jerusalem and down across the brook Kedron, and stopped to eat breakfast in the garden of Gethsemane; then went over Mt. Olivet, on the road where the people once spread their garments for the Great King to ride over. Then past Bethany, and on down the road toward Jericho. From Jerusalem to the Dead Sea you make a descent of nearly four thousand feet, so it is down grade two-thirds of the way to Jericho. For sixteen miles there is a good carriage road, but the rest of the way is not completed. It is a very dreary, mountainous road, passing down valleys and canyons and making sharp turns around high points, just the kind of a road for a robber to surprise the wayfarer.

After going five or six miles and seeing very few people, I noticed, coming toward me, a man, walking slowly, first looking at the ground, then going about as though he cared not whether he ever got any place or not. On meeting him I noticed he had a large pistol in his hand, but that was no surprise to me; everybody there has one. He stopped me and asked where I was going, speaking a little English. I said to Jericho, and stood a moment waiting for orders to crawl out of my clothes, but receiving none I turned and started on, he also went on his way at a very slow pace. Of course I was anxious to get a sight of the Dead Sea and walked pretty fast. After we were forty or fifty rods apart the man turned and started toward me. I soon passed down the

brow of the hill out of sight when I heard his pistol go off.

When he came in sight again, he was still further away; I turned a point and saw him no more.

Three or four miles further I came to an ancient khan where, they say, the good Samaritan cared for his wounded man. There was quite a village of houses, but no one living there. There were some Bedouins eating dinner, and as I needed water badly I asked them for a drink. They offered me a glass of water, but wanted four cents for it. I refused to pay it, and went on. If these were robbers, I suppose they thought it useless to molest a man who could not pay four cents for a glass of water.

About four miles from Jericho the road comes to the brook Cheroth, where Elijah lived so long and was fed by ravens; it runs in a very deep canyon. There is a path that turns off and goes down to a Greek convent.

I went down, hoping to find water, but the brook was as dry as a bone, so I passed over and climbed the bluff on the other side to the convent. It was a stone building clinging to an almost perpendicular bluff several hundred feet high; the rock above the building projecting out over it. I had trouble in finding the way, but a monk stood on the house-top and made signs and piloted me up. An Arab servant came down and unlocked the door and brought water. There were five or six men with long hair and dressed in long black gowns about the house. I began to eat my dinner when one of them came and took a rather close survey of my stock. Then he went out and brought me a plate of pickled olives, then a dish of rice seasoned with olive oil, and lastly a chunk of rye bread.

So you see I was fed by monks in the same place Elijah was fed by ravens 2,800 years before.

After dinner the servant and one of the monks made signs that they were going my way; so one of them took my baggage on his mule and I followed behind. The

trail led down the canyon along a frightful precipice, and thus I saw most of the dreary places where the old prophet spent so many lonesome days. The scenery was grand, not surpassed by anything I saw in California.

Once the old monk looked up and began to talk. I wondered what he was talking to those bare rocks for; but on close inspection I saw a man's head sticking out of a crevice about a hundred feet above us, and down before him was a ladder. During the persecution of the early Christians many of them fled to the caves and dens of the mountains to hide from their tormentors. This canyon shows signs of having been the home of hundreds of them. Many places up the giddy heights they have drilled into the solid rock and made rooms, some of which are accessible only by means of a ladder, so the owner could go in and pull the hole in after him (that is, take in his ladder) and rest in security. Many of the retreats are approached by a narrow trail cut around a precipice hundreds of feet high, along which the man would have to crawl on his hands and knees to his den. These used to be the homes of the people of whom the apostle says "The world was not worthy."

We followed down the canyon three miles and came out into the plains of Jericho. Here my friends gave me my baggage and went in another direction. Three miles to the east lay modern Jericho, and two miles to the north were some ruins I supposed were ancient Jericho, so I went over to see. There were parts of an aqueduct, some walls and arches still standing close to the mountain side, and great piles of ruins and rubbish in the plain near by. There is still a large stone tank, such as they still use here in which to press olives to extract the oil; it is seven feet in diameter and hewn from solid rock. East of the ruins some eighty rods is a high mound, which appears to have been made by falling ruins; from the base of that on the

east side issues a fountain large enough to run a mill. This is the fountain that was bitter, but was healed by Elisha. This miracle of the old prophet, which was such a great blessing to the people of Jericho, was also a blessing to me many centuries afterward. I pulled off my shoes and hat and waded into the cold stream and drank long of the clear sweet water.

The plain of Jericho gently slopes from the mountain toward the Jordan, six or seven miles distant. Although the soil is very rich, it is a barren waste except where it is watered by springs from the mountains. There are many nice gardens below Elisha's fountain, but the water is all used for irrigation long before it reaches the Jordan. Back of the fountain is a high mountain where they say Christ fasted forty days. I saw a place in this mountain where there had been many caves dug in the side of a very high cliff.

I arrived in Jericho about three o'clock and stopped at the Jordan hotel, and stayed two nights for forty cents. This, with three or four other houses, is all there are now, except the mud shanties of the Arabs. In the eastern part of the town stand the walls of a stone building some 60 feet square and 25 feet high; it is said to be the house of Zaccheus. A little further east is quite a large tract covered with ruins which are thought to be ancient Gilgal. The course of the walls of the houses and the streets can still be seen, but the walls are all leveled to the ground. The hotel is kept by an Englishman who has a large tract of land near here. He is going to bore for artesian water soon. He took me into his garden and showed me all kinds of vegetables growing, and even Indian corn. It generally has three or four ears to the stalk. I saw beans thirty inches long and cotton plants seven or eight feet high, and grape vines too large to speak of, and as good bananas as grow on the Sandwich Islands. There is

hardly any limit to the amount that could be produced in the Jordan valley; and there is plenty of water in the river that could be utilized, but the Sultan and Turkish government own nearly all the land, and will not suffer any one to improve it. Their policy is to resist all attempts toward enterprise and civilization. In the morning some Arabs suspicioned I was going to the Dead Sea, and told me it would not do to go alone, as the Bedouins would run off with me. I knew they were laying plans to get a job as guide, so I watched for a chance and slipped away without being seen, and made tracks for the sea. The first hour I walked across a barren plain, then there was an offset of sixty or seventy feet that goes down to the plain that borders the water. The soil here is more like ashes than dirt and very salt. In some places I would sink in over my shoes.

The sea was in plain view and about two miles away, so I thought I must be in the vicinity of Mrs. Lot, and began to look about for the old lady, intending to give her a call. I soon found her and hurried up to greet her. She is about thirty feet high, with a head five feet in diameter and a neck of proportionate size, only very short. Although her sides were so steep I could hardly walk up, yet she looks too big at the ground. I had about concluded this was not the woman, but when I remembered she lived in the days of crinoline, that dispelled all doubt.

There are several other cone-shaped mounds that have been made by the action of wind and water, but none other that has a head and shoulders as this one. It is formed of a kind of chalky substance that tastes somewhat of salt. It is not strange that the superstitious should think this mound or any other similar one, about the sea, should be the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned.

It is the most natural thing in the world for this place to be called the Dead Sea, for it is surely a perfect emblem

of death. The plains and mountains about it are very barren, and no vegetation grows near it. I saw no bird, insect, or living thing in or about it, except a flock of old-fashioned sandhill cranes, which were flying over and must have been out on a sight-seeing trip.

I tried to get into the water, but it was a failure; it seemed unwilling to be disturbed; I would bob up like a cork, and when I would kick and try to swim my feet would fly out into the air. I was determined not to be mocked in this way; so I got a newspaper and by lying on my back and holding it up in the air I could read as comfortably as on a lounge, and the breeze wafted me out to sea. But I soon got enough of the awful silence of the Dead Sea and made tracks for the ford of the Jordan, about five miles to the northeast, across a barren plain.

The Jordan runs in deep and muddy banks, along which a rank fringe of reeds grows; the water has a milky color. It was the dryest part of the season. The water at the ford was nearly five rods wide and four feet deep in the deepest place.

This is no doubt the same place the Israelites crossed and where Elijah and Elisha divided the waters; also where Jesus was baptized, and where the spirit descended on him like a dove. And where the voice was heard from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him."

The sea water had formed a crust of salt on me and I went into the Jordan to wash it off; then ate my dinner and lay down on the bank and took a nap. When I awoke there was a party of travelers coming into the ford. There were two Americans; one from Chicago and one from Mexico, and three Arabs, with old rusty guns, for protection. I chatted with them awhile, then came on ahead of them to Jericho.

In my rambles about town I have seen several hand

mills in operation; the women always use them, while the men sit and smoke. I tried my hand at one and think it is just the thing, if a man is lucky enough to have a wife that will use it.

I made my way on Nov. 15 back to Jerusalem. The American party soon overtook me. I concluded to try keeping up with the far-famed Arabian horse. After getting warmed up a little I got along very well. Four miles from Jerusalem the party dismissed their Arab guide, and we ventured to go the rest of the way unguarded.

CHAPTER XX.

A TRIP FROM JERUSALEM TO RAMALAH.

On the morning of Nov. 16, 1890, I left Jerusalem for a two weeks' tramp in Galilee. I started north on the old Damascus road, crossed the head of the valley of the brook Kedron and ascended Mt. Scopus, where the great armies of Nebuchadnezzar and Titus both encamped when they besieged Jerusalem. Many a weary pilgrim has, for the first time, feasted his eyes on the holy city from this point, and many a conqueror has cast a covetous glance at the beautiful temple and royal palaces. I was now entering a country where almost every hill-top is crowned with the ruins of some place of Bible note.

There is Anathoth, one of the cities of the priests, and the birth-place of Jeremiah. Gibeah was the birth-place of Saul. Here was committed that horrible crime which caused a war between the tribe of Benjamin and the other tribes of Israel. There were three great battles fought, and 65,000 men slain, the tribe of Benjamin being almost exterminated. Here, also, occurred one of the most touching scenes of the Bible. The Gibeonites had received a great wrong at the hands of King Saul, and in revenge demanded that seven of the sons of Saul should be delivered to them to be hanged. So King David was compelled to grant their request. Among the men hanged were the two sons of Rizpah.

The disconsolate mother could not be induced to leave the graves of her sons, but "took sackcloth and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until

the water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night." What a picture is this sad and lonely mother watching beside the bleaching bones of her only sons throughout the long, hot days of summer!

Near by is the site of Nob, where David in his flight from Saul took shelter with the priest and ate the shew-bread. Although Abimelech, the priest, was innocent of any evil intentions against Saul, the wicked king commanded him and all of his city to be put to death. And when Saul's servants refused to raise their hands against the priests of the Lord a renegade Edomite undertook the job and slew four score and five priests, together with all the men, women and children of the city, and also the cattle. A little way to the left, on the highest mountain in the country, are the ruins of Mizpeh, where Samuel judged Israel, and where Saul was chosen king; and close by, on the north, is Gibeon, where dwelt those crafty fellows who came to Joshua wearing very old clothes and shoes, making him believe they had come from a far country, thus forming a league by which they were saved from destruction.

I passed down the valley where David was hid when Jonathan came out and shot the arrow to warn him of his danger at the hands of Saul. In this valley the shouts of the great armies of Joshua were once heard as they rushed across to attack the Amorites, who were besieging Gibeon; the Amorites were slain with great slaughter and fled by the way to Bethhoren. Then spake Joshua to the Lord, and said in the sight of Israel: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, and hasted not to go down about a whole day. And there was no day like that before or after it; that the Lord harkened to the voice of a man."

An hour's walk along this valley brought me to Rama of Benjamin, which Basha, king of Israel, caused to be fortified. It is a miserable Arab village now. Although the road over which I was traveling has been used 4,000 years, it is nothing but a rough and stony trail over which one can walk with difficulty. In some places it has been fenced on either side with a stone wall, which has fallen down and the caravans of camels and donkeys have to pick their way over the loose stones. The country is very stony and barren. Most of the mountains have been once terraced and cultivated, but many of the walls have fallen down and the soil has washed away.

I met many Arabs; they nearly all carried arms of some kind. Some were riding spirited horses, carrying spears ten or twelve feet long. Others were walking or riding donkeys, carrying long flintlock guns or pistols and knives. If an Arab can't afford anything else he carries a large club. I met a man who was watching a herd of goats. He had a long gun on his shoulder and a home-made flute in his hand. I held the gun while he played the flute.

I was intending to get to Ramalah and stay all night at the Quaker mission, but was somewhat bothered to find the way. I fell in with some Arabs who were driving a gang of donkeys. I inquired the way to Ramalah, but they refused to tell unless I gave them backsheech. I knew it was west of Biroth, so started in that direction; then they showed me the path.

Ramalah is pleasantly situated with a commanding view of the country. The Plain of Sharon, and the great sea beyond, is in full view; also Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives, ten miles to the south. Although it is quite a small place the people live in such close quarters that it contains 3,000 inhabitants.

The Catholics and English both have missions. I

stopped at the Friends' Mission for Girls. Huldy H. Leighton, a woman from Maine, is the matron. She is a sensible, thoroughgoing woman and well qualified for the place. Miss Etta H. Johnson, from New York, is the principal teacher. They are doing good work and the missionary women of the United States need have no fears but that their money is being well spent. At night I attended a Sabbath school; there were about twenty-five Arabs present, mostly in their native costumes. After singing an Arab arose, took off his turban and offered prayer. The teacher was a native, and everything was done in Arabic, but from the earnestness with which the people talked, I thought they were having an interesting time.

After school three young men, among whom were the teacher and a son of the Sheik of Ramalah, came into the parlor; the two American ladies, and also two native girls were present. We had a sociable time, seasoned with music and singing. The people here conduct themselves with as much ease and politeness as the people of the most favored lands.

I left Ramalah the morning of Nov. 17, leaving the mission before the people were up. I desired to make the tour of Galilee with the travelers whom I met at the Jordan and did not wish to miss them. I entered the main road at Beroth. It is a Mohammedan town ten miles north of Jerusalem. Here is where Joseph and Mary missed their boy and turned back to hunt him. Seeing nothing of the travelers I went on and soon came to Bethel.

At the foot of the hill is a fountain and the usual number of women were there filling their jars and goat-skin bottles with water. A man came up and drove the women back and was letting his donkey drink. An old woman was standing on a rock and wringing her hands and hurling a volley of invectives at him. I wondered why I was

not as brave as a certain man on like occasions down in the land of Midian. But then I remembered that Moses was a young man, and no doubt had an eye to business; at least we can infer so from the sequel; but as it was I crowded in ahead of the donkey and got a drink, then left the old woman to "paddle her own canoe." Ascending the hill I came to some old ruins surrounded with a few huts inhabited by swarms of squalid Arabs. Such scenes had about lost their attraction for me, so I hastened on through the narrow streets to get on top of the mountain where Abraham pitched his tent, "having Bethel on the west and Ai on the east." A crowd of boys and men were following me. One of the men ordered me to stop in front of a house, and a woman came out and offered some figs for sale. What little money I had was in my baggage, so I turned my pockets out to show them I was penniless, but they still insisted that I should take the figs, which I did, and thanking them hurried on across a valley and up a hill and stood on the sacred spot where Abraham erected his second altar to the Lord after he had entered the Promised Land. From these heights Abraham and Lot took a survey of the country and divided it between them. Lot taking the first choice, descended into the green and fertile plain of the Jordan, making his home with the wealthy Sodomites, while Abraham journeyed southward across the rocky and barren hills of Judea, and pitched his tent in the little plain of Mamre, at Hebron.

In after years those barren fields were covered with great and powerful cities, while the favored cities of Lot's choice lay deep beneath the waves.

A great part of the mountain here is covered with great limestone rocks piled about in a chaotic mass. On these stones Jacob once slept, and in his dreams saw the angels crossing and re-crossing that mysterious chasm that separates earth from heaven. He was only a poor boy then

turned loose in the world to seek his fortune. After thirty years, when he had become rich and great, he again visited this place and built an altar to the Lord.

Jeroboam built a magnificent temple at Bethel, in which he offered sacrifice to the golden calf, thinking to rival the one at Jerusalem; but the iniquity of the place brought down the judgments of God, and those shapeless ruins and miserable huts are a monument to the prophecy: "Bethel shall come to naught."

From this point can be seen many places of interest. Three miles to the east, on a hill, is a village occupying the site of Ai, the first place taken by Joshua after the fall of Jericho. A little to the north of Ai is a stony peak called the Rock Rimmon, where the 600 Benjaminites took refuge after the rest of the tribe had been killed at the battle of Gibeah. Near by is a town on a conical shaped hill. It is supposed to be the Ephraim, where Jesus went with his disciples after the raising of Lazarus.

There were two shepherds with a herd of goats, who gave me water from their goat-skin bottles, then wanted cigarettes, but I had none. I started across the country to regain the road, passing by many ruined terraces and stone fences. There was a threshing floor that may have been used by Abraham's servants. It was made by removing the loose stones, making the solid rock smooth. Near by was a pile of stones twelve feet high and seventy-five feet in diameter; they have been thrown together to get them off the ground. It is wonderful how immense an amount of work has been done here in piling up and arranging the stones of these mountains so as to utilize what little soil there is among the stones; but it is the accumulated labor of forty centuries, each generation adding rocks to these great heaps, as in cultivating the soil they came to the surface. I regained the road, but saw nothing of the travelers, so I hurried on alone. It is

nine hours' ride from Ramalah to Nablus, and I had planned to walk it and take in Bethel and Shiloah on the way, but was doomed to disappointment, for I got lost in the mountains of Ephraim and fell in with some Arabs, who compelled me to remain all night with them, and I did not reach Nablus till noon next day.

A half day's journey north of Jerusalem there is a fountain called "The Fountain of Robbers," so called from the many robberies that have been committed there. The American travelers had arranged to take dinner at this place; I thought I would meet them there if not before. I passed down a valley with a high precipice on one side and a high terraced mountain on the other covered with olive trees. Further on the valley widens, and I had a pleasant walk in the shade of olive trees. At the fountain there was a crowd of women washing clothes, but the water was rather scarce. I went on a little in search of water to drink and found a hole in the rock some eight feet deep, in which was a little stale water. I climbed down and took a drink, then sat down to eat my dinner. I always started on such tramps as this with a good supply of bread and boiled eggs, and sometimes onions and olives.

There were several caravans of camels and donkeys passing while I was eating, but I saw no sign of robbers. A man came up and climbed down into the hole and washed his hands and face in my drinking water, then took a drink and invited me to do the same, but I thought I would forego the pleasure of another drink, although I might not see water again that day. It was now noon and I had not made much headway, having gone slowly so that the travelers might overtake me, but I concluded they had gone back on me, so I hurried on, still intending to try and make Nablus that night, besides I had to make a detour of two or three miles from the main road to view the ruins of Shiloah.

I frequently met people who stopped to talk. They generally asked for cigarettes, but were doomed to disappointment, for I do not use the weed. I met a caravan of donkeys and mules loaded with a tourist's outfit. The poor animals were straining under great loads of tents, tables, chairs and cooking utensils, together with all the paraphernalia of a first-class hotel. It is wonderful what a vast amount of outfit it takes to convey the average traveler across this country. Many of them must have feather beds with iron bed-steads and be fed with silver spoons.

I knew the ruins of Shiloah were east of the main road, but I could not tell where to turn off. It is hard for a stranger to find his way in this country. There are trails going in all directions in the mountains. I had reached a fork in the road and was hesitating which one to take, when I saw a party of travelers coming and started to meet them. They were guarded in front by two well-dressed dragomans, with long swords hanging to their sides. I passed these men and coming up to the travelers asked them if they had seen anything of "Uncle Sam in these parts?"

"Oh, yes; he is right here with us; but who are you, and what are you doing out here alone?"

"Oh, I'm a tramp from Iowa, and am out here trying to get a peep at the world."

"Are you traveling alone and afoot without a dragoman?"

"Yes; you fellows who are putting on so much style are losing most of the real pleasures of life."

"Well that beats me, but are you not afraid of the Bedouins?"

"Not much, but if you should see me running away with a company of them I wish you would head us off."

Two of the men said they were my neighbors from Illinois; one, Mr. Isaac Bailey, from Gilman, and the other

H. Todd, from Monmouth. A man from Michigan seeing a Bible in my hip pocket, said I travelled well armed. Then with a few directions as to how to find Shiloah and with a "God bless you" he bade me good-by and I hastened on to find that memorable spot where the Tabernacle was first set up in the Promised Land.

Thus do travelers in a strange land meet and exchange little favors and civilities, then say "farewell" and part to meet no more.

An hour's walk brought me to Shiloah. It is on top of a round, smooth mountain. From the valley which encircles it rise other mountains, which are much higher, and also have round tops. It is a very picturesque place. On top of the mountain and well down the sides is a wilderness of ruins. There is nothing now standing entire but a small room, with an arched roof supported by two Corinthian columns. This is the scene of many wonderful events. The Tabernacle remained here for 328 years. Here is where the child Samuel lived with the priest Eli, and heard the voice of the Lord calling him, when but a child; here his parents came yearly from their home in Ramah, to offer sacrifices, his mother bringing him a little coat; here Eli fell down dead when he heard of the triumph of the Philistines and the capture of the ark. But these valleys and mountains that once resounded with the songs and praises of the hosts of Israel are now entirely forsaken, and as still as death, and the gaping tombs in the mountain sides all around are solemn reminders of the destiny of human greatness. The whole scene is a warning to all those who take the trouble to obey the command of the prophet: "But go ye now into my place which was in Shiloah, where I set my name at the first, and see what I did for the wickedness of my people Israel."

I could not have found my way in here had I not met the party of Americans, and I was at a loss to know how to

get out. I took a path that seemed to go in the right direction, but soon came to the conclusion that I was wrong. But as it led northward I couldn't go far astray. I climbed up a steep mountain and came in sight of a village. I inquired of a man if that was the road to Nablus. I could see by his actions that I was not in the main road, but could not understand anything he said. I went on into the town and began to inquire of the people in the street by pointing north with my cane and saying, "Nablus." They would say, "Dugery, dugery," meaning, "go straight ahead," and motion up the street. But soon the street would fork, and I would have to ask again. I think the whole town was in the street, or on the house-tops watching me, and quite a crowd of men and boys were following. I got through town all right, but soon came to another fork in the road.

Turning around to the crowd which had stopped, and were watching me, I motioned to know which way to go. A man came running down the hill and going a short distance with me, pointing out the way to another town across the valley on the mountain side. It was now growing late and I was still 10 or 12 miles from Nablus. I had no thought of reaching that point, but intended to go on until dark and then turn aside behind some rock and try Jacob's plan of sleeping.

I thought I would slip around this town and not make much stir, but seeing no way I asked a man to show me the way to Nablus. He walked along with me through a crooked street, which finally came to an end and I saw no way out but to go back. There was a small khan and a great crowd of men standing about. My guide said something which I could not understand, but I pointed north with my cane and said "Nablus." None of the men offered to show me the way, but gathered in a circle about me and began to pull at my baggage and make signs, by laying their hands on their heads, that I must sleep there.

After standing awhile, I started to go, thinking some one would show me out. They all followed and surrounding me again, kept pulling at my baggage, which was strapped to my back. I began to conclude that it was no use trying to get away that night, but that I would have to spend one night with the Bedouins, who some people think are so dangerous. One of them took me by the arm and led me to a well-dressed man, whom I took to be the Sheik. He began to talk to me, but I could not understand a word, except French, Russian, Turk, etc. I shook my head and

said I was an American. He seemed to understand; then ordered a man to take my baggage who carried it off down the street. The people of all countries have heard of Uncle Sam and often have exalted and unwarranted ideas of the condition of his people. At no place have I ever found it to my disadvantage to claim to be an American. The Sheik motioned me to be seated beside him. I thought I could see nothing very dangerous in any of the men, and

the Sheik especially had that free and open countenance that will inspire one with courage, but outward appearances will sometimes mislead even men with large experience. It would take a long time to tell all that happened that night, of what a battle I had with the Arabs and how I was shot several times in the region of the stomach with balls as large as a hen's egg, and how I made an almost miraculous escape. The Sheik ordered pen and paper and hastily made a note and sent it off by one of his men. I thought he might be sending for an officer to take me into custody. The men all kept talking and laughing and most of the time two or three of them were talking to me.

I talked and laughed too, but failed to give or get any correct ideas. Finally one came up and held out his arm and put my finger on his pulse. I could not understand what he meant until they brought an almost blind man and had him sit down before me. I then saw they wanted to know if I was not a doctor. The old man looked up into my face with a pleading, hopeful look, as though he really thought I might do something for him. And I could see by the way the people acted that they were not making a joke of that. I laid my hand on the old man's shoulder and shook my head.

I began to be a little uneasy about my baggage, for my money (eight dollars) was in it. So I made signs that I wanted to go to it and get something to eat. Immediately they brought a bowl of olives and two of those great round cakes about the size of the moon. I ate one of the cakes and most of the olives and thus had no more show to get at my baggage on the ground of hunger. Then I made signs that I wanted to write and needed my baggage and started to go, I knew not where, but was ordered to sit down again. Presently a man came with it, and I took out a book, which I showed to the men. They passed it around and seemed much interested. I had some cut loaf

sugar and gave some to the boys near by. Immediately the hands of men and boys were all reached out for some. I took it by handfuls and threw it out among them. It created a great scramble and much merriment. I found my things all right and took an opportunity to pass the money to my pocket. It was growing dark and I was told to go into the khan. I was at a loss to know whether I was a prisoner of war or an honored guest, but in either case I thought it would be to my best interest to obey the powers that be. The khan was a room about 25 feet across and almost round. On the stone floor were mats, on which some fifteen or twenty men were sitting cross-legged, and I sat down in the same manner. The men were smoking cigarettes and those long Turkish pipes, in which they draw the smoke through a bottle of water. Presently a man came in with a large pan of chicken pie and set it on the floor. The men gathered around and invited me to join them, which I did. The pie is made by boiling wheat and chicken together, and is eaten by each fellow dipping his hand in the pan and squeezing a handful together, then tossing it into the air two or three times and catching it in a different position, shaping it into a round ball. Then by a dextrous shot he lands it into his mouth. This reminded me of many similar occasions I have had with the natives of the Sandwich Islands when we all ate poi from the same dish with two fingers, and I think I was about as awkward upon this occasion as I was then. But the pie was exceedingly good and the battle raged furiously, the balls flew thick and fast and I was conscious that a large majority of them hit the mark. I drank a cup of coffee and was offered cigarettes many times and refused, but finally out of courtesy to my friends I took two or three puffs. That seemed to satisfy them, and I was bothered no more. They were a very jolly set of fellows and kept talking and laughing, frequently speaking to me. They were

mostly way-farers from different parts of the country, who stop at these public houses for shelter during the night. On account of my hard tramp, after the excitement of the battle was over I began to be drowsy, and one of the men seeing me nodding motioned to me to lie down.

I was awakened by a man reciting chapters from the Koran. There are men who make a business of this, and frequently in the streets or in some public place they can be seen surrounded by a crowd of anxious hearers. It was late at night before the men got through with their social enjoyment of talking, smoking and drinking coffee.

If you meet an Arab on the road he is the most solemn and melancholy being in the world, but take him at his home, around his fireside, he is the most social and lively of men, always anxious to please and entertain his guests.

I soon fell asleep again, and when I next awoke the company had all retired and I found myself between two men who were lying uncomfortably close to me. I knew not the reason, but supposed they either thought I might make my escape or they wished to see that no harm came to me. In the morning, before day, the men began to leave. After daylight I went out to view the situation and see if there was any prospect of chicken pie for breakfast. Half a dozen men were sitting around a fire, but I saw no signs of anything to eat. The Arabs never eat breakfast early in the morning, but take a little bread in their bosoms and eat it on the way. I warmed myself by the fire awhile, then presently two men who were going to Nablus came up with loaded donkeys, and I was ordered to follow them. I could then see why the men had compelled me to stay all night, for the path was difficult to follow, and I could have their company the next day. Their refusing to let me go on was for my good and not for any evil intentions, and besides these people are unwilling to let a lone stranger pass through their village late in the day, for if any evil should

befall him, the blame would be laid on the village where he was last seen. We started, but were soon called to halt by a man who came running down the hill holding aloft one of those large cakes, which he gave to me. I thanked him and waved my "tarbush" to the people who were watching me from the roofs of the houses, and I went on my way with my mouth full of bread, my eyes full of tears, and my heart full of gratitude to these kind-hearted people. Instead of taking my money and clothes, as I had been warned they might do, they had freely given me the best they had "without money and without price." My companions tried to make themselves as agreeable as possible by telling me the names of the places we passed, and would frequently say something about "backsheech." I told them that I would settle that matter at Nablus. They wanted to put my baggage on a donkey, but I refused, for the little things were already grunting and straining under their great loads of wheat. I measured one of the donkey's and found it to be three feet high and four and a half feet long, and yet it was carrying at least 200 pounds, up and down steep mountains, and over rough and stony paths. We soon entered the plains of Moreh. It is a valley some three miles wide and eight or nine miles long, lying north and south. We passed some men plowing and sowing wheat in anticipation of the early rains that would soon come. The soil here is good and comparatively free from stones, presenting a pleasing contrast to the barren and stony hills of Judea and Benjamin. A walk of an hour and a half up the level path brought us to the vale of Nablus, which intersects the plain on the west side at right angles. Here I gave my guides their "backsheech," they going on north while I turned to the west between the great mountains of Gerizim on the south and Ebal on the north. At the entrance of the vale it is not more than one hundred rods wide, but gradually widens

to the westward. The gently depressed valley and the high mountains on either side form a natural amphitheater hardly equaled by any place in the world. A speaker can stand on the side of either mountain and be heard any place in the valley.

Moses commanded Joshua to read the law at this place to the people, pronouncing the blessing from Mt. Gerizim, and the curse from Mt. Ebal.

I had depended upon being overtaken by the two American travelers before I reached Nablus, and made no inquiries as to what kind of people lived here, or whether there was anybody here who could speak English. I walked down the valley a mile and came near the town, then turning aside sat down under an olive tree to read from my guide book, from which I learned that I had passed Jacob's well and Joseph's tomb on entering the valley.

I passed on through the main street of the city. It was crowded with people and on either side was lined with shops and bazaars. In some places it was not more than seven or eight feet wide, yet donkeys and even camels with loads are made to pass through. I saw people ginning, spinning and weaving cotton. The business is carried on in rooms no larger than an American kitchen and the machinery is run by tread power. The country here is good for cotton, which is quite extensively raised. There was a great variety of tropical fruits displayed in a most tempting manner. I generally try to be pretty economical in my expenditures, but sometimes after a hard tramp on occasions like this I become reckless, then money flows like rain. I squandered a cent on four oranges, next a cent and a quarter went for dates, I only got thirteen—I have never yet been able to drive a good bargain on dates; I dropped another cent and a quarter on a double handful of figs, then seeing that such a drain as this would sooner or

later wreck me financially I hastened on through town. I had only tried to talk to one man and had failed to make him understand anything. On occasions like this I depended a great deal upon moving out as the way opens, knowing that if the way should open in a dozen different directions I would never get any place or find anything unless I kept moving.

I went on through the town and passed out at the western gate, having seen nothing favorable. On a hill near by men were at work on a large building. I started there and meeting a bright-looking boy asked him if there was an English mission in the town. He seemed to grasp my meaning and conducted me to a house near by. It proved to be the English mission kept by a German who spoke English very well. I asked him if he kept boarders, and what he charged. He said, "Oh, nothing. Come in and be seated while I make you some dinner."

I took a seat in the parlor and soon a servant came in with a bountiful supply of mutton, eggs, honey and preserves. The missionary's name was Christian Fallscheer. He has been here twenty-six years and is doing a good work, having charge of a school besides preaching to the natives.

After dinner I went to look for Jacob's well. It is about a mile from Nablus, in the center of a parcel of two or three acres of ground, which is enclosed with a high stone fence and lies at the intersection of the Vale of Nablus and the Plain of Moreh.

The ruins and broken columns of an ancient church lie in heaps about the well. It was formerly covered with an arched chamber, in the floor of which was an opening to the well. A portion of the arch has fallen in and covered up the mouth so that I could not look in. But by dropping a stone through the cracks I could hear it strike the bottom. It was described by a traveler thirty years ago

just as I saw it, and others since have described it in the same way. I do not know whether it has been in that condition all the time for the last thirty years or not, but I could not be satisfied with merely looking at the rubbish covering a place hallowed by so many sacred memories, so I went to work removing the stones and in less than five minutes had my head down in the well. It is perfectly round and smooth, dug in the solid rock, nine feet in diameter. Originally it was about 100 feet deep, but now it is filled with rubbish until it is not more than 70 feet deep. I have no doubt but that I was looking at the very walls that Jacob's workmen made 3,600 years ago. There is no water in the well now, and perhaps there never was any living water. Many of the wells spoken of in the Bible were only cisterns made to catch and preserve water from the surface. A well of living water in this country is a great boon. Thus we see the significance of the Savior's words to the woman of Samaria: "If thou knewest the gift of God and who it is that saith to thee, 'Give me to drink,' thou wouldst have asked of Him and He would have given thee living water." As I sat on the well and read the fourth chapter of John my mind was carried back to the time when Jesus sat in the same place and had that wonderful conversation with the woman who came to draw water, in which the promise of salvation to the Gentiles is so sublimely yet plainly taught.

A quarter of a mile north of the well is the tomb of Joseph, where the bones of the Patriarch were deposited, having been carried from Egypt by the Children of Israel during their long wanderings in the Wilderness. It is covered by a plain stone building, erected by E. T. Rogers, British Consul at Damascus.

I returned to the mission to stay all night, intending in the morning to see the ancient Pentateuch that is said to

have been written by a great-grandson of Aaron, and also to go to the top of Mt. Gerizim and visit the ruins of the ancient Temple of the Samaritans.

Nablus (Ancient Shechem) is a city of about 20,000 inhabitants, yet it is built so compactly and is so densely populated that it covers very little ground. It has an abundant supply of good water which is brought down through the city from fountains beneath Mt. Gerizim.

CHAPTER XXI.

FROM NABLUS TO GENENE.

The American travelers came into Nablus late in the evening and were ready to move on very early the next morning. So I was forced to hurry off before my kind missionary was up without even thanking him, but thought I could do that on my return. As in my description of our journey, I will often have to use the names of my friends, I will give you an introduction to them in the start: The Rev. W. D. Powell, of Madero Institute, Satillo, Mexico. He is a native of Tennessee; has traveled and preached much on the frontiers of Texas and Mexico; he has been a missionary in Mexico for the last eight years. In his travels as a minister in the wilds of Texas and Mexico, he has seen much of the rough side of life. He was one of those jolly, agreeable sort of fellows usually found in a man of education and refinement, who is willing to brave the hardships and perils of frontier life. He was taking a six months' tour through Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land. G. W. Mitchell, a young man from Chicago, who had spent three years traveling and sight-seeing in Europe. He was a man of wealth, but unlike many of his class was one of those social, unassuming men, who will make you feel at home in his company, though you have not a dollar in the world. Joseph Oury, a young Arab, was our dragoman. He was the son of the Sheik of Ramalah, and was educated at the Quaker school, is an accomplished gentleman, and has traveled extensively, and lectured both in Europe and America.

Aboo-Hassan, an old Roman-nosed, eagle-eyed Arab, was our muleteer. He rode an old horse, which also carried about two hundred pounds of baggage. The other three men rode the far-famed Arabian horses. Mr. Oury made some objections to me going with them, on the grounds that I could not keep up. I told him he need have no fears about that, but to be sure to give the horses all the travel they could stand, and the sequel abundantly proved how groundless were his fears.

We started westward down the vale between the great mountains of Gerizim and Ebal. It began to rain and a beautiful rainbow stood across our path, with one foot on the Mount of Blessing and the other on the Mount of Cursing. One of our party conjectured that it might be a good omen for us, but like most other rainbows, it proved to be only a sign of rain. For it soon began pouring down upon us, and rained almost continually for four days. The valley is well watered by magnificent fountains and is cultivated in orchards and gardens.

Two hours' travel and we stood before the "Hill Samaria," that King Omri bought of Shemer and built thereon a city. It is an oval-shaped hill about six hundred feet high, standing in the center of a beautiful valley, which is surrounded by mountains. The wicked King Ahab made this the seat of his government, and to please his idolatrous wife Jezebel instituted the worship of Baal with all its abominable rites, insomuch that it is said of him, "He did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the Kings of Israel that were before him." On account of its wickedness this city often suffered the judgments of God. As we wandered among its broken columns, I thought of the awful scenes they have witnessed. In the days of King Jehoram it was besieged by the Syrians, and the people were reduced to such straits that an ass' head sold for four-score pieces of silver, and women even boiled

and ate their own children. Yet, in the face of all this the good old prophet Elisha foretold that, on the morrow a measure of flour should be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel in the gate of Samaria. So during the night the Lord made the Syrians to hear a great "noise of chariots and a noise of horses, even a noise of a great host." So they became terrified and fled, leaving all their tents and provisions.

Herod the Great greatly enlarged and beautified the city, and made it a place of much wickedness and revelry. In the vale on the northeast side of the hill he built an immense theater, seventeen columns of which are still standing. Near the top of the hill is a group of columns that are said to have been in Herod's palace. The only ancient building still standing is the Church of St. John, built by the Crusaders, and now partly in ruins. It is said to contain the tomb of John the Baptist, and to mark the place of his imprisonment and execution. Everything where the city of Samaria once stood is now in ruins and desolation, and the only inhabitants are a few miserable Arabs who live in huts and holes under the ruins. Along the brow of the hill, on the south side, stand two rows of columns about fifty feet apart and half a mile long. They are solid rock, sixteen feet high and two feet in diameter, numbering about one hundred, many of which have fallen down. It is thought that they supported the fronts of the buildings along the principal street of the city. But the buildings have all disappeared, and much of the rubbish lies scattered far down the mountain side, and vineyards and olive trees now grow on the site of ancient temples and palaces. How terribly true is the fearful doom pronounced by the prophet Micah on this wicked city: "I will make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as plantage of a vineyard; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valleys; and I will discover the foundations thereof."

Leaving Samaria we started to the northeast, crossed the valley and ascended some very rugged and stony mountains. In some places there were furrows three or four feet deep in the solid rock made by the constant wear of travel for thousands of years. It had been pouring down rain all the morning, and I was thoroughly soaked from head to foot, but by the violent exercise required for me to keep up with the horses I kept comfortably warm. The paths over the mountains are very crooked, and I had but little trouble in keeping up with horses, and I could frequently get the best of them by cutting across.

We passed the summit of a high mountain, from which we could look down into the plain of Dothan. We stopped at an Arab town to eat our dinners. There was no public place and we had some trouble in finding shelter. But finally an Arab invited us into his house. The family consisted of a man and his wife and two children. They set a kettle of coals in the middle of the floor, around which they spread mats and invited us to be seated. I was so wet and muddy I thought I was unfit to enter even an Arab's house, so I stood outside, intending to eat what little I had there. But the kind-hearted people urged me so strongly that I finally yielded, and pulling off my shoes went in and sat down by the fire. I began to undo my baggage to get at my grub, but (perhaps unwilling that I should show my scanty fare there) the travelers and dragoman insisted that I should eat with them. After a hasty meal they mounted their horses and we were soon entering the plain of Dothan. We diverged a mile to the right to visit a pit in which they said Joseph was cast by his brethren. It is a well six or seven feet across and eighteen or twenty feet deep, having a little water in it. Close by was an Arab's house and an orange orchard. We bought some fine, large oranges for a cent apiece. Just to the east is a large round hill, on which once stood the city of Doth-

an. It is now all in ruins; nothing in the shape of a house stands on the hill. Here Elisha and his servant had taken refuge when the King of Syria sent an army to take them. When the servant arose early in the morning and saw a great host surrounding the city he was terrified and exclaimed: "Alas, my master, how shall we do?" The trusting old prophet replied: "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them," and as he prayed the eyes of the servant were opened, and he saw, and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round and about Elisha." The plain of Dothan is six or seven miles long and three or four wide, surrounded by mountains. The soil is very rich and no doubt Joseph's brethren found good pasturage here for their cattle.

While we were at Joseph's pit a company of Midianites, with a caravan of twenty or thirty camels, were passing, just as they traveled when Joseph was sold into Egypt 3,600 years ago. How vividly do the places and scenes of this country bring to our minds the incidents of Bible times. It continued to rain and was very muddy in the valleys and great piles of mud would stick to my feet and almost weigh me down. I was finally compelled to pull off my shoes and take it barefoot, and by frequent kicking I managed to keep the mud slung off my feet.

Leaving the mountains and entering the plain I found traveling more difficult, as the men would sometimes trot their horses and I would have to run to keep up. Leaving the plain of Dothan we crossed another range of mountains, and a little after dark came to the Mohammedan city of Genene. This is the place where the ten lepers were cleansed. We stopped at a public house, where we had fire to warm us and good beds to sleep in. The men refused to let me pay much of the expense, so I tried to make myself as useful as posible by helping cook and waiting on them. After my hard day's walk through the rain I

greatly enjoyed sitting by the fire and having a social chat with my friends, but soon Morpheus came and bore me away to the land of dreams.

"Turning a Joke."

The next day we had a long journey before us, and so started before daylight. We were now entering the great plain of Esdralon. Although the men carried my baggage and shoes I had still more trouble in keeping up

with the horses. The men enjoyed plenty of merriment and jokes at my expense. I took it in good humor, and tried to return the compliment as best I could, sometimes in a practical way; for more than once when the journey was too hard for me I slipped behind the last man and caught hold of the horse's tail, which afforded me much relief. One time as we ascended the hill of Jezreel I caught the preacher's horse by the tail, and thus got quite a lift. I fully expected to be caught in this thieving, but had the good fortune to escape detection.

We passed along near the western base of Mount Gilboa, and near the center of the plain ascended a hill some two hundred feet high and stood on the site of ancient Jezreel. It is now a miserable Arab village of a few hundred inhabitants, and contains nothing of its ancient greatness except the ruins of a building called Tower of Ahab. From this commanding position we had a fine view of the plain of Esdraelon, and many other places of ancient interest. The plain is from twelve to thirteen miles wide, and eighteen miles long, extending from the river Jordan to the Great Sea at the foot of Mt. Carmel. This is one of the great battle fields of the world.

Looking to the west we could see the range of Carmel, along the foot of which flows the river Kishon. Here, 3,186 years ago, Deborah, the prophetess, and Barak fought and overcame the hosts of Sisera, so sublimely spoken of in the song of Deborah, in which the "Kings of Canaan fought by the waters of Megiddo, and the stars in their courses fought against Sisera and the river of Kishon swept them away." Here Josiah, King of Judah, came up and fought against Necho, King of Egypt, receiving a wound which resulted in his death. The Crusaders entered the Holy Land through this plain, and here fought many hard battles. On a mound a little northeast of us Gen. Kleber, of Napoleon's army, with 3,000 men, fought

in the open plain and held at bay 30,000 of the enemy for the space of six hours, until re-enforcements came. Four or five miles to the southeast rise the mountains of Gilboa, where Saul and his sons met their tragic death.

Five miles to the north of us is the mountain of Little Hermon, beyond which, and out of sight, are the villages of Nain and Endor. At the foot of the mountain on this side is the village of Shunem, where the Philistines were encamped. From the northern slope of Mount Gilboa, where Saul's army was encamped, he looked across to the camp of the Philistines and "he was afraid, and his heart greatly trembled." Because of his long wickedness and rebellion against God he was forsaken, and when he inquired of the Lord, "the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets." Saul had slain all the witches in the land that he could find, but in this dire extremity he commanded his servants to search for a woman with "a familiar spirit." They told him there was such a woman at Endor. So, under cover of darkness, Saul, with two of his servants, stole through the valley and over the mountains and came to the witch. But for all his trouble and pains he only received the unwelcome news that on the morrow his army would be routed and he and his sons slain. In the morning the hosts of the Philistines came charging across the valley. In all the history of warfare there is no record of any man going into battle under such circumstances, knowing that all would be lost. But still the brave man stood waiting for the conflict. His men fell back and were hotly pursued by the Philistines, and Saul, rather than fall into their hands, fell upon his own sword and perished. The next day when the Philistines went to strip the slain they found the bodies of Saul and his three sons on Mount Gilboa. When David heard the news, although Saul had been his enemy and hunted him like a hind upon the mountains, he broke out in one

of the most pathetic and sublime laments ever uttered:

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places.

How are the mighty fallen!

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

They were swifter than eagles.

Ye mountains of Gilboa let there be no dew.

Neither let there be rain upon you nor fields of offering."

As I gazed upon the barren peaks of Gilboa I wondered if they were not an answer to David's prayer.

A short distance to the east we could see the ruins of Bethshean, where the bodies of Saul and his sons were fastened to the walls by the Philistines and where the men of Jabesh Gilead came by night and took them away.

At the foot of the hill on which we stood a fountain bursts forth and runs toward the Jordan in a good sized branch. It was here that Gideon led his men to prove them and see who was worthy to go down to battle. The hosts of the Midianites were encamped in the valley beyond. With the three hundred men that "lapped water like a dog," Gideon fell upon the enemy in the night, blowing their trumpets and shouting: "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." The enemy was terror-stricken and fled, many of them killing each other. This battle resulted in the death of 120,000 men that drew the sword.

Four miles' travel across the valley brought us to the foot of Little Hermon, where stands the small village of Shunem. There were cactus hedges about the town, many of which were fifteen feet high.

About the villages in this valley are generally large herds of cattle, which run at large in the streets. Although the streets are mostly paved, large amounts of filth and dirt accumulate. There was a company of women scraping this up with their hands and carrying it off in baskets on their heads, depositing it on a mound near by. In most

villages here such mounds may be seen, that have been accumulating for ages. People do not seem to know the value that such stuff would be to their fields. I suppose the town council had been in session and the city dads had ordered the women out to work the streets.

We passed around the western base of Little Hermon, and turning to the east soon came to Nain.

We passed a camp of Bedouins, who live in tents only high enough for a person to sit erect in. The sides of the tents are all open except to windward. It was pretty cold and raining very hard, and the water was running down the mountain sides right through their tents. In order to keep out of the water they had stones to sit on, on which they had piled their baggage.

The Bedouins are decendants of Ishmael, and originally lived in Arabia, but in very early times spread themselves over the deserts of Egypt and Syria, and finally into Mesopotamia and Chaldea. After the conquest of northern Africa by the Mohammedans, in the seventh century, they spread themselves over the Great Desert to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. At present they are scattered over an immense breadth of territory—from the western boundry of Persia to the Atlantic, and as far south as the negro countries of the Soudan. They live in tribes, leading a wild, nomadic life, and frequently have large herds of donkeys, goats and camels. They have always been closely allied to the Midianites, if, indeed, they are a distinct people, their names being frequently interchanged in the Bible. In color they are various shades of brown.

The women are small, but the men are large and muscular. They generally have sharp, keen eyes, an aquiline nose, and a high, well-formed forehead, expressive of intellect, which is generally developed into cunning rather than knowledge. They have always been noted as robbers, and often came down like locusts into the country of

Israel, plundering and carrying away the fruits of the land, while the helpless people would flee for their lives into the caves and dens of the mountains. Gideon was Israel's deliverer on one such occasion. Although by trade, they are robbers, still they possess some noble qualities. They will never molest a man who has taken shelter under their roof, and are inclined to be merciful to the helpless and weak. In my travels through Palestine I frequently passed by their camps and have stopped and enjoyed their hospitality by eating bread in their tents. Being disguised as a poor man, wearing a tarbush, and sometimes going bare-foot, I never felt afraid of them, although sometimes I had more than $200 in gold in my belt. The Bedouins are very abstinent, living mostly on coarse bread and milk, and flesh from the herds. They manufacture their own clothing with the most primitive machinery. A woman with a jack-knife and half a dozen small sticks can in a little while make a loom and all the machinery necessary to convert wool into clothing. They have fewer of what we term the necessaries and comforts of life, than any other people I have ever seen, generally being no better off than the ones we passed on entering Nain. The Bedouins have never been organized into a government, yet have never been conquered or subjected by any nation; their boundless wastes of sand being a better protection to them than great armies, and to-day they are wandering over the deserts just as they did 3,000 years ago, the freest people on the face of the earth. The descendants of Isaac have often been subjected, and are now scattered among all nations, while the children of Ishmael have always dwelt in their own country and to-day are pitching their tents in the Promised Land.

How true are the words of the angel to Hagar before her son was born: "He shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren."

Although Nain is a small and unimportant place, it is remembered as the scene of one of the greatest miracles of the Savior. Here once lived a poor widow, whose only son sickened and died. The funeral train was moving off, followed by the sorrowing mother, perhaps to one of those tombs we saw on the hill-sides. She was met by the One who has promised to wipe all tears from our eyes. He told the disconsolate woman to weep not Then, turning to the corpse, He commanded the young man to rise "and he that was dead sat up and began to speak," and He delivered him to his mother.

There is a Catholic convent at Nain, in which we stopped for shelter from the rain while we ate our dinner. While there a company of travelers from Mexico, in which there were two women, came up. It looks hard for women to ride through the rain over the mountains, but they who venture in this country must take the weather as it comes. I was soaking wet, and after stopping soon became chilly, so was glad to make our stay short and launch forth into the rain again.

Across the valley, three miles north of Nain, is Mount Tabor. It is very high and steep, standing in the plain detached from all other mountains. It is the roundest and smoothest mountain I ever saw, having much the appearance of a mammoth hay stack. On its summit is a convent, the same as may be found on almost every mountain and hill of note in this country. It is supposed to be the scene of the transfiguration.

Four or five miles east of Nain is Endor. We had a long journey before us, so did not stop, but passed in sight of the cave where they say the witch lived. Here the rocks began to change from limestone to volcanic and, in some places, I could see signs of great rivers of lava that have flown from the craters in by-gone ages. The soil here is good, and sometimes lies deep on the mountains to the

very summit. It was very soft and sticky and the horses began to sink deep in the mud and drag themselves heavily along, so now I had but little trouble to keep up. The old pack-horse was straining and stumbling along with the muleteer still spread out on his great load of baggage. We hastened on and had many a long and weary pull over mountains, and yet at sundown we were still several miles from Tiberias. At the foot of a high mountain we were told that on the other side was the lake.

It was a hard journey and I thought the horses would never get up. I went on ahead and from the top looked down through the darkness and got my first glimpse of the sacred waters of Galilee, but could see no sign of a town, not even a light. It was very dark and there was no trail and our guide did not seem to know any more about the country than we did. We went along the bluff looking for a way to get down to the sea. Finally Mr. Mitchell thought he saw a carriage road some distance down the mountain. Mr. Powell, who has traveled much in wild countries, claims to have a kind of instinct for finding roads. So, leading his horse, he set out in search of one and I followed. By floundering around awhile over a chaotic mass of rocks, part of the time sliding, and part of the time falling, we finally reached Mitchell's carriage road, which proved to be only a ridge of rocks that had rolled down the mountain. We kept our secret and called for Mitchell to come on, for we had found his road. The elated youth came down the mountain as fast as circumstances would admit. He seemed a little chagrined at the outcome of his carriage road, but as misery likes company he held his peace and called for Oury and Aboo-Hassan to come ahead. When our faithful guide and muleteer appeared we held a council of war, and in our dire extremity we turned on the preacher and informed him that unless that instinct of his which had got us into this trouble

should divine some way to get us out on short notice we would throw him off the first precipice we came to. The doomed man peered about in the darkness awhile with a solemn, enchanting visage, which I imagine a witch has when she is consulting familiar spirits, and said there was a road on this side of the bluff ahead of us. It needed no prophet to tell if there was a road anywhere it must be there. Very lucky for us and doubly lucky for the preacher, we found the road, which was only a trail, winding about over the rocks. We started down, and soon saw lights on ahead, which we thought must be Tiberias, but it proved to be only a Bedouin camp. After groping through the darkness and stumbling over rocks a half hour longer, we passed through the gate of an old and crumbled wall, and stood within the ancient namesake of the Roman Emperor Tiberias.

Such was the manner in which we entered a once wealthy and opulent city, and which still contains three or four thousand inhabitants. There is another road a little better than the one over which we came, but I doubt if the oldest inhabitant could find it in such a night as that. We went to the principal hotel. The landlord was not at home, and we had to dispatch a messenger after him. We called the roll and found our party all present, but Aboo-Hassan had bruised his shin badly besides losing his shoes and coat. The coat cost three dollars, which was a great loss to the poor man, who was working for about 25 cents per day. After waiting in the streets for a quarter of an hour the landlord came. He was all bustle and politeness and was very sorry that he should be away from home on the arrival of such distinguished guests. It was a high-priced hotel, costing about $2 per day, and I could not stand that, so I cast my lot with the muleteer and followed him off with the horses. We led them down to the sea, and wading in, washed the mud from their legs, and also from our

own. Then we went back into town in search of a livery stable. The man was not at home and I had to hold the horses for half an hour while Aboo-Hassan went in search of him. When he arrived I had to go with him to the further part of the city to get feed for the horses. We got two sacks of cut straw and returned. It was now about 11 o'clock at night, and I had been on the go continually ever since before day in the morning. I was glad to find that Aboo-Hassan had procured a pot of coals and an ample supply of provisions, consisting of a large dish of horse bean stew and some camel's foot bread—the whole costing three and three-quarter cents. We sat down and partook of a bountiful supper, then hugged the fire and chatted awhile. Of course our conversation was rather limited, as my friend knew nothing of English, and I only knew two words of Arabic. Our quarters were in one end of the stable in which were about forty head of horses and donkeys running loose, with nothing but a pole to keep them from us. The beds consisted of a raised platform of stone around the wall. There were a half dozen Arabs sleeping, and all the room was taken except enough for one man; I had taken possession of a sack of barley by the fire, intending to make my bed for the night. Aboo-Hassan very politely invited me to take the bed.—Of course I refused, as I had become accustomed to sleep under any circumstances, and my friend was old and needed the bed. The old man still insisted that I should take the bed, making signs of how uncomfortable it would be to sleep on the sack of barley, and I began to conclude that he had more of an eye to business than to friendship. Finally I gave in and stretched myself out on the stones for the night, while Aboo-Hassan laid back with his upper half on the sack of barley and his lower extremities divided and completely encircled the pot of fire roundabout. I felt chagrined at being cheated out of my com-

fortable quarters by the cunning old Arab. But my troubles were soon ended, for the warmth of the horses, together with the hot-bed on which they stood, kept me steaming warm all night, and besides, as the Wise Man says, "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much," so also is the sleep of a man who has tramped through the rain and mud for sixteen hours, whether he sleeps on a smooth stone or a sack of barley.

When I awoke in the morning Aboo-Hassan had gone in search of his coat and shoes, but failed to find them. We had planned a big day's excursion about the lakes. We were going to hire a boat and sail up and visit the ruins of Capernaum and Bethsaida, and perhaps pass over into the country of the Gadarenes, but our hopes were foiled, for it rained hard most of the day. I found time to walk about town a little and take in the sights, but I saw very little that may not be seen in any city of this country. There were countless numbers of bazaars, in which all manner of goods were exhibited for sale, many shops in which all kinds of trades were carried on. The usual amount of fruit and vegetables were displayed. There was one thing here of which I saw very little, either at Nabulus or Jerusalem—that was fish. The Sea of Galilee is still as much noted for fish as it used to be. They are generally small, not often weighing more than two pounds.

At two o'clock the rain ceased and the sun shone out, so we started for a walk about the lake. It was so rough that nobody would venture out in a boat. Although the rest of the party had given it up, I could not bear the idea of going away without seeing the site of Capernaum, where the Savior spent so much of his time. It is six miles north of Tiberias, but I started alone up the beach, intending to make the trip there and back that evening. Before I had gone two miles I saw black clouds gathering at the upper end of the lake, and the wind arose and carried them down

over the sea. I started back and ran most of the way, but was caught by the storm and got thoroughly drenched. The weather here is very uncertain. Everything may be bright and lovely and in a few minutes' time a storm may gather and come sweeping down some mountain canyon to the sea, carrying everything before it. I can now see how easy it was for the disciples to be caught in a storm and be tossed by the waves all night, for I think this little sheet of water is the most treacherous of any I have ever seen.

The landlord at the hotel was a native Syrian. He was very kind and obliging, and when he learned that I had slept in the stable with the muleteer, said that if he had known it I should have had a bed for nothing. I thanked him, but gave him to understand that I was not traveling on charity, but intended to pay a reasonable price for everything I got, and that I counted it no hardship to fare as poor as the poorest. The next night I went to the stable again, but was too late, for it was locked for the night and I had to go back and ask the landlord for a bed. He arranged one for me in an open room, where I lay and shivered all night, for I was still wet from my drenching in the evening. In the morning I gave him a franc, and hence do not feel that I disgraced my country by "dead-beating" on the people of Tiberias.

There is a missionary of the Church of England here. In the evening he called on our preacher. Mr. Mitchell, whom I shall henceforth call "The Dude," was called in to enjoy the company of the reverend disciple of the One who used to walk about this lake, and "had not where to lay his head." But as I was only a tramp from America it would have been entirely out of place for me to have ventured on such holy ground, so I spent the time in walking about the town and feasting on dates, figs, oranges, grapes, pomegranates, Arab candy, watermelons, peanuts,

chestnuts and many other good things of the land, which are such a terror to the stomach of the average "dude" and preacher, but which yield showers of blessing to the poor tramp who ventured into the mountains of Galilee.

We started early the next morning, for we had a long journey before us and must sleep at Nazareth that night. I ascended the steep mountain with feelings of deep regret that I was leaving the scenes of so much of the Savior's life without even standing on one place that was ever touched by His holy feet. For, although He often visited Capernaum and Bethsaida, we have no account that He was ever at Tiberias.

On top of the mountain we turned to take a last look of the beautiful lake and its interesting surroundings. It is about thirteen miles long and six wide, and although it is about six hundred feet higher than the Dead Sea it is nearly seven hundred feet lower than the Mediterranean. It lies deep in the mountains and must be of volcanic formation, for most of the rocks about the lake are volcanic, and in some places we saw lava that had run down the mountains and cooled many ages ago. Nearly all the coast-line of the lake was in plain view, also the supposed site of Bethsaida and Capernaum. These stood on the northwest side of the lake, on or near the plain of Gennesaret. In the days of the Savior these were flourishing and opulent cities and were favored with much of His teachings, and most of His mighty works, but to-day they are mouldering ruins and so nearly obliterated that their very site is in dispute. Although they are on the rich, fertile plains of Gennesaret they are now left to grow up in weeds, and have become the haunts of owls and bats, and even the wandering Arab as he passes that way seems to have a superstitious dread of the place and seldom stops to pitch his tent.

The people of Capernaum, who were favored for so long

time above all others with the teachings and miracles of the Savior, by their ingratitude and unbelief provoked Him to pronounce the severest judgment on them He ever uttered against any people: "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day."

CHAPTER XXII.

FROM NAZARETH TO KAIFA.

After a tiresome journey, during which it rained incessantly, we drew near our destination. The evening shades were fast gathering about us when we stood on top of a mountain and looked down into a beautiful and quiet valley, and saw at one glance the whole city of Nazareth. How our hearts burned within us when we knew we were standing among the scenes of the life of the Savior!

We entered the town and stopped at the Nazareth Hotel, kept by a native. The others were given a well-furnished room upstairs, while Aboo-Hassan and I remained below with the family. He was very sick and almost exhausted after his hard day's ride through the rain. We sat on the floor by a pot of coals, while the good hostess sat by another fire preparing supper. Although her culinary outfit was much more simple than that of the average American housewife, yet the results were the same; for she soon had a bountiful supply of fried chicken, eggs and potatoes.

This was the first well-to-do native family I had visited and, of course, I watched the proceedings with much interest. There were two or three little children and the husband busied himself with caring for them and waiting on his wife. Although the furniture of the house was limited, yet everything was neat and cleanly, and seemed to be arranged with a view to solid comfort. To me it was a novel as well as an agreeable thing to enjoy the hospitality of this family, on the very spot where the mother of our Lord

used to perform her household duties, for near by they still point out the kitchen of the Virgin Mary.

Next morning the party was ready to start at sun-rise. The preacher had been out and viewed the interesting places of Nazareth, but as I would be here again and did not like to be hurried through these sacred scenes, I slept until the last moment.

I had intended to go only to Nazareth and then walk back to Jerusalem alone, but as Aboo-Hassan was no longer able to travel, the dragoman asked me to go on to Kaifa with them and help bring back the horses. A man whose name was Esau was to go along and help me back to Nazareth, and then if Aboo-Hassan was able to travel I was to take him on to Jerusalem.

There is a macadamized road from Nazareth to Kaifa, but as it is new and the gravel not well packed, Esau thought we had better take a short cut through the mountains. Although I think it took us much longer, this gave us a fine view of some very interesting places. From one high place we could see Mt. Carmel and the sea on the west, and to the northwest saw the waters of Marom, nestling among the hills, while far in the distance beyond, the snowy peaks of Hermon were towering high above the clouds. Four or five miles from Kaifa we came into the main road, and here the travelers put spurs to their horses and soon left me behind. Esau also whipped up Old Pack and passed me. It was quite dark and the wolves were howling when I passed around the foot of Mt. Carmel and entered the city of Kaifa.

I knew not where to find my party, but had the good fortune to meet Esau in the street taking the horses to water. I took him to a restaurant and got a good supper for both of us for 23 cents. It proved to be "bread cast upon the waters," for he in turn took me to his lodging place and entertained me splendidly. Our host was an

uncle of Joseph, the dragoman, who was also there. He was a wealthy grain dealer and had large warehouses at Nazareth and Kaifa. Although he had a family, I saw no signs of wife or children, but he entertained us in regular Turkish style, preparing and cooking supper with his own hands.

Although not hungry I was forced, through courtesy, to eat with them, for a Turk never likes to eat unless his company eats also. They sat up late, talking, smoking and drinking coffee. We slept on the floor. The Turks never have their houses filled up with beds and bedsteads, but their quilts and mattresses are laid away in the closet and brought out when needed.

Kaifa is beautifully situated at the foot of Mt. Carmel. A short distance up the coast is the city of Acre, where the Crusaders all landed on entering the Holy Land. Mt. Carmel is a high and symmetrical promontory overlooking the sea, but I had no time to climb it and see the place where Elijah proved his God by fire, and where he slew the 450 prophets of Baal.

In the morning Esau seemed to have a great deal of business to attend to and I had to stand in the street an hour holding the horses waiting for him to finish. Esau had loaned me his striped Arab coat, and people who were passing would frequently speak to me and seemed surprised that I could not talk Arabic. Esau finally got business matters consummated and came up with the results, which consisted of about 150 pounds of dates and other groceries. He put these all on Old Pack and then told me to climb on top, and lead the other two horses that carried nothing. I protested against such an unreasonable thing, but was forced to yield to the commands of my superior. I mounted and started while Esau galloped away into another part of town. An old Turk, who was going with us to Nazareth, rode behind and kept urging me to whip Old

Pack, but the poor brute stumbled along and could hardly stand under his great load. I soon jumped off and walked, much to the displeasure of the old man. Presently Esau came galloping up and ordered me to remount. He spoke very little English, but I tried to make him understand that Old Pack could not carry so much and we ought to put some of the burden on the other horses, which were young and strong. But my mission of mercy was a failure, for the cruel Arab gave me his own horse and told me to lead out. Then he mounted Old Pack and began to pound him right and left, on the sides, with a large cudgel. This treatment had a magical effect, for the horse immediately began to show signs of returning vigor. And although I rode a young and spirited Arabian, I frequently had to urge him into a gallop to keep out of the way.

It might be of interest to know that this is the road over which Elijah ran to Jezreel before Ahab's chariot, after they had heard the sound of "abundance of rain," in answer to the Prophet's prayer. If Ahab was as unmerciful a driver as Esau, the old man must have had a hard time of it. After riding thus four or five miles, Esau took his own horse again and ordered me to mount Old Pack. I knew if I refused the horse would fare still worse in Esau's hands, so I obeyed. Esau generally rode behind and kept urging me forward. At one time he rode up and whipped my horse into a swift run for half a mile, over a crooked and stony road. I looked every minute for the horse to stumble and dash me against the rocks, but I braced myself and held my feet forward ready to gather myself up and go on in case of accident. It was reckless and foolhardy, but I was not responsible for it. If the poet, Cowper, could have seen this ride he would not have fooled away his time writing up that little dog trot of John Gilpin.

The long day wore away, and at sundown we were still four miles from Nazareth. We had thus far traveled on

Rapid Traveling in the Orient.

the main road, but now turned off and took a trail through the mountains. I could not see the wisdom of leaving a good road for such a rough and stony path, but it was on a par with Arab engineering in general. The horses had

had nothing to eat since early in the morning and I could see that Old Pack was beginning to fail, so I took matters into my own hands and jumped off, and mounted one of the other horses, against the protests of the men. This is what I should have done long ago, but I had not learned that all this storming and sputter of the Arabs is only wind, and if a man will only brace up he can overawe a dozen of them.

We were now traveling up and down steep mountains, and Old Pack was reeling and staggering under his load, but still Esau refused to remove it and place it on the other horses. Finally he stumbled and fell, and even with the combined help of us all was unable to rise. Then they removed his load, but still he would not rise under his own weight, so we lifted him to his feet and hurried on through the darkness. I went on with the other horses and Esau staid behind to pilot Old Pack. I soon heard cries for help, and going back found the horse had staggered from the path and rolled down the mountain eight or ten rods. We had much trouble in getting him on his feet again, and he reeled and staggered like a drunken man, but Esau held him by the head and I held him by the tail, and thus we conducted him back to the path.

We were now on the heights just above Nazareth, and had but little trouble in conducting our charge down through the streets and landing him safely in the stable. I fully expected the horse would be dead in the morning, but when I went to the stable he was eating his scant rations of straw and barley with a relish that is only generated by toil and hardship.

I have read of the great love the Arab has for his horse, but failed to see much of it. It may be if he has a beautiful young horse he has some love or pride, at least, for the noble animal, but the old horse whose spirits and beauty are waning, is used for all he is worth the remainder of his

days, and woe to the poor brute if he is joined to the pack brigade of a tourist's outfit.

Most of the travelers met had horses that looked about as dejected and forlorn as Old Pack. I wonder if the favored people who travel through this country and have such jolly, good times, ever think of the poor horses and muleteers which, like the plantation mules of the Sandwich Islands, drink the cup of bitterness to the very dregs to produce sweets for others.

I went home with Esau to spend the night. He lived in a stone house of one room, only 16x20 feet in size, but which was amply sufficient to shelter his horse and half a dozen chickens, together with his wife and four small children, and all furniture needful to live in first-class Arab style. They spread a mattress and some nice quilts on the floor for my bed, and were particularly careful for my comfort. Next morning Aboo-Hassan was not able to travel, so I had to remain over another day. I spent the time looking up the interesting places here that are so dear to every Christian heart. In one of the churches they show the place where the Virgin Mary did her cooking. It is a small room, built partly in the hillside with an arched roof. In another church is a part of an old wall, said to have been in the workshop of Joseph, and in still another church is a large flat stone called the Table of Christ, on which he often ate with his disciples. They also show the synagogue where Jesus preached on the Sabbath day, and from which his townsmen led him to the brow of the hill to cast him off. But however doubtful some of these places may be, there was one place that I felt sure was genuine, and that was the Fountain of the Virgin. It is in a valley in about the center of the city and is arranged to run out from a stone wall in two large streams. There were crowds of women coming and going all the time. They would fill their great water-pots, holding five or six gallons, and walk off up the

hill with them on their heads with perfect ease. This fountain has always been the water supply of Nazareth. I thought of how often Mary must have come here and carried away water just as these women did, and how often the boy Jesus must have scampered down here from his gambols on the mountains to quench his thirst.

Nazareth is beautifully situated high up in the mountains, some two or three miles north of the Plain of Esdrealon. The houses are more scattered, and it has a more cleanly appearance than most towns of this country. The people seem to be industrious, many of them intelligent and good-looking. The women especially have long been noted for their beauty. It is pleasant to think of the people of the home of the Savior as being several degrees above the general degradation of the country.

I attended the Church of England and heard a man preach a sermon in Arabic. It was a novel thing to hear the people sing their native songs set to tunes that we hear almost every day in America. A wealthy English lady has at great expense arranged a magnificent building and grounds for a mission school for girls. There are at present ninety girls in attendance. The superintendent is an American. He took much interest in showing me about. The second night I took supper with Esau. It consisted of boiled wheat seasoned with olive oil, and pickled olives and radishes. After supper Esau and I went over and spent the evening in the pipe factory of his uncle. Nazareth has a kind of clay well adapted to this business, and large quantities of pipes are made and sent to other parts of the country. This factory was run by an old man and his two sons. They tried hard to talk to me but made no progress, until the old man sent for his granddaughter, who has attended the mission school and speaks English well. She was much interested in America and asked me many questions, and also interpreted many for the men.

Among which they wanted to know if it was really true that when it was day in their country it was night in mine. They asked if coal oil flowed from the ground ready for use just as they get it? They also wanted to know what wages men of various trades got in America. They said it took the best kind of a carpenter to command 75 cents per day in Nazareth. The young men seemed to have a very high opinion of my country and wished they were able to go there, but thought that would hardly ever be. The father gave me his name and made me promise to write to him when I got home. It was late at night when we left, and still the men were busy at work. In all my travels I have seldom spent an evening as pleasantly as I did with these humble people of Nazareth.

Next morning Aboo-Hassan was better, so we started, intending to make Jerusalem in three days, stopping first at Genene and then at Nabulus. We went down a steep mountain and out into the plains of Esdraelon, crossing it a little to the west of Jezreel. The late rains had left the ground in fine condition for working, and everybody seemed to be out plowing and sowing wheat.

From a slight elevation I could see many miles in all directions, and several hundred teams plowing, frequently in gangs of six or eight. It reminded me of the call of Elisha by Elijah, when the former was plowing "with twelve yoke of oxen before him and he with the twelfth."

This plain is the finest piece of land I ever saw, surpassing in fertility, if not in beauty, the great San Joaquin valley of California. Much of this valley fell to the tribe of Issachar, and their wealth was a great temptation to their neighbors, and often did the Bedouins and other marauders pounce down upon them and carry away their substance. With much reason did the old patriarch Jacob, when on his death-bed he was foretelling the different conditions of his children in the Promised Land, speak of this one in

this wise: "Issachar is a strong ass couching down between two burdens. And he saw the rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant; and bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute."

At Genene we stopped at the khan. Aboo-Hassan was much exhausted and had to be lifted from the horse and carried into the house. I have spoken before of my experience in a khan, so will not dwell upon this. Suffice it to say we slept well and started in the morning for Nabulus, where we arrived that night, stopping again at a kahn.

It was necessary to start early in the morning in order to reach Jerusalem that day, but I could not think of leaving Nabulus without standing on the top of Mount Gerizim, so I started alone an hour before day. I passed a large spring that flows out of the mountain and runs down through the city in a good-sized brook. A Mohammedan was going through with his morning devotions, facing as usual in prayer toward Mecca, their sacred city. First they stand a moment, then kneel and bow twice with their heads to the ground and then rise to their feet again. They generally go through these motions four or five times, but I have seen them repeated no less than fifteen times. In the mosques they pray in companies, making all their motions in concert at the command of a leader.

It was very foggy and dark, and I had some trouble in keeping the path, but an hour's walk brought me to the top of the mountain. There were great ruins and piles of stones lying everywhere. The Samaritans are still as secluded and sectarian as they were when Jesus talked with the women at the well. They are steadily decreasing, and now barely number two hundred, but still offer sacrifices and perform all the Jewish rites on this mountain. Once every year the whole tribe come up and camp all night and roast and eat the Paschal Lamb. There was a small pit dug in the ground in which were coals and ashes,

the result of their late feast. The Samaritans built a temple on Mount Gerizim, and on the top of the highest peak are the ruins of a large building some two hundred and fifty feet square, supposed to be those of the temple, but thought by some to be the ruins of a Roman fortress. There are several cisterns about the ruins, and a few steps south is a native stone about twenty feet across, which is flat and smooth. On this the high priests kill their animals for sacrifice, and claim that here is where Abraham offered up Isaac.

From these heights I got my best view of the land of Canaan. Just at the foot of the mountain on the west lies the plain of Moreh, an arm of which extends to the valley of the Jordan. Down this gap Abraham came on entering the Promised Land. Further to the east are the mountains of Gilead and Moab. To the north, far beyond the mountains of Gilboa and Tabor, is still to be seen the snow clad peaks of Hermon. To the west lies the plain of Sharon; beyond are the waters of the Mediterranean, over whose blue waves I hoped to be sailing homeward bound. Many miles to the south are the heights of Mizpeh and Olivet, and the country beyond Jerusalem, while for away in the southeast is Pisgah, the mountain from which Moses viewed the Promised Land, but was not permitted to enter. I had my visit to Gerizim all alone, and wandered among the ruins with a kind of reverential awe as I remembered the countless multitudes that have climbed these heights in an earnest, though perhaps blinded, searching after God. I hastened down the mountain in good condition to enjoy my breakfast, after which the missionary sent a boy to conduct me to the Samaritan Synagogue, where they claim to have the oldest copy of the Pentateuch in existence. The priest ordered me to take off my shoes, then conducted me into the little sanctuary, and I stood before the altar while he went behind a curtain and

brought out a silver case containing a scroll.

I had been warned that they would try to fool me with a manuscript of comparatively recent date. So I told the tricky old priest that I wanted to see the old one. He said, "Backsheech." I said, "Bring it out and you shall have backsheech." Then he brought out another case and carefully unlocked it, and there was the wonderful book.

It is written on a long strip of parchment and is rolled together from both ends. It has the appearance of great age. The upper edge is somewhat charred and cracked, and they have a tradition that it was once miraculously rescued from fire. It is written in ancient Hebrew characters that were in use about the time of the Babylonian captivity. In one portion of the scroll is the transcriber's imprint, which reads: "Written by Abishua, son of Phineas, son of Eleazar, son of Aaron." Some writers think it is genuine; others think the book is not as old as the Christian era. I see no physical reason why it might not be genuine, considering the seclusion in which the Samaritans have always lived, and the care they bestow on these sacred relics. I gave the priest a franc, which is the common backsheech now, but I have read of travelers who, thirty years ago, paid four dollars. I went away wondering if I had really seen and touched a book written by a great-grandson of the first High Priest of Israel.

Aboo-Hassan was too sick to travel further, so I started afoot, intending to reach Ramalah that night. The natives were very busy plowing and sowing wheat. I sometimes stopped and talked with them, but I made my visits short, as I had a long day's journey before me. About 2 o'clock I came to a fountain where was a coffee house. Here I ordered a cup and sat down to eat my dinner of bread and radishes. The proprietor's fire had gone out, but he kindled another, and soon brought out a splendid cup of

coffee, for which he charged one and one-quarter cents. It was sundown when I got to the Fountain of Robbers, and I was yet three hours from Ramalah. When night came on I had trouble to keep the path, but hurried on through the darkness, hoping soon to be safely housed and eating a warm supper with my Quaker friends at Ramalah. But alas! "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Two or three hours passed and still no signs of Ramalah or any other habitation. Finally the path began to grow dim and presently gave out altogether. Then I began to realize the fact that I had wandered from the trail and was lost somewhere in the mountains of Ephraim. I knew not where, or in what direction I had been going. The sky cleared up, and I got the points of the compass from the stars. Over to the east I thought I could see a depression in the mountains and a dark outline beyond. I thought these might be the valley of the Jordan and the mountains on the other side. I listened for the barking of dogs, but could hear none, and thus concluded that I must be a long way from any habitation. Although I did not think there was anything serious in my situation, there were two things which made it a little unpleasant. It was just a little too cool to sleep on the bare rocks with comfort, and the idea of keeping up a continual walk through such a country for twenty-four hours was a little galling to the physical man. But I concluded that the less of the two evils would be to go on southward, and if I should pass beyond Ramalah I would still be nearing Jerusalem. So I started, going down a steep mountain into a dark and gloomy valley, and climbed up the other side, over great rocks and broken terraces. Here I began to imagine that in the dim distance I could hear the barking of dogs. Only a few steps and I stood on the verge of a canyon. There was no alternative, so I began to descend, sometimes crawling and feeling my way among the rocks. A

little carelessness in such a place might send a man headlong down the mountain. In traveling over mountains I always carried a cane. It is an indispensable article, and saves many a stumble and slip. I can now better appreciate that beautiful saying of David: "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Half way up the further side of this canyon I came to a perpendicular ledge of rock 60 or 70 feet high, and had much trouble in finding my way through.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON TO JERUSALEM.

In this wild region somewhere two she-bears tore to pieces forty-two children that mocked Elisha. I did not know but that some of their progeny might still be lurking in these dens. I had hoped that upon reaching the top of this mountain I might get somewhere without crossing any more canyons, but was doomed to disappointment, for only a little way and the dismal shades of another one lay across my path. I was now certain that I could hear dogs barking, but who their owners were, and what kind of a reception I would receive at that time of night was very uncertain. A long and tedious scramble and I was at the bottom of this canyon, where was a narrow valley covered with olive trees. The mountain-side beyond was also dark with trees. Up through them I began climbing over terraces, sometimes fifteen or twenty feet high. It is said that troubles are generally blessings in disguise, and that we usually receive some good from our misfortunes, as Samson found honey in the carcass of the lion. But in what way my ill-luck on that night was to yield me any good I was puzzled to know, unless it was that I might have the pleasure of seeing new country. If that was the case, it was a decided success.

I had about concluded on reaching the top of this mountain that there was no better out-look to stop for the night, but here the ground was level and I kept on in the direction of the dogs, and soon came in sight of a town. The dogs all came out in full force, but I presented a bold

front and they kept retreating at a safe distance. It must have been midnight, and nobody would be out at such an hour except the watchmen in the streets. I entered a narrow street and meeting a man asked him the way to Ramalah. He did not seem to understand and presently another man came up. I kept repeating the word "Ramalah," and point in the direction I supposed it was with my cane. He seemed a little gruff and I could get nothing satisfactory from him.

Presently I saw him put a revolver in his belt, which he had held concealed under his cloak all this time. Then he motioned me to follow him and I walked quite a distance down the street between the two men. They stopped in front of a house and called the man out. Then we went to another house and they called out the second man. This was repeated three or four times, until there was a crowd of half a dozen men following me through the street. I could not conjecture what all this meant, but had no fears of anything serious happening, as the men kept talking and laughing all the time. Finally we stopped in front of a little stone building, and after the man had come out and talked awhile with my body-guards, I was invited into the house and shown that I must sleep there; the men kept talking, but I understood nothing. I opened my sack and took out some bread and began to eat, but the man with the revolver ordered me to put it back. Of course I obeyed, but could not see the reason why a man should not be allowed to eat his own bread after such a hard day's tramp.

Soon a man came in with a bed and some quilts and spread them on the floor for me. I thought if I was not allowed to eat I had better sleep and so crawled in, but no sooner had I laid down than there came a man hurrying in with two loaves of bread and a bowl of olives and placed them before me. I sat up in bed and ate while the men

sat near talking and laughing and no doubt joking at my expense. The man with the revolver had now become very sociable and tried hard to make me understand. He wanted to know if I carried arms. I threw my coat back and showed him that I had not even a jack-knife. Then he handed me his revolver and wanted me to examine it. It was a brand new one, of English manufacture. I thought how much safer I was than if I had carried weapons.

Bedouin Hospitality.

It is no doubt an unusual thing for a stranger to enter an Arab village at that time of night and raise such a racket with the dogs, and these people who are as sly as a fox, and as suspicious as a coyote, never expect to be caught napping. And this man had concealed his revolver under his coat and held it ready for action when I approached him in the street. If I had been armed and he had seen me make suspicious movements, though done unintentionally, he might have shot me. But seeing I was unarmed he was soon willing to trust me with his own revolver.

I knew a man who went armed to the teeth and declared he would blow any Arab's brains out who dared to molest him. Yet he was afraid to walk even through the streets of Joppa after dark without an attendant.

The men wanted to know my nationality and religion. On taking the census we found there were three native Mohammedans, two Christians from Bethlehem and one from America. In the morning one of the men showed me a trail to Ramalah. I was still ignorant of where I was, but after I had crossed a valley and ascended a hill found that I was on Abraham's old camping ground, east of Bethel, and the town where I had stayed was Ai. The valley I had just crossed was the one in which Joshua placed an ambush of 5,000 men, while he led the rest of his army and made a feint attack from the last valley I had crossed the night before.

A man and a boy had stopped to eat their breakfast of bread, figs and pomegranates. They invited me to eat, which I did, dividing my remaining bread with them. I took dinner at Ramalah and then went on to Jerusalem, by way of Gideon and Mizpeh. Gibeon stands on a high and very round hill in the midst of a beautiful valley. The town is mostly new, the tops of the houses, orchards and vineyards rise terrace above terrace up the mountain side. Besides being the place where Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, it is the scene of many other notable events. Here is where the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream, and where the young King offered a thousand burnt offerings. At the fountain on the eastern slope of the hill is where the twelve men of Judah fought with the twelve men of Benjamin "and they fell down dead," and here Amasa was treacherously slain by Absalom. Across a narrow valley south of Gibeon stands Mizpeh, on the top of the highest mountain in all that country. There is nothing of importance now standing, except an old building that

has been used for a convent. There are great basements that have been dug out of the solid rock, and scattered about are the ruins of immense buildings, that once adorned the place where Samuel judged Israel and Mizpeh was in the height of its glory. A shepherd boy was watching a few goats and blowing a flute made from a native reed.

The sun was fast sinking beyond the sea and I was still six miles from Jerusalem, so I hurried on over a mountain trail. About dark the churches of the different sects ring a chime of bells, and they seem to vie with each other in making the best music. The mountain sides about Jerusalem on the north are almost completely honey-combed with tombs hewn from solid rock. I imagine some of them are as old as Melchizedek. The dust of their builders has long ago been scattered to the winds and we now pass by wondering who it was that spent so much labor in trying to preserve their bodies from corruption. In the darkness of the night I marched through these abodes of the dead to the time of the music of the bells. It was 9 o'clock when I arrived at Mr. Durgin's.

Since starting to Jericho I had been on a constant tramp for seventeen days. About the cheapest that people ever travel in this country is five dollars per day, but my expenses for the whole trip were only five dollars, and I either paid the money or worked for all I got, except at two or three places where they positively refused to take anything. Although most of the time it was pretty hard work, I would not want to exchange my journey and experience for that of the richest man who ever made a pilgrimage through the Holy Land.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CITY OF JERUSALEM.

The old part of Jerusalem is surrounded by a stone wall about forty feet high and twelve or fifteen feet thick. It is nearly square, being about two and a half miles around, or five-eighths of a mile on each side. The walls were built about three hundred and fifty years ago. There is a section in the southeast corner, the stones of which contain the Jewish bevel and is supposed to have been built by Solomon, also on the east side just east of where the temple stood is the arch of a gate that is supposed to be the "Beautiful Gate" of the time of the Savior. It seems unreasonable that such a small place should claim a population of forty or fifty thousand and at least two-thirds of them must live within the walls, but considering how compactly the cities are built, and how densely they are populated, almost anything is possible. Without the walls, to the north and west, the city extends near a mile; it is more scattered, and built more after the modern style, and contains some very large and fine buildings, belonging to the Russians and French. The Russians are also building extensively on Mt. Olivet.

There is no timber in Palestine fit for building purposes, but the best of stone is everywhere abundant, so the houses are built entirely of stone, even to the roofs and floors. The walls of a room, sixteen feet square, would have to be about four feet thick to support the great weight of the arch. So great is the amount of material in the houses that after

they fall in ruins they are about two-thirds as high as the buildings were at first.

Jerusalem now only occupies the north half of Mt. Zion, the south part being without the walls, and only containing a few houses, which are near the summit and close to the walls. Among them is the tomb of David and the "large upper room" in which Jesus ate the passover with his disciples just before his betrayal. Here also the disciples were assembled when they received the Holy Ghost. It is a low room fifty feet long by thirty wide. Beneath the floor hewn in the rock is the tomb of David. It is kept by the Mohammedans and like the tomb of Abraham at Hebron, no Christian is allowed to enter it.

When Joshua was conquering the Promised Land Jerusalem was occupied by the Jebusites, but he made no attempt to subdue them. Afterward the tribes of Judah and Benjamin undertook the job, but only partially succeeded. The Jebusites still held the lower part of Zion, and the Israelites and Jebusites are spoken of as dwelling together for nearly four hundred years, unil David, after he became king, dislodged them and drove them from Zion. So great was the strength of their fortress that the Jebusites taunted David by placing their blind and lame on the walls and dared him to attack them. But the valiant Joab led the charge, and the Jebusites were utterly overthrown. Much of this stronghold of the Jebusites still remains. It stood on the southwest brow of Zion, where the mountain is very steep. There is a wall perhaps 100 feet long and fifteen feet high, with a large level space below. This has all been hewn from the solid rock. Near the top of the wall is an aqueduct that caught the water that ran down the mountain and emptied it into a large cistern at the east end of the wall. Near by is a room containing large tanks that are supposed to have been used for bathing. All this has been chiseled in the rock with immense labor. At

the west end of the wall were the ruins of a large and massive building. Forty years ago Bishop Cobat, of the Church of England, came to Jerusalem and started the first Protestant mission. He bought the ruins and erected thereon a large building for a mission school for boys. Some of the old walls and stairways cut in the rock are in the present building. And one room, some twelve by sixteen, that was entirely hewn from the solid rock by the old Jebusites is now used as a dining hall. The mission is doing a great deal of good. For the small sum of $50 a year they take boys and feed, clothe and educate them. I once heard one of these classes give a review lesson on the Gospel of St. John, which would be a credit to the best classes in America. I must not leave this place without speaking of a little boy from Galilee whom I saw here, who has quite a romantic history. I spoke before of Mr. T. J. Allee, the American, that took so much interest in showing me about Jerusalem. He came here about a year ago, intending to spend his declining years in missionary work. He writes for the papers and hopes to make money to live on in that way, and also for charitable purposes, but is having rather poor success. When Mr. Allee was traveling in Galilee one day he stopped for dinner near Nazareth. A little Arab boy came and stood before him and delivered a speech in a very graceful and becoming manner, making gestures with his hands. The missionary was much struck with the child and asked his dragoman to interpret what he said. The dragoman said he had never heard anything so eloquent and pathetic. The boy was telling that his father was dead and his mother was very poor, and also sick and not able to work to support her children. He spoke of how much he wanted to learn to read and write, and asked Mr. Allee to take him home with him and send him to school. Mr. Allee replied that he could not, as he had no money. The boy, whose name is Khaleel,

ran back home, and soon he and his mother both appeared on the scene. They were poorly, though cleanly dressed, showing she was doing her duty as best she could in the face of her poverty. She told the story of her troubles and of how her boy wanted to go to school, and before Mr. Allee hardly realized what he was doing he had promised to take the boy. He gave the mother a little money to relieve her immediate needs and took Khaleel on his horse and started for Jerusalem. He placed him in Zion school, paying the balance of his money, not knowing where any more was to come from, either for himself or the boy. He has had the boy's photograph taken, clad in his Arab garb, just as he first saw him, and is trying to sell them for the boy's benefit. He also has written a book about Khaleel the Galilean, which he intends to sell with the picture, but has been unable so far to raise money enough to have it printed.

The civilized world owes a great debt to this country, which has produced the grandest men and the finest literature the world has ever seen. And Christians certainly owe a double debt, for it has given us the Bible and the Savior and everything that makes life worth living, either here or hereafter.

It is a mistaken idea of some good Christians that we ought to do all our missionary work at home. Here all have the gospel within easy reach, but many will not come, although the cup of salvation is pressed to their lips, while in some countries they have never heard of Christ and many are waiting to receive him gladly. I have seen people of the South Sea Islands whose countenance showed that they were Christians, while their faces were tattooed and there were holes in the cartilage of their ears as large as a dollar, done before they had found the pearl of great price. I have seen a good many people at Jerusalem whose education, refinement and Christianity would be an

ornament in any country, who have been trained in these mission schools.

If the people of America could realize what a rich harvest their money is reaping, and how much privations their missionaries suffer, they would be very liberal with their money for foreign missions.

But let us leave Khaleel at the old home of the Jebusites and climb back to the top of Zion. We pass over many places that show the marks of the chisel.

There is a level place in the rock that was perhaps used for a threshing floor in the days of Moses, and there is an excavation that has been used for a wine-press, where the shout of the Jebusite used to be heard as he trod out the juice from the grapes.

Much of the summit of Mt. Zion is now used for a burying ground by both Christians and Mohammedans.

The Americans have a small inclosure for that purpose.

In digging graves they frequently find human skeletons which are thrown out with the dirt, and are to be seen lying about everywhere. After David vanquished the Jebusites he built the best part of the city of Jerusalem and Zion. While the city of David was yet standing in all its grandeur the prophet Micah wrote: "For your sakes shall Zion be plowed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps and the mountain of the house as the high place of the forest."

The city has now mostly disappeared from Zion and the mountain is terraced, especially on the south and east, nearly to the top, and where magnificent palaces once stood are now to be seen acres of cauliflower and other vegetables.

Jerusalem is entered by four principal gates. The Joppa gate on the west side, Zion gate on the south, St. Stephen's gate on the east, and Damascus gate on the north. Just at the right as you enter Joppa gate are the ruins of a large building called the Tower of David. The

walls are about forty feet high and contain very large stones, some of which are nineteen feet long and four feet thick. Some suppose this building dates back to the time of David. It was spared by Titus as a memorial of the greatness of the city he had captured. We are now in David street, going east. It is one of the principal streets of the great city, but you will be surprised to find it only about ten feet wide. There is a continual jam of people passing; some of whom carry heavy burdens. As no wagons ever enter the city, everything must be carried on the backs of beasts or men. One fellow has a traveling grocery on his head, from which he sells bread, fruit and various kinds of Arab candy. Another has taken the job of moving one of the aristocratic families to another part of the city, and is trotting along with a large cupboard on his back. Another is moving freight for a hardware store, and is staggering along with an immense load of iron. We read in the Bible "There were giants in those days," and I think some of their blood must be still running in the veins of these Arabs. The street is lined with bazaars, in which you will frequently see a man sitting and offering his goods for sale in a room hardly large enough for him to either lie down or stand up. The customer stands in the street, and the clerk, while sitting, reaches for his goods and hands them out. There is generally a large pile of goods displayed in front, and when the clerk wants to leave his room he takes hold of a rope hanging from above, and giving a leap, jumps clear over his "stock in trade" and lands in the street.

Almost everything under the sun is offered for sale. There are radishes, turnips, beets, egg-plant, tomatoes, pumpkins, cabbage, cauliflower and fruits till you can't rest. The apples and Irish potatoes that are grown here are of a very inferior kind. Some stores have a variety of goods, others have only one kind. One fellow sits be-

side half a dozen pumpkins and will sell them in pieces the size of your hand.

In America they say the big fish eat the little ones, and there is a terrible cry against monopolies and many a poor fellow has about given up all hope of finding relief this side of the New Jerusalem. To all such I would say: Don't hang yourself or spend a long life of melancholy, but come over here to Old Jerusalem, where it is a "free for all fight," and if a man is not able to have a store-room as big as a ten bushel box, he sits down at the side of the street and opens up business on a nail keg. A woman is sitting on the pavement with a basket of olives. She is knitting while waiting for customers. Another has a little wheat tied up in a cloth. Late in the evening a company of women will come and each will buy a few handfuls, and as they prepare their simple meal you will hear the rumbling noise of the mills.

Everything here is eaten that has any nourishment, and can be chewed fine enough to go down a man's throat. There sits a man selling pumpkin seeds that are parched and salted. Another has clabber cheese, made into small cakes. The milk may have been carried across the desert for a hundred miles in an old and musty goat-skin bottle, and the cheese may have been kicked about for six months in a Bedouin's tent, still it is cheese. Although like the darky's axel-grease, it may be a little rancid, yet it has this to recommend it to a man of small means, a little goes a long way. But let us stop in some protected corner and watch this varied and motley throng as they pass. There goes a company of priests, clad in long black gowns. They look like a well-fed, independent set of fellows. There are no less than 500 of these men in Jerusalem, who swarm about the holy places and get their living from the gifts of pilgrims. There are people here from almost every nation under heaven. But those that attract our

attention most are the natives, whose manners, customs and dress are the same as in Bible times. There comes an Arab from the desert. He wears a cotton shirt that reaches to his knees, which is held to his waist by a belt that contains two old flint-lock pistols and a clumsy knife. Hanging loosely on his shoulders is a great coat, with black and white stripes six inches wide, and made almost without seam or stitch. It has no sleeves or collar, and is large enough to button around half a dozen men. There is a gentlemanly Turk who is clad in a woman's dress of the finest goods. It is sewed up at the bottom, leaving two holes through which to put his feet. He wears a common English coat and on his head is a tarbush—a red cap with no brim.

There comes a coarse gunny-sack bottom-side up. From its top are protruding a head and two bare arms and from its bottom the lower half of a pair of legs with bare feet. They belong to a young Bedouin who has been reared in the desert, watching goats, and sleeping on the sand beside the camels. He has heard of the fame of the Great City, and, like the Queen of Sheba, wanted to see the glory thereof with his own eyes. So laying aside his old garb, he has procured a new coffee-sack and cut a hole in the bottom for his head and one in each corner for his arms, and thus attired is making his first debut in society. Like most young men on such occasions, he thinks he must "cut a swell," so he paid a sartoot (one-fourth of a cent) for some cigarettes, and two sartoots for some pumpkin seeds for his dinner, and thinks he is on a genuine Yankee "bust."

Another young man has taken a sheep out of its skin and crawled in himself, and is taking in the city, totally unconscious but that he is clad in the latest Parisian style.

In the same throng goes a great big-bellied Englishman. You wonder why he moves in such a quick and lively gait.

"Doing" the City.

But on a close inspection you will see a tail and two mammoth ears protruding from under his majestic form. Then you conclude he must be doing the city on one of those little asses that once got the better of Balaam in a debate, and you wonder why this one does not speak up and contend for his rights. A caravan of donkeys are passing, loaded with stones, a boy is driving and seems to have perfect control of them. But what is that which almost fills the arch over the street? It is a caravan of half a dozen camels heavily loaded with great sacks and boxes of freight. How on earth are they to pass through this crowded place? A man leads the front one and keeps up a continual cry, warning people to beware. Strangers hug the walls and dodge into the corners for fear of being crushed, but natives, men, women and children go along unconcerned, sometimes walking under the loads, and sometimes dodging under the camels. The careful beasts wend their way among the throng with an intelligence that is almost human—and never hurt anybody. They disappear down the crooked street, and you come from your retreat, glad that you are safe, and thinking that perhaps it is not quite as hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven as you had supposed.

Yonder comes a woman with a baby on her back, a bunch of wool in one hand, and a spinning-wheel in the other, walking the streets and spinning at the same time. She is very industrious and is mingling business with her evening recreations. This must be the kind of a woman that King Lemuel goes into raptures about in the last chapter of Proverbs:

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands lay hold on the distaff. She considereth a field and buyeth it, with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth

among the elders of the land."

What a boon it would be to us men of the United States if we were blessed with such wives, who would attend to the household duties, and buy farms, while we remain in the gates whittling goods boxes and talking politics. We could say with King Lemuel: "Her price is far above rubies. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

The temple ground is a level space 1,000 feet long and 500 feet wide. It is enclosed by a wall that stands perhaps half way down the sides of the mountain, the surface within being made level by filling up the corners. On the south and east sides of the grounds the walls are the same as the city walls, and near the corner is a section that is supposed to have been built by King Solomon. And also, within the walls here, and several feet beneath the surface, are immense rooms, called Solomon's stables, where the great King is supposed to have kept his fast horses. The arches are supported by rows of pillars that are about four feet square and fifteen feet high. In the corners of the pillars are holes where they tied the horses; there are also stone mangers from which they were fed. These stables have only been discovered in recent years.

Near the center of the temple grounds stands the mosque of Omar. It is an eight-square building, each side of which is sixty-seven feet, and is surmounted with a dome one hundred and seventy-five feet high. It is gaudily decorated with mosaic work and windows of stained glass, and next to the great mosques at Mecca and Medina, is the most sacred spot to the Mohammedans. Beneath the great dome is the Sacred Rock, which is about fifty feet across and rises five or six feet above the marble floor of the mosque. To the Jews this is the most sacred spot on earth. They say here is where Abraham offered Isaac, and where Ornan, the Jebusite, had his threshing floor,

which afterwards became the altar of burnt offering of Solomon's temple. The Mohammedans also connect many sacred associations with this place. Their prophet once flew from Mecca to Jerusalem in one night, and standing on this rock gave such a leap that he landed in the celestial spheres. And in the rock is the imprint of his foot, and also the imprint of the angel's hand that held the rock down to keep it from following him. Nobody but a Mohammedan is allowed to enter the temple grounds without a guard, and no Jew is allowed to enter at all. All the consolation they can get from their most sacred place is to stand outside the walls and weep and kiss the stones.

A short distance north of the temple grounds is St. Stephen's gate, the street of which leads by Pilate's Judgment Hall. Part of the walls are hewn from the native rock, and perhaps this is the very place where the Savior stood before his accusers. The man in charge will show you the very stones on which different persons stood, and various scenes happened during the trial, which, of course, are largely manufactured, but still they help to give one a better recollection of the history. Near by is a large pool partly filled with rubbish, which has long been called the pool of Bethesda, but it did not answer the Bible description. Within the last year, just across the street, workmen, while removing the ruins of a building, came to a pool that answers the description exactly. There were five rooms open in front and arched overhead, two of which are still standing, which correspond to the five porches. The pool is in a room or cave beneath and is entered by a narrow and crooked stairway of about thirty steps. As I descended I thought it was no wonder the poor lame man had lain there a long time waiting for a chance to step in just after the waters were troubled, but had always failed. There is water in the pool now, but no particular disturbanee occurs.

From Pilate's Judgment Hall we pass on west, down a narrow street called Via Dolorosa (the sorrowful way), along which they said Jesus carried the cross. Our guide pointed out the places where everything happened mentioned in the Bible, and a good many things that are not mentioned, but might have happened. There is a hole in the wall where Jesus fell with the cross and knocked out a stone. At the intersection of the Damascus street he again fell and was unable to arise, and meeting Simon they compelled him to carry the cross. This is about half way to Calvary, and down hill, but now we start up hill and pass by a house where a woman stepped out and gave Jesus a handkerchief to wipe the blood and sweat from his brow. We are also shown the houses where Dives and Lazarus lived.

Pilate's Judgment Hall is on Mt. Moriah, a short distance west of where the temple stood, and is about half a mile from Calvary, which is on the eastern slope of the upper end of Mt. Zion. The houses and the street along which we have passed cannot be the same as at the time of the crucifixion, for during the siege the houses were mostly destroyed, and others were again built on the ruins, and the street across the valley must be twenty or thirty feet higher than it was then.

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher stands on the supposed site of Calvary, and the tomb in which the body of Jesus was laid. There is pretty clear history to prove it is the genuine place; but it is now inside the walls, and it is hard to see how Jerusalem could contain a population of 1,500,000 and leave this place "without the gates." On entering the church the first thing we see is the Stone of Deposition, on which the body of Jesus was laid to be anointed. There are eight silver lamps kept continually burning over it. Close to the right is the Chapel of Calvary, built over the place where the cross stood. It is

about fifteen feet higher than the main floor of the building, and is reached by two flights of stairs. The Latins, Greeks and half a dozen other sects have chapels connected with the church. Calvary and several other places are common grounds on which they all meet, and so great is their hostility to each other that they frequently have different stairways to get to these places, and then are only kept from fighting and killing each other by a strong guard of Turkish soldiers.

At Calvary everything is covered with marble, and decorations of gold and silver. Nothing of the native rock can be seen, except by looking through a hole in the marble wall you can see where the cross stood, and in another place is a cleft in the rock made by the earthquake.

The Holy Sepulcher is just under the great dome. It is covered with a small, though massive building. We pass between two rows of wax candles seven inches in diameter and six or eight feet high, then stoop and enter a low door. Here is a room about ten feet square; it is where the women stood when they saw the angel. We again stoop and pass through a door not more than three and a half feet high, and enter a room six feet wide by seven long. This is said to be hewn from the native rock, though none of it can be seen, everything being covered with marble. On one side of the room is an elevation of stone about two feet high, which is covered with a marble slab. Beneath this is the vault in which the body of Jesus was laid. Pilgrims have kissed the slab until it is much worn. A priest stands here all the time, to watch the tomb and receive gifts, though you are not asked to give.

The etiquette of the place demands that we should pass out through the low door backwards. Although we see no good reason for it, out of respect to the feelings of others we obey. There are many other chapels and shrines in the church where pilgrims worship. There is the Chapel of

the Cross, where Helen, the mother of Constantine, found the cross of Jesus, together with those of the malefactors. Also the tomb of Joseph and of Nicodemus, and such absurd places as the tomb of Adam. Pilgrims are constantly coming and kneeling before the altars at these places, and kissing the stones. I once followed two men around through all their devotions. One was a well-dressed man and the other was poorly clad. They began at the stone of Deposition, kneeling and kissing it several times; then they did the same in the Holy Sepulcher; at the place where Jesus was scourged they put a stick through a hole in a brass shield on the wall, and touched the native rock, then brought the stick to their forehead. At some places they stayed a good while kissing and crossing themselves with all their might. They seemed to be in a hurry to get through, but as there were fifteen or twenty places to visit it was slow business.

The church swarms with priests, who spend the time in their various chapels saying prayers. You will see dozens of them standing in little niches in different parts of the church. One fellow will chant a stanza in a deep sonorous voice that will echo and re-echo in the great dome, then another man will take up the refrain.

Four or five times a day the Mussulman will climb to the top of the minaret, and with a loud voice and ringing tone call the faithful to prayers; sometimes you will see a man stop in the street, turn his face toward Mecca, then kneel and bow his head to the ground a few times, and go about his business.

There are immense excavations under Jerusalem where one can walk for hours. Here is where Solomon's masons quarried stone for his building. The stones were broken loose by cutting a groove and driving it full of wooden wedges, which were made to expand by wetting them with water.

I was in the Holy Land two months and saw nearly every place where travelers generally go, and only spent about thirty dollars.

There are few places in the world that have a better climate than Palestine. I think it is far ahead of Southern California; while it has all the advantages of the sea breeze, it has no high mountains covered with snow to make the nights uncomfortably cool.

I was soon ready to start for Egypt. A man offered to take me to Joppa for three francs, but late in the evening he told me I must pay five. These hackmen frequently extort money from travelers in that way. They will agree to a certain price, and just at the last moment will raise it and the traveler is obliged to pay it or miss the ship. But as the proverb goes, "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." As I did not intend to be victimized by the roguish Arabs, in the morning a little after midnight I bade farewell to the Holy City and started afoot.

CHAPTER XXV.

FROM JERUSALEM TO CAIRO.

I was up at two o'clock in the morning ready for my final departure from Jerusalem. The American ladies where I was boarding, Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Durgin, were up ahead of me and had prepared a warm breakfast. As they had both been ill I had insisted that this was unnecessary, but they could not see how a man could walk thirty-six miles in one day without a cup of coffee. While I have frequently been ridiculed by men for my idea of trying ing to see the world without money, I have never received anything but encouragement and commendation from women. They seem to have more faith and keener perception of overcoming difficulties than men.

The night was dark, but after I had found the main road I had no fear of losing my way. I soon fell in with a caravan of camels and donkeys and tried to get them to carry my baggage, but failed. My relics that I intended to take home had accumulated so much that when I got them together they must have weighed thirty pounds or more. Such a load will get heavy before it is carried far. We passed many caravans. People travel here almost as much at night as by day.

On the bridge across the brook where David got the smooth stones an Arab lay fast asleep. These people stop whenever they get tired, and can frequently be seen sleeping by the roadside, or even in the street of the city.

At sunrise I was at Kirjeth Jerim, six miles from Jerusalem. My load was getting heavy and I failed to keep up

with the caravan. A man and woman came along driving two donkeys, and I got them to take it. This relieved me for an hour. When I offered him 1¼ cents he shook his head scornfully. I had paid that for riding on a camel an hour as I came to Jerusalem, but this time I had neglected to settle the amount in advance. Then I offered him 2½ cents, which he refused. I threw it on the ground and started. The Arab jumped ahead and caught hold of me, exclaiming "backsheech, howaji!" (a gift, gentleman). I rushed forward and broke loose, the man making no great effort to hold me.

The day wore slowly away and my load still grew heavier, and I would have to rest every half mile. I fell in with a blind man; he was walking with a long staff, with which he felt his way. He had no trouble to go as fast as I could. When I would stop he would stop, too. It is rather up-hill business talking to a man who cannot understand a word you say and who is blind, yet so great is the desire to communicate with one's fellows that we talked a good deal of the time. At three o'clock I was sixteen miles from Joppa, and thought that I would not be able to reach there that night. A hack came along and I asked what they would take to haul me to Joppa.

"Five francs."

"I won't give that, but I will give two."

"Well, four francs and no less."

"I will only give two."

So he laid whip and drove on, but soon stopped and asked if I would pay four francs. I said "No."

Then he whipped up again, but soon came to a halt and waited for me to come up, and landed me in Joppa in good shape for two francs.

Next morning I found my Arab friend, Theodore, who spent the day showing me about Joppa and in seeing me safely aboard the ship, which sailed at four o'clock. The

price of a ticket to Port Said was six francs, but Theodore advised me to go aboard and pay the captain and get through for four francs. The same men took me aboard who brought me ashore when I first came here. I was well acquainted with them now and had no trouble about backsheech. As I bade farewell to my Arab friends, with their best wishes for my safe journey, they waved their handkerchiefs as a parting salute, and I thought how different this is from the tales of cut-throats and robbers that I had heard would dog my every step in the Holy Land.

The sun sank beneath the waves of the Great Sea, and the mountains of Judea disappeared in the dim shadows of the evening. As I lay down on the deck, I thought can it be possible that the fancies of my childhood have been realized and I have seen Jerusalem and the Holy Land, or is it only a dream.

I intended to go to Port Said, and then up the canal to Ismaila, and then by rail across the land of Goshen to Cairo. But when we landed in the morning the boat had just left for Ismaila. So I thought if I could drive another good bargain with the captain, I would go on to Alexandria. I had some trouble, but when he saw I was going ashore he agreed to take me for 6½ francs, which was one-half fare.

The deck was crowded with people, but none could speak English. At night they seemed to pile about in one chaotic mass of men, women and children. I had hard work to find a place. I slept with a priestly-looking Mohammedan on one side and a Syrian on the other, who wore loose pants made of a white woolen blanket. Next morning we anchored in the harbor of Alexandria, half a mile from shore. A swarm of Arabs were coming in their boats, whooping, yelling and making warlike demonstrations. They all made for the end of the ladder, and ran into each other's boats. Sometimes they came to-

gether in the attitude of fighting, but always drew off before there was any blood spilt. Some of the passengers were much excited and were hustled and pulled about at a lively rate. One fellow got jammed in the crowd with his valise on one side and himself on the other, while he was trying to keep up communication by his arm, which seemed to be stretched to about twice its original length. Somebody pulled him loose and got him into the boat, and I expect he was willing to pay a big price to get ashore. I do not know why the ship companies suffer their passengers to be used in this way, but it is on a par with most regulations of the Turkish government. I had run the gauntlet often enough to be cool on such occasions and I enjoyed the fun. I had picked my man before they boarded the ship, and he hastened to get to me. I said, "How much to take me ashore?"

"One franc."

"I won't give it."

"How much you give?"

"Three pence."

"No, sah, all the gemmens pays a franc."

Another fellow said he would take me for a threepence. This brought my man to terms and he agreed to take me ashore, and no backscheech. They tried hard to make me pay before we landed, but failed. They argued that business was so pressing that they did not want to have to wait to receive pay, but I could not understand that, as I was the only passenger.

When ashore I tendered my boatman a threepence. He refused to take it and said I owed him a franc.

"But you agreed to take me ashore for a threepence."

"I told you a franc first, that's what all the gemmens pay, and if you don't pay me I'll call the police."

"I'll only pay you what I agreed to."

Then I handed him the threepence, which he refused

again, so I put it in my pocket and started. A crowd of men followed me up and soon had me surrounded again. They all put in a word for the boatman.

"Oh, gib him sunthin', gib him sunthin'," said a good-natured looking fellow, "he's a poor man and has a wife and four children."

"So am I a poor man and have a wife and six children."

"Just gib him half a franc, then I'll get you through the custom house and show you about town cheap."

Then I gave him the half franc and started through the custom house with half a dozen fellows showing the way, although I was not twenty steps from the door. I sat down to wait my turn, while the men all kept at me for a job as guide; I became somewhat desperate, and with a

Going Through My Luggage.

loud voice proclaimed that every one who opened his mouth from that time on would never get a job of me. This produced silence. Then an officer came and drove them all out. But I could still see the good-natured fellow standing without eying me through a crack. The officers went through my luggage and found nothing dutiable, but they claimed there was something wrong with my passport, so they sent me in charge of a guard to the American Consul. He wanted to know, if I was an American, why

I had no passport from my government. I told my story, but he still insisted on better proof; I said, "Can't you tell a man by his looks?" "Not always, especially when he says he is one thing and looks like another." Then I showed him some letters from home and one from Dr. Finch, and also a photograph of myself and family. When he saw that he said, "That settles it, you're a Mormon, but you had better throw away that tarbush and wear a white man's hat. That is what caused you so much trouble; those officers don't understand why an Arab should claim to be an American;" so he signed the papers the officers sent. He wanted to know how I happened to be traveling in this way. I told him that of late everybody in America seemed to have a kind of craze for traveling, and there was a class of people who thought unless a man had been to Europe he belonged to the lower class of humanity. I had concluded to raise the standard a little, and had set out with neither money nor friends, and had already traveled far enough to have gone around the world and now was going to finish up with a little tour of Europe.

The Consul invited me to stop and drink coffee with him, but I excused myself on the grounds that I must take the train for Cairo that evening.

I still had one more battle to fight before I was free. The guard that the officers sent with me said I should pay him two and a half francs. I told him that was too much and that I would not pay it. After a long parley he said if I would give him two francs I might go. I handed him a franc and told him that was all he would get from me. He took it, but said I should pay him another franc. When I started he caught hold of my valise, but I turned about and struck at his hand with my cane. He was careful to let go in time to save his knuckles, and I passed on down the street and was soon out of sight. I supposed that I would be seasick after a two months' stay on land,

and had not prepared anything to eat, so had taken nothing but a little dry bread for two days. I dropped into an Italian restaurant and broke my fast with an eighteen-cent meal of mutton stew and rice pudding. Then I hurried on through the city to the depot. I had to inquire a dozen times of people who could speak no English, but somehow by signs and motions I made them understand. At the depot I again met the good-natured fellow I had last seen eying me through the crack at the custom house. He was very solicitous for a job of helping me off to Cairo and showing me about Alexandria when I returned; he also offered to show me where I could leave my baggage without its costing me anything. My new friend's name was Ibraham Ahley. I had to wait two hours for the train, and Ibraham improved the opportunity in giving me a very good lecture on the trouble I would have in trying to see anything in Egypt without a guide and interpreter. He said the travelers had not commenced to come much yet, and he had nothing to do and would be glad to help me even if I did not see proper to pay him anything. At first I had no notion of employing him, but he was so good-natured and so much in earnest that I began to give in, and gave him some money to get my ticket. I would have paid $2 for a ticket one way to Cairo, but Ibraham bought a round trip ticket for $3.05, thus saving me 95 cents. Then he gave me the name of his brother in Cairo whom he thought I would find at the depot and who would show me a place to stay all night. The train left Alexandria at three o'clock and was to arrive at Cairo at nine o'clock at night, hence the outlook was a little gloomy to be cast adrift in such a city at such a time.

The train pulled out from Alexandria and we were soon gliding over the wonderful valley of the Nile. As far as I could see was a level plain, thickly dotted with the villages of the peasants, and great groves of tall palm trees,

with their enormous bunches of dates hanging from beneath the tuft of leaves at the top. Everywhere the country is cultivated as a garden. There is a great amount of cabbage, tomatoes and egg plants growing. I saw some Indian corn but it did not come up to Iowa corn. The water had been off of the land about six weeks, and the people were very busy plowing and sowing. They use the same kind of wooden plows that I saw in Palestine, but the cattle are much larger. The people live in huts made of straw and mud, and have the appearance of greater poverty than any I have ever seen. In many places women and children were working cow manure into cakes and drying it in the sun, to sell in the cities for fuel. At every station a swarm of people would come about the train to sell refreshments to the travelers. They do not come into the cars, but the trading is done throught the windows. A man will have a basket of bread and cakes, a woman a basket of roasted quails or chickens, and a little girl a jug of water. It is passed among the passengers, and everyone drinks from the mouth, for which he pays ¼ of a cent. It was late at night and very dark when I got to Cairo. I failed to find Ibraham's brother, but a railroad man said he would show me a place where I could stay all night for threepence. I had been directed to go to the American mission, but as it was a long way off I had no hope of finding it that night. I was shown into a cafe, where they sell coffee and furnish Arabs a plank to sleep on. I had pulled off my shoes to retire when I happened to think that perhaps I had better settle my bill so as to have no misunderstanding in the morning. I handed the man threepence. He refused to take it and said six pence. I shook my head and began to put on my shoes. I expected the fellow would give in, at least when I should start away. But no, the rascal coolly watched me off and not a penny would he jew. And there I was cast adrift in a great city,

among a strange people, not one of whom could speak my tongue. Ibraham had told me the American mission was on the street running north from the depot. Luckily the stars shone a little, so I took the direction and started. I had not gone far before I saw I was wrong, for I was getting out of town. There was a negro and an Arab sitting by a fire beside the road. I stopped and warmed myself and had a friendly chat; they talked in their language and I in mine. I went back and took another start, and soon saw that I was right and went a long way, and tried to talk to many people. Finally a man seemed to know that I spoke English and kindly conducted me to a man with whom I could talk. I was only a little way from the mission and found it without further trouble.

The people were all in bed except the doorkeeper, but he took me in and prepared me a bed in the hall. By midnight I was sound asleep, under the wings of the old eagle, a shelter even for a tramp in a foreign land. My new friend's name is Khaleel. He is a young Arab of about twenty summers and is getting twenty cents a day and boards himself; yet on this amount he manages to support himself and little brother, who is going to school. In the morning Khaleel sent his brother to buy something for breakfast. I ordered five or six cents' worth of bread and cheese, which together with some coffee and olives they furnished, was an abundance. At Khaleel's request I asked a blessing, and then, I assure you, we ate our breakfast with as much relish as Vanderbilt did.

While at Jerusalem I became acquainted with an English lady from London. She gave me a letter to carry to a friend at the mission at Cairo. I sent it to her by Khaleel, who returned with an invitation for me to come up to her room. Khaleel showed me up, and I was met at the door by a good-looking and well-dressed woman, but who was as black as a crow. Supposing she was the ser-

vant I took little notice of her, but looked about to see the white woman whom I expected to meet. Imagine my discomfiture when I found that this negress was the friend of the English lady. She politely asked me to be seated, and inquired about her Jerusalem friend, and spoke of her warm attachment to her. I imagine she had written something about me in the letter, for she seemed somewhat interested in my rambles. She was a teacher in the school, and the bell soon rang and called her to her class. I mention this little episode to show you what great good the missionaries are doing. This is a young woman who was born on the Upper Nile, in the darkened land of Nubia, who fell into the hands of the missionaries when a little girl, and under the influence of education and Christianity is now the equal of her English friend, and had it not been for her color I would not have known but that I was in the presence of one of the best ladies of London.

The mission is controlled by the Presbyterian church, and is managed by a Mr. Watts, of Wisconsin. He was very obliging in giving directions and explaining to me the many places of interest that I ought to see, but did not see how I could find the places without a guide. I think he had not heard of the Quaker idea of going as the way opens.

The greatest thing to visit in Cairo is the Gezeeh Museum, which contains most of the movable relics of Egypt. I shall not take time to give you much of the history of the things I saw, but will give the names of a few, and you can go to the books for the history:

There is a life-size statue of King Nefer and wife, supposed to be the oldest in existence. Then there is the statue of Ptah, one of the gods of the Egyptians; a large statue of Cephren, the builder of the great pyramid; the statue of Tih, who was a very ancient and powerful priest, of whom I shall speak hereafter; also hundreds of statues

of the ancient kings of Egypt. They are mostly hewn from granite, but a few are made of wood. There are also small statues of the common people at their various occupations: women making dough, scrubbing the floor, at the washtub, but the wash-board was lacking. There are childrens' toys, such as balls, hoops, dolls, little dishes and pots, and almost everything we now see. Many of these relics have been hidden away in the tombs for 4,000 years, and represent Egyptian life in that early day. There is jewelry of gold and silver that was worn by the ancient kings. I saw the shoulder plate of Rameses II., the Pharaoh that Joseph and Jacob stood before. Very likely he wore it when Joseph was called from the prison to interpret his strange dream.

It is wonderful to look upon objects that were handled and worn by these ancient worthies, but more wonderful still to see the men themselves.

I entered the museum along with an Englishman and his wife and daughter. It is wonderful how easy it is to get acquainted at such places. All the descriptions of the curios in the museum are in French, and the ladies who had a little smattering of that language were very obliging in translating for me, otherwise I would have had a dry time of it. The old man did not seem to care a straw for the sights, but kept hurrying us up, and would rather get off into some corner and smoke a cigar than look at the wonders of Egypt. But when I told him we had better call on Pharaoh or the old king might feel slighted, it seemed to awaken a little interest, and he said he did not know the old monarch still made his home in Egypt. So we hastened into the mummy room. There are twenty or thirty of the ancient kings and queens of Egypt that have been smoked and dried, or pickled in some way and handed down to us. There is Rameses the I., II. and III.; Tothmes II. and III.; Binatah II.; Queen Ramaka and her

infant child, and many others of equal note.

These bodies were first embalmed, then wrapped in perhaps a hundred layers of linen cloth, then they were put into a coffin of wood or stone, and this again put into a sarcophagus hewn from a solid block of granite. There are fifteen or twenty of these sarcophagi in the museum. These are mostly about ten feet long, seven wide and the same in height, the lid being about eighteen inches thick. They are polished inside and out as slick as glass, and covered with hieroglyphics cut in the stone, giving the name and history of the king.

The coffins also have the same hieroglyphics, those on the wooden ones being painted, which, in most cases, are as bright as the day they were made. After the mummies were sealed up in the sarcophagi they were removed to the desert on the west bank of the Nile, and placed in chambers hewn from the native rock, which also were sealed up, and left for the sand to blow in and cancel all traces of the hiding place of the kings.

There is a very ancient painting in the museum of a man with the head of a fox, who is leaning over a dead body in the act of embalming it. This is the god of the embalmers. Those old Egyptians wanted the god that was to protect them after death to have the wisdom of a man and the cunning of a fox—and from the appearance of things their god did his best; but he failed to elude the searching eyes of a people that came from a far country.

Some of the mummies are very much dried up, others are well preserved, and the features are quite full, some have hair on their heads and full sets of teeth and finger and toe nails. There is one of the fourth dynasty that lived long before the days of Abraham. But I expect you are anxious to be introduced to Rameses II. I found by measuring that he is five feet and nine inches long and when alive must have stood six feet high; he is quite thin

and has the appearance of having died at a great age, or of a lingering sickness, while the faces of his father and son are quite full and plump. He is lying on his back, with his hands folded across his breast, the right one being slightly raised. I felt like taking him by the hand and asking him the same question he once asked the patriarch Jacob, "How old art thou?" but I was prevented by the glass case. The Egyptians did not confine their mummy making to men, but salted down large quantities of cats, crocodiles, sacred ibis and other animals. In the museum many of them are still sealed up in the urns in which they were first put. It is perfect'y bewildering to find one's self in the midst of such a labyrinth of wonders, and I will not longer worry your patience in trying to describe them. A man to visit Palestine or Egypt should be as wise as Solomon or else know nothing at all.

Mr. Allee told me of a wealthy gentleman from Minneapolis whom he met in Europe, and they came on together. In the morning the gentleman asked what was the program for the day. Mr. Allee said he thought they ought to see the pyramids first. "The pyramids," replied the man, "what are they?" Mr. Allee thought at first the man was joking, but found that the traveler had actually never heard of the pyramids. He had been a poor man, but had suddenly acquired great wealth by a lucky venture on corner lots, and was now seeking what new avenues of pleasure money would bring. What a favored man this was, who could enjoy the luxury of this sunny clime, and sleep soundly beneath the shade of the great Cheops without having his brain racked with the puzzling questions of who built the pyramids and the other mighty monuments that are scattered all over Egypt.

Among the wonders of Egypt is a little animal that, according to best authority, originated in the days of Moses, and has become more or less noted all over the world. I

don't suppose one person in ten in Iowa has ever seen one, but occasionally an old soldier claims to have had a little experience in that line.

When I first started on my journey I had a great dread that I might meet some of these creatures, and spent many sleepless nights imagining they had come, but had traveled twenty thousand miles, and been in all kinds of places that a tramp ever finds before I came in contact with them. I now see what a fool I was to be worried by imagination, the reality of the thing is too plain to admit of any doubt. Like the Quaker's religion, when you've got it you know it. Now, a little word of advice to any poor tramp that may happen to come this way: don't suppose you can travel through Egypt on a third-class ticket without sharing my fate. But if you do, and find it out, and the probabilities are that you will, don't give up in despair, your case is not hopeless. As you will not be in a fit state of mind to approach the throne yourself, you had better pray after the Pharaoh fashion: "Entreat the Lord for me that the lice may depart out of my coasts," then go and take a Turkish bath and a change of clothes and expect an answer; remembering always that faith without works is dead.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SIGHTS IN THE CITY OF CAIRO.

Leaving the museum, I went to the citadel. It is an immense fortress standing on a high bluff overlooking the city. From here everything in and about Cairo can be seen. It is a city of about 300,000 inhabitants, divided into the old and new parts, the former built after the Oriental style and the later after the modern, and contains very fine buildings and well arranged streets. I was struck with the great public improvements of Cairo. There is an immense iron bridge spanning the Nile, guarded by a mammoth bronze lion at each corner. There are great parks and driveways, some of which extend a good way into the country; one going to the pyramids of Gizeh, nine miles away. They are graded up above high water, and macadamized and planted with trees on either side. Egypt is said to have begun her career of prosperity under the Khedive, Ismael Pasha. He did these great works, and also built several costly palaces for himself and sons. But his extravagance ran his country into debt to England so badly that she sent her armies in the late war with Egypt and took possession of the country, and now keeps her soldiers in all the great cities of Egypt, three thousand being in the citadel at Cairo. Thus the so-called liberality of the great Khedive brought ruin upon himself and people, for his palaces are now standing empty and his people are groaning under the excessive taxation. No countryman can now come into the city with anything to sell without first paying a high duty.

Passing the street through the citadel I stopped and talked with two English soldiers who were guarding the gate at the further side. They were very willing to talk, and treated me with respect that I would not look for from my own countrymen on a like occasion. But how different it was when a poor Arab boy came along with a basket on his arm. As he started through the gate one of them made for him. The boy turned and started to run, but was too late to escape a kick that raised him off of the ground and sent him headlong down the hill. A young woman came along, but halted when she saw the soldiers, and refused to pass through, although they invited her. No doubt she was afraid she might share the fate of the boy.

I have before spoken of the cruelty of Englishmen. Having been in several heathen countries and observed their dealings with the natives, I have never seen anything but the most unwarranted cruelty toward these poor people. I am now speaking of the sailors and soldiers by whom England rules and collects tribute from such a large part of the heathen world. Perhaps Americans under like circumstances would be no better; it seems to be a trait in the Anglo-Saxon character to kick a man after he is down.

The sun had sunk behind the Great Desert before I left the citadel, and I soon found myself lost in the crooked and narrow streets of old Cairo. I sallied forth several times and walked until I was completely bewildered, and could only find my way out by going back toward the tall towers of the citadel. Finally a native seemed to understand my condition and volunteered to conduct me to a man who could talk English. He directed me to a mission, and told me to follow a company of travelers who happened to be passing. Although they rode donkeys and went in a swift trot, I proved equal to the emergency

and came out all right.

At the mission I met Khaleel and half a dozen other young men. They were all Arabs and students of the theological department of the mission school and were preparing themselves for the ministry. They gathered around me, and with Khaleel as interpreter, began to ask questions about America which seemed to indicate a good degree of intelligence and information. From this they branched off into questions of a religious nature. I have always noticed that converts from heathendom do not have that reserve that we generally see in America, but they talk about their religion with as much freedom as they talk of anything else. I must confess my theology was pretty rusty, and I was in a poor condition to be examined by a new-fashioned school of the prophets, and when they asked me what is the office of the Holy Ghost in the conversion of a soul, I began to feel a little shaky, for I did not want to be put to shame by these dusky sons of the desert. So I scratched about in the cobwebs of my memory awhile for thoughts, which, together with my little experience, I ventured to offer as my hope within. The boys consulted together, while I anxiously awaited my fate. Finally I received their decision that they thought I would pass, which, though not very flattering, afforded me great relief. The boys all left except one, who wanted to become further acquainted with me. He said he had learned from Khaleel that I was intending to visit all the noted places about Cairo without a guide, and that I intended to visit Memphis and the pyramids of Sakkara and Gizeh to-morrow. He wanted to know how on earth I intended to make such a journey and find all the places alone when I could not talk with the natives to inquire the way. It was three miles to the depot and I would have to be there by sun up. Then I could ride on the train for fifteen miles to the station opposite the ruins of Memphis,

but I might have trouble to find them. It was four miles further to the Sakhara pyramids, and somewhere near by was the great Serapeum and the tomb of Tih that I must see. Then I would have to tramp across the desert back eight miles to the pyramids of Gizeh, and of course would want to climb Cheops and see the great Sphinx, and from there it was nine miles to Cairo.

This would make about twenty-five miles I would have to walk, besides spending some time in viewing the sights and perhaps get lost.

I told him that it did look like rather a difficult job, but that I was old business on the walk, and that when I wanted to see anything I just struck out in the direction I thought it was, and had never yet failed to get there.

Then he told me that he had been guide a good deal, but had never yet been to Memphis and Sakkara, and that if I was willing he would go with me. He also said that he would be pleased to show me about the rest of the time I remained in Cairo, and it would not cost me a cent, as he wanted to brighten up a little to be ready when the traveling season commenced. Of course I was overjoyed that such a good way had opened for me to make this most difficult journey in Egypt, and I told my new friend that I gladly accepted of his company, and would pay all the expenses of his trip. Now, as this man is to figure largely in all my excursions about Cairo, I will give you a little introduction to him. His name is Ahbeebe Ibraham; he was born of Mohammedan parents several hundred miles up the Nile. When fifteen years old he fell into the hands of the missionaries and became converted. On account of this he was driven from home and has not seen his parents for ten years, and thinks it doubtful if he ever does again, for if he should go home they would kill him because of his religion. He is well informed, especially in the history of his own country, and a perfect Christian

gentleman. I was very fortunate in having as good a dragoman as the richest traveler in Egypt can hire. Next morning Ahbeebe was on hand before daylight and called me out. I had slept soundly, having cast all the responsibility of the day's journey on him. We went over the Nile on the great bridge and through some beautiful parks, passing by one of the empty palaces of Ismael Pasha. I paid 35 cents for tickets and we boarded the train and enjoyed an hour's ride through wheat fields and great forests of palm trees. At the station we were met by a host of boys with their donkeys ready to take a man any place in the universe for 50 cents. Cairo is full of these donkey boys. They swarm about every corner and public place, and are ready to accommodate the traveler with a "heap good donkey; he goes fast and no stumble, and will take you to Sakkara or Gizeh quick." We shoved the boys aside and started for Memphis afoot. I afterward repented for this, for it caused me to miss climbing Cheops.

Memphis was founded by Menes, the first monarch of Egypt, supposed to have lived about 2,717 years before Christ. It was once the proudest city of the world, containing many costly palaces and temples, among which were the temples of Ptah, Isis and Apis, where they kept the sacred bulls.

All these grand buildings have disappeared and nothing now remains but great mounds of earth and walls of houses that were built of sun-dried brick. Some people have doubted history, and even the Bible, because many of the great cities spoken of have so completely disappeared. But I think the reason for this is very plain. After the great temples and buildings had tumbled into ruins, a race of more indolent and degenerate people would appear on the scene, and being too lazy to remove the great stones, would build their houses on them of mud and straw, adobe brick and other perishable material. These would tumble

down and be replaced with others until in many places, as here at Memphis, the mounds over the ruins of the first city are twenty or thirty feet high. I saw a few places where excavations had been made and large and finely hewn stones had been brought up.

One can walk for miles among these ruins.

Although the desolation at Memphis is so complete as to almost make us doubt that there ever had been a great city here, there still remain two colossal statues that are a sure index to its former greatness. One is the statue of Rameses II., which formerly laid face downward in a mud-hole, but has lately been raised and now lies on its back on some blocks.

It is of solid granite, about ten feet across the shoulders and thirty feet in length, the feet being broken off. In his right hand is a scroll, bearing at one end his name; at his feet stands a little girl, supposed to be his daughter. The face bears an expression of mildness and good nature, and represents our idea of the Pharaoh who treated Joseph and his father's household so well. Near by is a broken statue of a woman, lying across the path for the donkeys to stumble over. Ahbeebe asked a woman who was passing who that was; she said it was the wife of Rameses II. These great people don't receive the homage they once did. The statue of Rameses I. is a little larger than that of his son. It is inclosed by a stone wall, and we learned we could not see it and the Serapeum without first paying 25 cents for a ticket at the railway station; so while Ahbeebe runs back after one, let us climb the statue of the great Pharaoh, and see if we can catch an inspiration from the memories of the scenes that have transpired here. Close by on the south is a mound marking the site of the great temple of Ptah.

Just to the north is a pond that used to be an artificial lake, surrounded with beautiful parks and gardens.

There were also many other costly temples and palaces. These two great statues were about forty-five feet high, and stood between the lake and the temple of Ptah. The sacred bull, Apis, was kept at Memphis and received divine honors. When he died he was embalmed and buried in the Serapeum, and the country was searched for his successor, which must be black with a white spot in its face. Scattered along the edge of the desert, on the west bank of the Nile, many of the great pyramids can be seen; they are the tombs of the great monarchs who used to live and reign here; they stand as great silent sentinels, guarding the abodes of the dead, for at their feet lie the dust of millions of the people who used to move about here. Between here and the desert was the beautiful Acherusian lake, across which every one at death had to be taken before they could enter the Elysian fields which were prepared alone for the good.

The mummified body of the deceased was brought down to the lake and placed in the presence of forty-two judges; if the person had lived honorably and virtuously, had paid his debts, and wronged no one, he was allowed a passage over the lake. But if anybody brought an accusation, and the friends and relatives of the departed could not refute it, he was sent back until they gave a sufficient ransom by money and penance.

Memphis is called Noph in the Bible. The prophet wrote of it as follows: "Thus saith the Lord God, I will destroy their idols, and cause their images to cease out of Noph; and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt."

The idols are gone, and for 2,000 years Egypt has not had a native ruler.

But Ahbeebe has returned, and it is noon, and we have seen very little of what we had planned for the day. We walked across the valley on a levee four miles, and came

to the edge of the desert. Here we ascended a steep hill and came to the noted Step Pyramid, one of the Sakkara group. Although it is a little more than half as big as the great Cheops, it is noted as differing from all other pyramids in several respects. It is the only one that does not face the cardinal points. It rises to the height of about 300 feet by six great steps or terraces, and is supposed to be the oldest pyramid in existence. The Sakkara pyramids are eleven in number. They are all, as far as I saw, built of the native limestone rock, and are more or less fallen into ruins.

We are now in about the center of the great necropolis of Egypt, the largest grave yard in the world. It extends many miles along the edge of the desert. The bluff here, overlooking the valley of the Nile, is of limestone rock, and it has been honeycombed with tombs, often to a great depth. I saw some places where they had sunk a shaft to the depth of fifty feet or more, and drifted off in all directions for tombs. These places had been lately cleared of sand in search of mummies, and will soon fill again from the continual drifting. The natives make a business of digging out the mummies and grinding them into bone-dust and sending it to Europe for fertilizing. The mummy cloth they send to England to be made into paper. We walked over hundreds of acres that had been dug over, much of it lately. They generally have to go down into the sand ten or fifteen feet, and sometimes much more, before coming to the rock. The sand is full of small bits of human bones and cloth that was not worth saving. We saw one place where there had been fresh digging. So much refuse cloth had been thrown away that I could have taken a pitch-fork and soon raked up a wagonbed full of it. I picked up a human skull and intended to bring it home, but forgot and left it at the great pyramid. From the amount of cloth we saw they must have taken out hun-

dreds of mummies. Some writers claim that there have been at least 25,000,000 people buried here, and from what I saw I am prepared to accept any number they might mention. No doubt some of these mummies are as old as Moses, and perhaps much older. They would keep forever in this dry climate.

Our guide-book said the Serapeum was a mile northwest of the Step Pyramid, but as we could see no trail, and nothing but a waste of drifting sand, we lost faith in the book before we went far enough. Although we were wasting precious time, we retraced our steps back into the valley, and hired a boy for guide, for which we paid him 2½ cents.

The Serapeum, or bull pits, consists of tunnels cut in the rock, the aggregate length of which is 1,200 feet. They are about sixteen feet high and the same in width. On either side are large chambers, the floors of which are three or four feet lower than that of the tunnel. In each of these rooms is a sarcophagus, made from a solid block of granite. There are twenty-four of these huge coffins. They vary a little in size, but average about 13 feet long by 11 feet high and 7½ wide, the largest being 15 feet long and 12 feet high. The lids are about three feet thick and have an offset to fit down into the coffin. They have all been raised and slipped to one side. They are polished inside and out as smooth as granite ever is, and some of them are covered with hieroglyphics. I saw one that was not finished, showing that they were placed here in the rough.

Some men a few years ago tried to remove one of them, but failed, and the great wonder is, how those old Egyptians ever brought them from six hundred miles up the Nile and then across the desert.

Here is where the sacred bulls were buried with all the pomp that wealth would buy. Pliny says that "one funeral sometimes cost 30 talents of gold." These bull

pits were covered with sand and hid away for 2,000 years, and were accidentally discovered by a Frenchman in 1860. He saw the head of the Sphinx sticking through the sand, and remembered a passage in Strabo that speaks of two rows of Sphinx standing before Serapeum. He procured help and went to removing the sand. It was a big job, for the sand kept blowing in, but he finally succeeded in opening a trench 600 feet long and several feet deep. They found the foundation of a temple, and 150 Sphinxes, and also the mouth of the pit. The Sphinxes and temple are all now covered with sand again, but the mouth of the pit is kept open with great labor. A short distance northeast of the Serapeum is the tomb of Tih. It consists of two rooms cut in the rock, the walls of which are covered with little statues cut in the stone and raised just enough to make them plain. Tih was a very ancient and powerful priest, who lived perhaps 4,000 years ago. I had always supposed the picture writing of that early age was very hard to read, but any school boy could learn more about the history of Tih in an hour from these statues than he could learn from books in a day. There are some paintings and some of the statues are painted. They show all phases of the life of the priest. His guards are standing at the gate; his priests are slaying oxen and offering sacrifice. There are long retinues of servants bringing him baskets of fruits and vegetables. Some were bringing live chickens and geese; one fellow had a goose that was struggling hard to get away.

We learn that Tih was a polygamist, for he had several wives, and that he took great delight in agriculture, for every phase of farm life is to be seen. His men are plowing and sowing. They use the straight yoke and wooden plow just as they do here to-day. Men are cutting wheat with a hook, and carrying it to the threshing floor on the backs of donkeys, and blowing the chaff out with the wind,

the same as they do in all these eastern countries now, showing that they have made no progress in farming here for 4,000 years. Although Tih wanted his home, after death, to be cut in the rock of the everlasting hills, he was content to dwell, while living, in habitations made of wood, for his carpenters were at work building houses, and also boats in which to navigate the Nile. The principal tools seemed to be the chisel and mallet, adze and hand-saw, such as we see now; the saw was better than the one I used at Joppa.

At one place Tih is sailing on the Nile. Some herdsmen are trying to make cattle ford the river in front of the boat. The water is painted blue, and contains many fish, and also a crocodile and hippopotamus, which are fighting. We had wasted so much time that we only had a few minutes to spend in this interesting place. It was three o'clock and we had yet to walk eight miles to the pyramids of Gizeh, and climb Cheops, then nine miles further to Cairo.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS.

We will have to make haste or we cannot reach the Gizeh pyramids before dark, but are constrained to linger a little to catch an inspiration from our wonderful surroundings. Looking to the north are the great pyramids Cheops and Cephrenes, the two largest of the Gizeh group, and half way from these are three others of smaller size. The great Step pyramid is near by and five or six miles further are two others of mammoth size, almost as large as Cheops. The Sahara desert stretches out to the west of us for 3,000 miles, the sand of which is continually drifting, and lies about in great heaps; resembling the waves of the ocean. We are on the bluffs overlooking the west side of the valley of the Nile, while fifteen or twenty miles away are hills on the east side as sandy and barren as where we stand. Between here and there lies the finest and most fruitful piece of land in the world, which, were it not for a phenomenon of nature that the ancients supposed to be a miracle, would be as barren as the surrounding desert. Thirty-three hundred miles away in the Mountains of the Moon, and under the equator, a river is born. For eighteen hundred miles it is fed by copious rains and great affluents, until in places it is two miles wide. Then it sallies forth into the desert, and for fifteen hundred miles, battles single handed and alone, with the scorching sun and burning sands. The drain on its resources is enormous, but it is equal to the task, and reaches the sea with a volume of water half a mile wide. The spring rains in the

tropics send down great volumes of water, and at Cairo the river begins to rise in June, and by the last of September has attained its maximum. Then the whole valley is covered with water, except the levees and villages which are protected by dykes. This overflow has come regularly from the earliest history, and given life and fertility to what would otherwise be a barren waste. No wonder the superstitious Egyptians fell down and worshipped a phenomenon they did not understand, and which gave them all their blessings. No doubt Mizraim (Menes) when he journeyed from the East, stopping in this fertile country, supposed he had found a land that would be a blessing to his people forever. But what a mistake he made! Egypt from the days that Israel was compelled to make bricks without straw, and perhaps long before, has been a by-word, meaning poverty and oppression, and the people who gather her bountiful harvests to-day are perhaps the poorest of any in the world who cultivate the soil. What a sermon that is against despotism? But let us bid farewell to Memphis and her wonders, and take a parting look at the tombs and bones of the millions of her people that lie beneath our feet, and hasten on for a climb up Cheops.

We ran over the sand for about half a mile and down to the green of the valley. There we had good footing and walked like a couple of prize winners. I had intended to show Ahbeebe that it was no use for an Arab to try to walk with an American, but lost a good deal of my conceit in the next two hours. The spare built boy seemed to be made of nothing but sinews and buckskin. Just a little way ahead of us stood the great Cheops, and I was rejoiced at the thought of soon surveying Egypt from his lofty heights. But the clear air of the desert is deceiving, and it was sundown before we had reached the place where we would have to climb the hills and take to the desert again, but still the pyramids looked to be almost as far

away as at first. We climbed the first heights and now in the dim twilight it looked to be much nearer. We hurried ahead, hoping to get there before it was too dark to go up. Soon we had to descend into a valley and climb up another great wave of sand, but the apex of Cheops was

The Pyramids had moved on a little further.

to be seen just at the top, and by tramping sand and slipping back and almost crawling we soon reached the top, only to be disappointed, for the pyramid had moved on a little farther. Down into another valley and up another

rise, and still like the rainbow our prize was gone, and could only be dimly seen in the increased darkness. I told Ahbeebe I thought it was a spirit, or some other kind of a Yankee humbug we were after. He said he knew better, for he had been there and had been on it. I replied that if he did not bring me there pretty soon I should conclude there was nothing real about Cheops or him either. After several more will-o'-the-wisp antics we stood before a great dark object that seemed to obscure most of the horizon and half the heavens. Then Ahbeebe said, "There is the pyramid." After I had felt of and kicked it he wanted to know if I still thought it was a spirit. I replied that it might have been, but had materialized for my benefit. I had looked at Cheops many times from a distance and it was always disappointing; the immense mass that people tell about seemed to be lacking. But after I had walked along the east side and gazed up in the darkness at its towering height, my imagination seemed to leap into extremes the other way, and I thought it must be next to the world in size. Half a mile north of the pyramids is a hotel kept by an Englishman, and also some more shanties where the Sheik and attendants live who keep the pyramids. The Sheik said it was too dark and the wind was blowing too hard to attempt to go up, and unless we could stay till morning we must be satisfied with going in the pyramid and what we could see from the ground. It was unsatisfactory business examining one of the seven wonders of the world by candlelight, but we had our plans laid for next day and that was as long as I could stay and catch the ship at Alexandria. So the Sheik and two of his men went back with me while Ahbeebe remained behind to rest. We climbed up about fifty feet on the north side and found a tunnel so low that we had to stoop to enter. With one of the guides holding my hand in front and the other behind, we began a descent down

an incline of 27 degrees. There are notches cut in the floor to prevent one from slipping, but they are so nearly worn out that it is hard to stand with shoes on. We descended this passage fifty feet. Then we turned up a long passage on the same angle, and after a long pull landed in a large room called the king's chamber, which is in about the center of the pyramid. It is about thirty-four feet long by seventeen wide and nineteen high. There is nothing of importance to see but a granite sarcophagus that is supposed to have held the body of the king who built the pyramid.

Relic hunters have hammered at it until the sides are worn down in places several inches. I had a stone to hammer it with, but it was too soft. While I could make the old box ring like a bell, I failed to get the least chip. One of the guides said he would get one for me, and scraping the floor found a stone that he said came off the coffin. I examined it by the taper and informed the cunning Arab that he could not fool me that way.

Although the air was a little close I experienced none of the suffocation that travelers frequently speak about. The night was quite chilly and I wore my overcoat in and did not have to remove it. Had I been barefooted, as my guides were, I would not have required any help.

They were very kind and attentive and asked me two or three times how I liked my treatment. I commended them a little, but was careful not to commit myself too much, for they would expect more backsheech.

On descending we branched off in another tunnel that leads to the queen's chamber.

It is seventy-one feet below the king's chamber and seventy feet above the base of the pyramid. There are several tunnels and rooms that I did not visit.

Cheops is four hundred and eighty feet high and seven hundred and sixty-four feet square, covering thirteen

acres of ground. There is enough material in it to build a wall four feet high, two feet thick and two thousand miles long. Somebody has calculated that there is enough material to build the city of Washington, with all the public buildings. The stone was quarried on the east bank of the Nile, and many are of such immense size that engineers are puzzled to know how they were moved.

Herodotus says it took 100,000 men ten years to build the road over which to haul the stones, and 360,000 men twenty years to build the pyramids. What an immense amount of labor just to give one man not a Christian but a religious burial. For the main idea in the religion of the Egyptians was to prepare a place where their bodies would keep forever.

Besides Cheops and Cephrenes there are seven other pyramids of the Gizeh group, some of which are much fallen into decay.

After we had finished Cheops, the Sheik took a lantern and we went to see the Sphinx.

This is a colossal statue with the body of a lion and head of a man. It is one hundred and twenty-eight feet long and although lying down is fifty-six feet high with its great paws extending out in front fifty feet. The sand drifts so badly that all excepting the head would soon be covered up were it not kept dug away from the breast and fore legs. This monster is all cut from the native limestone rock except the paws, which are of masonry. When a boy I have often read with wonder of the pyramids and the great Sphinx, and wondered under what circumstances I would be permitted to see them. But I never dreamed of wandering about here on a dark night, with no one but an old Arab, trying to see them by candle light. The old Sheik was very kind and fatherly and seemed willing to render me all the help in his power to gratify my curiosity, which I could hardly expect, as I

had compelled him to show me all the sights for thirty-five cents instead of fifty cents, their usual fee. Although a staunch Mohammedan he certainly had a Christian spirit. While he was holding the lamp as high as he could, I would strain my eyes to the utmost, but could get no distinct view. We went behind and climbed on its back and walked to its head, but could not get round far enough to see the face.

The Sphinx must have been worshiped as a god, for between its great paws is an altar, and near the heart stands a large granite slab covered with writing, said to be prayers to the gods. Nobody knows who built the Sphinx or how old it is, but no doubt it dates back with the oldest pyramids. It was ten o'clock when we got back to the shanty, and I was ready to begin our nine-mile tramp to Cairo. At first Ahbeebe seemed to be a little uneasy and afraid to stay all night with the Mohammedans, but while I was gone they had been telling him of three men who had been killed a few nights before on the road to Cairo. Now he had changed his mind and wanted to stay all night, as the men would keep us for fifteen cents. I tried to reassure him, telling him that it was too dark for anybody to see how to shoot, and that we could slip through all right, but he did not seem to have much faith in my plans. Then a happy thought struck me. I would stay and go up Cheops early in the morning and see the sun rise. I offered the Sheik twenty-five cents if he would get his men out in time to take me up; he wanted fifty cents, but we compromised on thirty-five cents. But soon a hack came by and Ahbeebe ran out and hailed it; coming back he said he had made arrangements for a ride to Cairo for both of us for fifteen cents. I could scarcely give up the idea of a sunrise on the pyramid, but Ahbeebe had been so faithful to me that I submitted, and we mounted the stage and were soon in Cairo.

My friend invited me to go to his room to sleep; we had to go a long way through the crooked streets and the watchmen would frequently halt us and demand the reason for being out so late at night. Ahbeebe pays one dollar and twenty-five cents per month for a small room. He had some blankets, but I slept on the floor with nothing but my overcoat.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BACK TO ALEXANDRIA.

At sunrise we were at the depot ready for a trip to Heliopolis. It is seven miles northeast of Cairo, and I paid fifteen cents for round-trip tickets for two. The most noted thing there is a very ancient obelisk, which we could see towering above the palm trees as we approached the place.

Heliopolis is called "On" in the Bible. It was a great city, and contained a magnificent temple of the sun, before which many obelisks and sphinxes stood. But nothing now remains to mark its site but mounds of earth, and this lone monument. The obelisk is about sixty-eight feet high and six feet square at the base, and is one solid block of granite. Every side is covered with hieroglyphics cut deep in the stone, among which I noticed the owl, the goose and ibis. I wonder what ideas the old Egyptians conveyed by these animals. This obelisk was erected by Osortsen I., in the days of Abraham, and is supposed to be the oldest one in existence. Here is where Joseph came to get his wife Aseneth, the daughter of the priest of On, and no doubt he has often passed by and looked up at the old owl that graces the top of the monument. There are now standing in Rome three obelisks that once stood here in company with this one, and also the famous Cleopatra's needles were taken from here by Rameses II., and erected in Alexandria. These have lately been again removed, and one now stands in London, and the other in New York. Close by are the pieces

of a fallen obelisk that are almost buried in the earth. There were two men plowing and sowing wheat right against the obelisk, and no doubt over the site of the great temple of the Sun. They plowed with cattle, using the straight yoke and wooden plow the same as seen in the statues of the tomb of Tih. We would think it impossible that ever a solitary man should plow on the site of the great buildings of New York and Chicago! But like causes may produce like results.

On our way back to the station we passed by an old sycamore tree, under which they say the holy family rested in their flight into Egypt. Heliopolis was on the borders of the land of Goshen. As far as I could see it seemed to be very sandy and barren. We visited the ostrich farm, where they keep two or three hundred birds in small pens on the sand. The keepers wanted us to pay fifty cents to see them, but as we were standing in pretty plain view Ahbeebe told me to look while he wrangled with the man about the price. So after a good long parley we told the fellow that we did not want to see them badly enough to pay for it. The birds were of the large black kind, and I never saw as fine ones before.

We were back to Cairo at noon, ready for a half day's tramp over the city. Everybody who visits the Orient must see the dancing dervishes. This is a sect of Mohammedan fanatics who, every Friday, get together, and by dancing and howling work themselves into a frenzy of excitement that frequently prostrates them for several days. I have read half a dozen descriptions of them, but anything the best writers can say is very tame beside the reality.

At the Dervish mosque we found thirty or forty travelers. I did not suppose there were a dozen in Cairo, for they said the traveling season had not yet commenced. There were some whom I had met before in Jerusalem. The dervishes, about twenty-five in number, sat on their

feet in a half circle, with their leader in front, in the middle of a large room. The travelers were furnished chairs on one side of the room, but I stood with the natives on the other. Ahbeebe thought I could pass for one and would not have to pay. The old Sheik who held the candle while I examined the Sphinx the night before was there and seemed to be master of ceremonies. He opened the program with a solo accompanied with music from two reed flutes. Then at the command of the leader, the men all began to snort and strain a little after the style of a horse that has the heaves. They began very slowly and deliberately, like the puffs of a locomotive that is starting, but soon increased in speed until they would have run at least sixty miles an hour, all the time keeping perfect time with the motions of the leader, and swinging their bodies backward and forward until their heads would nearly touch the floor. The veins of their necks were swollen almost to bursting, and their eyes and mouth looked about like those of a toad on which a man had stepped and stopped to rest. This scene lasted about five minutes, until from exhaustion the men could only breathe loud. Then after a short rest, in which they would pant like lizards, they were again led out, and the excitement and frenzy of this scene exceeded the first. After a few rounds in a sitting posture they stood and would still vibrate low enough to lash the floor with their long hair. Some would poise themselves on the floor with their arms extended out, and begin to revolve like a top. The speed was so great that their loose garments would extend like an umbrella. Their eyes would close and their heads would lie lifeless on their shoulders, but still the whirl would go on until the leader ordered a halt. It is strange that these men can whirl so long, while a few turns is sufficient to rack the brain of a common man. They frequently fall to the floor and froth at the mouth like

a man in a fit. The dervishes used to indulge in many other recreations, such as running a sword through the flesh of their arms and legs, and swallowing live snakes, and many other feats equally well calculated to engender sanctification, but these have been suppressed by the government. There have been several orders of dervishes that are now extinct. One required that a man should have all his teeth pulled, because the Prophet lost two teeth in battle. Another man in the first century of the Hegira tried to render mankind a service by starting a sect that required every one at the initiation to meekly submit to the little inconvenience of having his eyes punched out, but the Moslems in general could not see the point, and were afraid they never could see it if they joined the order. Although to an American these dervishes have rather a novel way of worshiping, yet in one respect at least, you would suppose you were in a good, old-fashioned Methodist meeting, for they never fail to pass the hat. Ahbeebe, who was very careful that I should not have any unnecessary expense, gave me the wink before the hat came and we quietly withdrew.

We spent the rest of the day in a hurried visit to many interesting places in the city. On an island in the river is the celebrated Nilometer, an arrangement for measuring the height of the inundation of the Nile. On the same island they show the place where the infant Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter. We visited several mosques in which are the tombs of the Mamalukes, and the Pashas and Khedives of Egypt. We would have to leave our shoes outside and wear slippers. For five or six cents the guides would show us every tomb and tell what worthy slept there. Nothing can exceed the finery of the carpets and drapery of these mosques, and the tombs are all that marble, alabaster and gold can make them.

Living is very cheap in Cairo, at the native restaurants.

We would generally get a meal for both of us for ten cents or less, but the last meal I took with my friend I wanted to do something extra, so we ate to our satisfaction of mutton stew and two or three courses of rice pudding and other dessert, for which I paid fifteen cents. I expect that some traveler in this country who has carried a gold watch and worn a tile, and who has been drained of money at every step, will be disposed to laught at a 7½ cent meal coming in courses. But let me say that people here are no fools, and in their dealings with strangers they reverse the old Biblical rule, and take from him that hath, and him that hath not they will feed, and take what little he hath.

The train for Alexandria left at eleven o'clock at night, and after strolling around the bazaars of the city until we were tired we went to the depot. Ahbeebe gave me an introduction to a young friend who was very inquisitive about the countries I had seen, especially America. These people who see so many travelers from America who have an abundance of money imagine that everybody there has about all they need. I did not want to lower the financial standard of America too much, so I "set 'em up" to the boys in the shape of 7½ cents' worth of candy from one of the finest candy stores I ever saw, and we all ate and were filled, and left a good many fragments. I also gave Ahbeebe an American half dollar for a keepsake. Notwithstanding all this liberality the total expenses of my three days' excursion in and about Cairo were only $3.60, and I had as good a dragoman as Egypt affords. We traveled thirty miles by rail and nine by stage and saw as much as anybody can in that time. The expenses of people who travel under contract with the tourist companies is never less than $5 or $6 per day. But my picnic with my Arab friends was soon over, and I bade them good-by and boarded the train. The time of my ticket had expired at three o'clock, and I knew the rule was to add thirty cents

per day.

When the conductor took my ticket he tried to explain something to me in Arabic, but I pretended to know nothing. He went away, but at the first station brought in a man that could talk English a little. I reasoned with them that it was always three days until it was four, and we would be in Alexandria long before the fourth day was ended. The interpreter said they were holding the train just to have the business settled and that I must pay and let them go on; I still refused, and after arguing the case awhile more like suppliants than men in authority the man got off and the conductor rang the bell and we rolled out. We passed two or three stations and I thought the matter was ended, but another man came aboard to argue the case with me. He said if I would pay 30 cents I would have no more trouble but would be landed in Alexandria by morning. So I paid it.

The car was open except a little at the bottom. The wind blew hard and was very damp and chilly, and although I was warmly dressed and had an overcoat I don't know when I suffered more with cold than I did that night, and that in a country where it never frosts. There were half a dozen Arabs in the car snoring away on the benches, but in order to get out of the wind I crawled under a bench and tried to sleep. After we had passed two or three stations more the conductor brought in another man and punched me out of my hole with his cane. I supposed I was breaking the rules of the road by sleeping under the benches; but no, the interpreter said the conductor was mistaken in the amount, and that it should have been 45 cents, instead of 30 cents, and that I would have to pay the other 15 cents, and they held the train while we argued the case again. I told them they would get no more money out of me, and they finally gave it up and pulled out. At Alexandria the conductor was on the watch, and as soon as I stepped from

the car he put me in charge of the officials, who said the conductor was mistaken at first, and that I must pay the

"They held the train while we argued the case."

other 15 cents. When I refused he took me into his office and said he wanted my name and address. When he saw that I was from America he said that it would do him no

good. He thought as I wore an Arab coat and a tarbush I lived in Alexandria. Then he said I had better pay it and have no more trouble. Then as I was wasting precious time I paid it, and was free. I don't know whether it was a just debt or not, but I hardly see how the officials of a railroad would worry so long, and hold a train, just to cheat a passenger out of 15 cents. I was surprised at their patience, for they used no rough or threatening language.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN AND ABOUT ALEXANDRIA.

It was yet dark when I arrived at Alexandria, but Ibraham was on hand watching for me without the door, while I was detained in the depot. He said he was there when the mid-night train came in, supposing I would come on that. His wife thought it would not be safe for me to be turned out there at such a time all alone. You will remember this is the man who watched me through the crack of the fence while I was detained in the custom house, and who was so solicitous for a job as dragoman, even if I should not pay him anything. Of course he would expect something, but I gave him to understand in the start that it would not be much. He took me to a restaurant, where I got breakfast for 2½ cents. Then we set out to explore the city.

Every school-boy has heard of Pompey's Pillar, but few people have any idea of its immense size. It is a solid shaft of granite about ten feet in diameter and seventy feet high. It has been brought from the quarries of Syene, seven hundred miles up the Nile, then moved to the top of a high hill, and lifted onto a pedestal fifteen feet high. If we only knew from history of this being done, we would doubt it, but the great monument still stands, and proclaims with infallible words that the genius of men in some age of the world was able to lift it onto its foundation. It has a high polish, except where the British, when they bombarded Alexandria a few years ago, shot it with their cannons and knocked off some large scales. It is sup-

posed to have been erected near three hundred years before Christ, in honor of the Emperor Diocletian.

We walked out into the suburbs several miles to see the Khedive's gardens. Although Ibraham said he was not used to walking much, as travelers generally hired carriages, he proved equal to the occasion. We passed by some dragomans that talked and laughed with my guide. He told me they were joking him about tramping about with a fellow that was not able to hire a carriage; but he said that was all right, these rich fellows have no better right to see than poor people and that he intended that I should see as much as any of them.

We passed by a palace of one of the Pashas. Two finely dressed negroes were sitting at the gate smoking. They also were a little inquisitive, but no more so than I was, for I learned they were Eunuchs from Nubia. There are a great many of these fellows in all Oriental cities. They are servants of the Pashas and great men, and have little to do but take the women of their harems out riding. They are all brought from the countries of the Upper Nile, the Ethiopia of Queen Candace, whose Eunuch was baptized by Philip. These men are all very tall, and are the finest looking negroes I ever saw.

It is useless for me to try to describe the beauty of the Khedive's gardens. They extend for several miles, and are planted with all manner of tropical trees, flowers and fruits. There were large groves of date palms with their mammoth clusters, from which the ripe fruit was dropping.

The ship sailed for Naples at two o'clock, and we spent so much time in the gardens that we had to run a good deal of the way back to the city. I was surprised at the price they asked for a deck passage ($13) and I said I would not pay it, but would try and find some cheaper way. There were two ships sailing that evening for London that would touch at Malta. I could go there for $5,

and from there I could go to Naples for two or three more, but when I went to get my ticket a new trouble arose. There had been some cholera about Damascus, and Malta was quarantined against all Syrian ports, and I could not go there until I had been away from Syria twenty-one days. I told the agent I had been to no place where there was any cholera, and asked if there could not be some way devised by which I could get away. He said I might go to the British Consul and see what he could do. I told my story to the Consul that I had only been to Jerusalem and Galilee, and I was as free from cholera as anybody in Alexandria.

He said he feared he could not do anything for me, but he wrote on the back of my passport that I had not been to Aleppo or Mecca or any other place where there was cholera. I showed this to the captain of the ship, but he said I could not land at Malta on that; and that if I should sail with him he would have to take me on to London. Now I began to realize what a fool I was for not paying the $13 and going direct to Naples. I would have to wait eight days for another ship. Ibraham tried to comfort me by saying there was much to see in Alexandria, and that he would stay right with me and not expect much pay. He got a room for ten cents a day where I could sleep on the floor, and I settled down to the inevitable. As I had nothing else to do I spent the time trying to study up some plan to get away. You no doubt will think it strange, but in all my planning for travel I had never thought of going to Athens. Now a happy thought struck me. If Greece was not quarantined against Syria and there was a line of steamers sailing there, perhaps I might go to Naples by way of the land of the classics. We went to the ship's office and found there was a steamer to sail to Athens in four days, and that I could go to Naples that way with only four or five dollars extra expense. So my

bad luck proved to be a blessing, for it turned my course to a land that is full of interest to the traveler.

While the four days are wearing away I have nothing to do but walk about the city and kill time as best I can. Ibraham is my constant companion, although I insisted that he must not lose a job on my account. I take him to the restaurant and generally pay five cents for a meal for both of us. Whenever I want anything he is always ready to run and get it. I expressed a desire to take a Turkish bath, so Ibraham took me to what he said was the best place in town, where they pounded and scrubbed me until I was afraid there would be nothing left to come home; then they wrapped me in blankets and put me to bed. This cost fifteen cents; he took me to the barber's and had my hair cut and a shave for five cents; he took my clothes to the laundry and had them washed. In passing along I looked up and saw them dangling on a line across the street. I am beginning to feel very aristocratic, never having had an opportunity before of tasting the sweets that money and authority will bring.

Alexandria is a very different city from Cairo. In the modern part there are fine buildings, nicely arranged, while in the ancient part you can see Oriental life in all its phases. In one street is a perfect jam of people going about with a clothing store on their arms, where you can buy a suit cheap. Other men are going about with loads of cakes and candy, keeping up a continual cry to attract attention. I asked Ibraham what one of them was saying. It was, "Take one of these cakes in your mouth and think of Mohammed."

When passing through the fish market one night I expressed a desire for some fresh fish, so Ibraham bought a couple. Meeting a woman in the street whom he said was his mother-in-law, he sent them to the bakery to be cooked. Presently he led me through a labyrinth of nar-

row and dark streets, and into a low room in a basement, which he said was the bakery. There he left me to wait until his return. A man was standing before the furnace built in the wall with a paddle ten feet long in his hand, with which he would put in the dough and take out the bread. People were coming and going all the time with baskets of things they wanted cooked. The only fuel I saw was shavings, and a very little seemed to be sufficient. To save fuel the furnace is kept hot day and night the year round; everything is done here with a view to economy. There were several people in the room chatting, and they frequently spoke to me, but I understood nothing. You may be surprised that I should be willing to follow a stranger into such a place as this; I should hardly be willing to do so in a city at home, but somehow I felt safe with these simple people.

They cooked my fish by putting them in a pan just as they were taken from the river, and shoving them in the furnace. In a very short time they were done, and then we took them to my room. I was somewhat puzzled to know in what shape the fish would open up, but Ibraham declared that was the proper way to cook fish, and I left everything to his judgment. He first took hold of the skin at the tail, and peeled it off as sleek as an onion. Then he parted the flesh on the back and opened it out like a pocket-book; that left the skeleton entire with the entrails inside. After testing it I was compelled to say that is the proper way to cook fish. I see the folly of so much fuss and worry of the women of America, trying to prepare something their foundered and gouty husbands can eat. If they would only cook after the Arab style and make their men sit on the floor and eat with their fingers they would soon lose many of their aches and pains.

CHAPTER XXX.

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO ATHENS.

I paid $6 for a ticket to Athens, and went aboard the steamer at ten o'clock in the morning, my faithful dragoman, Ibraham, going with me in the boat and remaining with me till the last. For his four days' services I gave him $1.50, which looks like small pay, but it is as much as I could make at Jerusalem at the hardest kind of labor. The price the dragomans generally ask is $1.25 per day, but competition is so sharp that they can be hired at almost any price. Ibraham said he used to have a good business, but since the tourists' companies had established themselves in the country his business, together with that of all the dragomans, was ruined. There are two companies that have monopolized all the travel in this country. One is Cook & Co., an English firm, and the other Gaze & Co., an American. They have offices in all the large cities of the east, and also of Europe. They arrange to furnish travelers with transportation, guides and hotel accommodations. Whenever a train or a ship arrives in a city you will see a lot of men and boys with large letters on their caps, reading Cook & Co. or Gaze & Co. They are natives the companies employ at very low wages to take charge of the travelers and show them about. The companies never charge less than $5 per day, and frequently ten or more. The price of a nineteen days' trip up the Nile to the wonderful ruins of Upper Egypt is $250. As provisions are very cheap, and the cost of living very little, the companies must make large profits.

My advice to all travelers who visit this country is to

keep clear of these combinations. Go where you please and make your own contracts with the natives for guides and accommodations. You can save money and have better attention, and, besides, help the poor men who have been thrown out of employment by these monopolies. Don't be too distrustful of strangers, but try and have judgment enough of human nature to know when you are in safe hands. You will find as many honest people here as you will in America, and rogues are about as scarce. In fact, I have had no one try to swindle me, or play any kind of confidence game after I left California.

When I was in Joppa, before I had become acquainted with anybody, I went into an Arab restaurant to get dinner. An Arab at another table seeing that I had trouble in making my wants known, told me to come to him. He spoke English well and I had no trouble to get what I wanted. He told me he was a dragoman from Jerusalem, and invited me to call on him when I went there. I did so and became very well acquainted with him, and found him to be a nice Christian gentleman. He told me of the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of the tourist companies. He had worked for them most of the time for eighteen years at low wages, and had contracted to work for the American company for five years more. But they were so hard on him that he got tired of his bargain, and proposed to buy off after he had served them a year, intending to commence business on his own account. The company agreed to this if he would give them a certain amount of money, and sign a contract not to solicit business outside of Jerusalem. The honest and unsuspecting Arab did not see the trick of the cunning Yankee until it was too late, and now he has nothing to do, although he is well prepared for the business, for the companies manage to get all the travelers in their hands before they reach Jerusalem.

He once took me into his store room and showed me his arrangements for camp life. He has good tents and chairs, iron bedsteads, nice mattresses and quilts, together with tables, nice chinaware and silver knives, forks and spoons.

If anybody visits Jerusalem, and wishes to make an excursion anywhere in the Holy Land, don't forget to call on Demetrius Domian. He can serve you all the luxury you are able to pay for, and at a good deal less cost than the companies will. If you should find yourself in Joppa and stand in need of any advice, hunt up Theodore Mitry. Any of the many boatmen will tell you where to find him for a few pennies. He is an Arab of twenty summers, who is well-informed and able to talk in almost any language, and can show you everything in and about Joppa. At Cairo call on Ahbeebe Ibraham, of the American mission. He is abou to marry and settle in life, and will need what little money you see fit to spend for guides much more than those rich companies do.

On landing at Alexandria keep a sharp lookout for Ibraham Ahlee. He is a tall man and bears the marks of small-pox. If the officers should drive the dragomans all out of the custom house, and Ibraham should peep through the crack at you, as he did at me, don't be offended. It is his "eye to business," which is an honor to a man in America, and should be no disgrace in Egypt. But the long, loud blast of the whistle warns me that I must bid Ibraham good-by, and sever all connections with Egypt. The ship bore away to the north and began to roll over the waves of the great sea, while I stood on deck and strained my eyes to catch a last glimpse of the Orient. But I had not long to wait, for the domes and minarets of Alexandria soon sank beneath the waves.

It takes two days to sail from Alexandria to Athens. The first day we saw no land, but the next day we passed by

the island of Crete and many other small islands. The nights were cold, but by sleeping close to the smokestack I managed to keep warm. When morning came, on the third day, we were sailing up the Gulf of Salamis, with the shores of the Peloponnesus on one side and Attica on the other. It had now been ten months since I left America. I had traveled 18,000 miles and had found Americans everywhere.

I was now happy in the prospect of soon meeting an old friend and schoolmate, in the person of Irvin J. Manatt, the American Consul at Athens. When I left San Francisco I had $85. By working my passage for 17,000 miles on the ocean, and by working four months on land, at wages from 40 cents to $2.50 per day, I had accumulated money till I now had $175. I had made an estimate of a tour of Europe, through Athens, Naples, Rome, Paris and London, and then home, and found I had more money than I could spend in my style of traveling. When I first started out I was much perplexed in regard to ways and means, but now that had all vanished, and I had nothing before me but a pleasant and careless journey of six weeks, through countries that even the wealthy of America count themselves fortunate to see.

Now the two great landmarks of Athens, Mount Lycabettus and the Acropolis, are dotting the horizon, exciting memories of Pericles, Demosthenes and Plato. With home and native land almost visible beyond the spires of Rome and Paris, and breathing the air of Homer and Hessiod, with plenty of money in his pocket, it is no wonder that a tramp should borrow an inspiration and exclaim with one of America's greatest poets:

Put up de shubble an' de hoe,
Take down de fiddle an' de bow;
No more work for old Uncle Ned,
For he's gwine where de good darkies go.

We landed at Piraeus, which is still, as it was anciently, the port of Athens. Large ships do not land at the wharf, but have to be unloaded by lighters. A host of boatmen came to take off the passengers. I picked my man and made a square bargain with him to take me ashore for half a franc (10 cents). He took me through the custom house, where the officers overhauled my earthly effects, but found nothing dutiable. Then I was going to pay the boatman and start for the city. He shook his head and took one of my bundles and went with me. When he was ready to take his pay I offered him the half franc. He shook his head scornfully and demanded two francs, ten cents for taking me ashore and thirty cents for carrying a bundle a few steps. As he was very handy in getting me through the custom house I was willing to pay him twenty cents. With a volley of Greek which I had no time to translate, he seemed to mean two francs or blood, but I made him understand it was one franc or nothing. I had eaten but little since leaving Alexandria, and thought I had better defer the battle until after breakfast. So I stepped into a restaurant, while my adversary and his allies remained without. After refreshments I shouldered my effects, and with cane in hand, sallied forth. I saw no enemy and thought I had made my escape, but he soon came running up and very imploringly said, "One franc," which I paid and passed on, wondering what had become of the heroes of Marathon and Salamis.

Athens stands six miles back in the country from the port, but is connected by rail, and the trains run every half-hour. Although I knew no Greek, I had but little trouble in finding my way. I kept speaking to people I would meet the word "Athens," and would go in the direction they would point. This soon brought me to the depot, where I took the train and was soon landed in the renowned city. Here I started through the streets again re-

peating to the people, "American Consul." They mostly seemed very polite and willing to give information, but could not grasp my meaning.

After a long search I ran across a man who spoke English. He told me the Consulate was near the Hotel des Etrangers. I imagine this is a French word meaning hotel for strangers. At any rate I suppose that strangers or anyone who has plenty of money is welcome. I had supposed that Manatt was at Athens alone, and that I would have a chat with him in his office, and perhaps get a few directions of how to see Athens, and that would end the matter. But I was surprised to learn that his family were with him, and that I must go into the parlor and be presented to his wife and daughter. Traveling at best is rather dilapidating to one's appearance, much more lounging on the deck of an Egyptian steamer and hugging the smoke stack for warmth. On this occasion I had but little of that bandbox style that is supposed to be necessary in appearing before the representatives of the greatest nation on earth. But necessity had long ago taught me to take the world as I find it, whether among the great or in a Bedouin's tent. Mrs. Manatt and daughter received me with such unaffected courtesy that I soon felt as much at home as I used to when eating poi with the Kanakas in their grass huts. Mr. Manatt withdrew and brought in a man whom he introduced as Mr. Wolcot, from America, a traveler who was trying to see the world on small means.

He graduated at Harvard College, but found that he had ruined his health, and had consumption. Seeing that nothing but travel would prolong his life, and having an income of $600 a year, he set out, and has traveled on it for fourteen years. He has been around the world twice, and now is on the third trip by way of India, China and Japan. He had planned a ten days' tramp through the Peloponnesus to the ruins of Sparta and many other

places, and was waiting for a companion. The trip would have suited me well, but for want of time I had to decline, as I must be at home in time to commence farming in the spring. Mr. Manatt was much interested in the things I had seen in Egypt and Palestine, and said he had long wanted to visit those countries, but did not suppose he would ever be able. I naturally have much regard for the unfortunate, and I ventured the remark that I could sympathize with him, for "I was once poor myself." You may be inclined to laugh at this, but it contains more truth than poetry.

While our representatives in foreign countries get large salaries they are expected to live in such style, and spend money so freely, that they are frequently hard pressed to make ends meet. In this fast age the increase of wealth brings such an increase of burdens that they who have money are generally the greatest slaves. The only rich and independent people are those who have learnd to live without riches.

During my stay in Athens I paid twenty cents a night for a bed in paper money, which is at a discount of twenty per cent. They use fractional currency of all denominations. I soon saw the folly of using silver, and would buy currency with it, paying sixteen cents for a franc. I would take my meals any place in the streets where I happened to be, instead of having to go a long way to a first-class hotel, as the man with money is compelled to. Five cents would buy a good meal of fried pork and bread from a man with a charcoal fire who was plying his trade in the street.

But the finest dish I have seen since I last dined with the Chinamen, and one that is entirely sufficient for all ordinary requirements of a tramp, is a tripe stew. It is made by boiling in a large kettle various parts of the cow, such as the stomach and entrails, together with the feet and head,

and perhaps the horns and hoofs. I did not see the last two put in, but would hate to risk money that they were not there. The meat was chopped into small pieces and put on a large plate, then bits of bread were piled on that as long as it would lie, and the whole well covered with soup. For four cents I could get all the tripe stew I could eat. This seemed to be a favorite dish with the laboring people from the way they crowded the restaurant. After I had tried it I ate nothing else while in Athens, and am not at all surprised that epicures first originated somewhere in this country. They have a novel way of delivering milk in Athens to prevent adulteration. Every morning the

An Honest Milkman.

milkman drives his goats about over the city, and milks them in the presence of his customers.

The people of Athens are good-looking and have the appearance of being intelligent. Although they have been degraded by centuries of oppression, they have not lost all

traces of the noble race from which they sprang. I found a young Greek who spoke English. He greatly deplored the low state of his nation and people, but gloried in his ancestors, who were able, with a handful of men, to drive the millions of Persia from their country. He thought the genius of Greece was only slumbering, and that she would yet awake and astonish the world.

From the number of soldiers in Athens I suppose they still have some idea of trying the war business again sometime, but it will be a fruitless search for glory. The world has got beyond the point where war is the most honorable thing in which men can engage.

But you are anxious to leave modern Athens and see some of the wonders of ancient Athens that used to be the envy of the nations. Time has done much toward obliterating her temples and palaces, but still they are grand even in death.

I was very fortunate in having such men as Mr. Wolcot and Mr. Manatt for guides. Mr. Wolcot had been there several weeks, and had thoroughly explored all the interesting places, but as sight-seeing was his life work he was glad of the chance to show me about. Mr. Manatt is a fine Greek scholar, who thinks Athens is the center of the world, and who esteems more than his necessary food the glories of her past and the greatness of her present.

After a three days' ramble among her ruins I about concluded that my friend was right, and in trying to describe such a wonderful place I hardly know where to commence or what to say. There are the ruins of two immense theaters, the great temple of Jupiter, the smaller and finely built temple of Theseus, and on the Acropolis is the magnificent Parthenon, the grandeur of which none but an eye-witness can appreciate. But there is one place of which every school boy has heard, and which is sacred to every Christian, Mars Hill, where St. Paul preached his

celebrated sermon to the Atheneans. It is on the south side of the city, and is ascended by a gentle slope on the west, and by steps cut in the natural rock on the south. The top of the hill is a bare rock, showing marks of the chisel where a platform and seats have been hewn. Standing in the midst of the great temples and shrines of Athens it was a convenient place for the people to come together, and was a very good place for Paul to preach. Standing in plain view of Theseus, the great Parthenon, and many other temples and shrines where the Atheneans worshipped their thousands of gods, it was natural for the great apostle to say, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious."

At the foot of Mars Hill to the northwest is the temple of Theseus, built in honor of one of the early heroes of Greece. There are many sculptures representing the exploits of warriors and heroes, most of which have been badly mutilated, but the body of the building is entire, and is said to be the best preserved of all the ancient temples.

A little to the east of Mars Hill rises the Acropolis. It is a very steep and precipitous rock some five hundred feet high, one thousand feet long on top, by five hundred feet wide. Here were built several of the finest temples of history. They were all built of white marble from Mount Pentelicus. One or two of the smallest of them are standing almost entire, but the great Parthenon is mostly in ruins. It was used by the Turks in 1687 for a powder magazine, which blew up and threw the immense columns outward in all directions, where they now lie just as the explosion left them. The columns of the Parthenon, together with all the temples at Athens, are made in sections of two or three feet in thickness, laid one on top of another. The surfaces were made so exact as to almost conceal the point of contact.

There are still standing at each end of the Parthenon

several columns, supporting their architraves. Mr. Manatt greatly mourns the destruction of this great temple, and thinks it ought to be restored so far as there is material among the ruins with which to do it. We counted the architraves and sections of the columns that are good, and found there were enough to restore one side.

The temples are all decorated with great numbers of statuary, representing the exploits of warriors and heroes. There are gladiators fighting, and men fighting with centaurs; men wrestling, and foot racing, and all manner of games and exploits requiring physical strength and endurance. If we had no other history but these stones, we would have no trouble to determine the character of the ancient Greeks. The ascent up the Acropolis is made by a long series of marble steps.

Nothing can exceed the beauty and grandeur of the situation of Athens as seen from the Acropolis. The city stands in a valley surrounded with distant mountains in the background. Dozens of places of the greatest historic interest can be pointed out. To the southwest lies the gulf of Salamis and the islands of the same name where the great naval battle of Salamis was fought, the Greeks having three hundred and sixty ships and the fleet of Xerxes one thousand. The Persians were completely routed, with a loss of two hundred ships. Near the base of the Acropolis on the south side are the ruins of two immense theaters. The arena is on the lower side, around which the marble seats in a semi-circular form rise step above step up the hill side. Next the arena is a row of arm-chairs, in which the aristocrats sat.

On the plain a little southeast of the Acropolis stood the temple of Jupiter. It was the second largest temple in the world, the great temple of Diana at Ephesus being the first; it was three hundred and fifty-four feet long by one hundred and seventy-one feet wide, the outside being

decorated with one hundred and twenty columns, six feet in diameter and sixty-one feet high. It was seven hundred years in building, and was finished by Hadrian. Here was the great gold and ivory statue of Jupiter Olympus. All that now remains of this magnificent building is fifteen columns and a few of their architraves.

Northward from the Acropolis the city extends far into the plain. The gray tile roofs of the houses present a clean and neat appearance seldom seen in a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants. Standing here in plain view of such sights, in the midst of so many great temples, every stone of which bears the marks of the finest architects and sculptors, and which was fashioned by the inspiration of religion, I was not surprised to hear Mr. Manatt break forth in the following strain: "You are now standing in the center of the world, around which revolves everything that is noble, grand and excellent." To which I was moved to reply: "You might stuff that down one who has never traveled, but a man that has been up the Nile knows that those old Egyptians could hold out at arm's length a heavier weight than your boasted Greeks could invent machinery to lift."

While the Greeks excelled all others in the grandeur of their architecture and the beauty of their designs, they were only pigmies in comparison to the greatness of the undertakings and immensity of the monuments of the Egyptians. The colossal statues and towering obelisks from the quarries of Syene, that are scattered for six hundred miles along the Nile, are a witness to this. In erecting the great pillars of the Parthenon, the Greeks were compelled to make them in a dozen sections. It would have been only child's play for the Egyptians to have hewn them out entire in the quarries and hauled them down the distant mountain, and then lifted them to the towering Acropolis.

The government is making extensive excavations; at one place just without the walls of the ancient city, they are unearthing an ancient cemetery. Many centuries ago it was covered up by an army who were beseiging the city, who raised an embankment there from which to throw their missiles. There are many monuments of marble of the finest sculpture. Many statues represent the scene of the departing ones bidding farewell to their friends. I noticed one where a dying woman was sitting in a chair with her hands in that of her husband, who was standing by. A very old man was standing near and also a boy, who was weeping. A little dog was crouching near looking longingly into the face of its mistress. The departing one was always represented in a sitting posture and in perfect health, giving to the scene a very bright side. While the ancient Greeks saw that their bodies must fail and die, they certainly believed that their souls would still remain in full bloom and in perfect health.

There is a museum at Athens where they have hundreds of the finest paintings and pieces of statuary in the world, and also jewelry of gold and silver and precious stones of the finest workmanship, that have been dug from the ruins of their ancient cities.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NAPLES AND VICINITY.

My three days at Athens quickly passed, and I went in company with my American friends to the depot to take the twelve o'clock train for Patrass, which is in the northwest corner of Peloponnesus. Mr. Manatt pointed to a vacant lot near by and said: "Tell your friends in Iowa that you took the train near the place where the Academy of Plato stood."

We passed by Corinth; it is rather a peculiar looking place. Here is where St. Paul founded a church, and here he abode two years and worked at his trade of tent making. I arrived at Patrass at nine o'clock at night, having been only nine hours in crossing Greece, that wonderful country which at one time ruled the world.

It was very dark, and I knew nothing about where to find the ship which was to sail in an hour. I started up a street repeating to men I would meet the word "Brindisi." After trying half a dozen I found a man who understood that I wanted to find the ship going to Brindisi, in Italy. He took me to the office to get my ticket, and then to the boat that took me to the ship. On all voyages I had made in this country the passengers were allowed to sleep any place they chose on the upper deck, but as it was cold and stormy and liable to be a very heavy sea, we were all ordered to go below. I reluctantly obeyed, and together with about seventy-five people went through a narrow hatchway and down a ladder to the second deck. Here was a large room, but poorly ventilated, and seemed to

contain an age of accumulation of grease and dirt. So I slipped back to the upper deck and took my position on the leeward side of the smokestack. Soon a sailor came and told me that I must go below, there was a storm coming up and it was against the rules for any one to remain on deck. I told him I could not stand the foul air below and that I could sleep very comfortably there, and would run all chances of accidents. He said I must go down, and went away, but soon returned and renewed his command, saying the mate would soon be round and I would get into trouble. This he did the third time, but still I was obstinate, intending to stay above until it became the greater of the two evils. Soon there came a dashing rain and I was compelled to seek shelter below. The passengers were all huddled together in one end of the ship on some racks that are generally furnished on which the people spread their blankets, but these were all occupied. There was only one dim light, and that did not penetrate the darkness twenty feet.

I felt the floor and found it damp and besmeared with grease. I started out, groping in the darkness and feeling the way with my cane in search of a box or some object on which to roost. I ran across a pile of four-inch gas pipes that were stacked up against one side of the ship with but very little fastening. I knew when we were out of the bay, and the ship, as the sailors say, began to "roll like a barrel," the pipes would come tumbling down. I must have a safer bed than that, so I set out again, pounding right and left hoping to strike something, and depending on the old promise: "They that seek shall find." The next thing I found was a dry cow-skin folded together in the middle, and about as hard and stiff as rawhide ever gets. Taking this as a good omen I opened it out as best I could and laid it on the floor. When Alexander had fought his way through the earth until he had arrived in

India, and was master of the world, he was surprised to see a Brahmin come up and cast a dry cow-skin on the ground before him. The Brahmin first stepped on one edge of it and the other flew up, then he tried another side, and the opposite one became refractory, then jumping upon the center he held it firmly down. On the king's inquiry as to what this meant the Brahmin replied: "The cow-skin represents the kingdoms of the world, which now all belong to you. If you establish your capital at one side the people of the other side will fly up and rebel, but if you stop in the center of your kingdom you will have no trouble in holding it down." Like Alexander, after tramping over my kingdom until it was as level as a load of pumpkins, I settled down in the center, "monarch of all I surveyed."

Two nights and one day brought us to Brindisi at seven o'clock in the morning. The train was to start for Naples in half an hour. I had plenty of time to make it had I not been detained in the custom house by the officers who were gone to breakfast. Thus I was compelled to spend Christmas in a city of no particular interest, but as I was in a new country I spent the day in trying to learn the ways of the people. One of the principal things for a tramp to learn in passing through countries is what is the cheapest thing to buy that will fill his stomach and "stick to his ribs," as the boys say. I went into a restaurant and ordered a breakfast of sausage, but was careful to ask the price in advance. "Two francs," was the reply. I arose from the table and left, although the fellow was very willing to jew. While these fellows generally have very cheap prices, when a stranger comes in they charge all they think he will pay. I left this fellow this time, but afterwards came back and got dinner for half a franc.

I went around the corner and found an old woman cooking macaroni, where I got a good meal for four cents. Macaroni is flour paste made into small tubes the

size of a wheat straw, and dried in the sun. It is stewed like chicken dumpling, and when properly seasoned is a splendid dish. It is very awkward for a beginner to eat, being very slick and a little tough and seems to resist all efforts toward chewing. The first thing you know the long, slim, worm-like thing will be crawling down your throat, with one end in your stomach and the other on your plate, while in the excitement of the moment you are unable to break the connection. But this is the chief attraction to the experienced macaroni eater. He sits at the table with the plate some eight or ten inches higher than his stomach, and after the connection is formed it works on the principle of the syphon. About all the eater has to do is to hold his mouth open and with a fork to twist the ends together that the connection may not be broken. I wonder why macaroni is not used more in America. It is just the thing for toothless people or those who have not time to chew their food properly.

I left Brindisi at eight o'clock at night and arrived at Naples at eight the next morning. There was snow on the ground and it was very chilly, but we had no fire in the car. At daylight I could see the top of old Vesuvius rising above the clouds, and pouring forth torrents of smoke.

I left the depot in search of some cheap place where I could stay at night and leave my baggage. I met a man I thought I could trust and by signs made him understand what I wanted. He led me down a narrow way and up three or four flights of stairs, where I engaged a room and bed for twenty cents a night.

I then set out in search of the American Consul and spent half a day in finding him, as I could not make the people understand. The Consul's clerk was a young man from Philadelphia, who had seen much of the rough side of life in the Rocky Mountains. He gave me much valuable

instruction of how to see Naples, and gave me a ticket to the Aquarium. There I saw the most wonderful and beautiful sights I have seen anywhere. They have a great many very large tanks of water with glass on one side and the other sides arranged with rocks and sea weeds to represent the bottom of the ocean, with its caverns and grottos. There were all kinds of fish, reptiles and creeping things of the sea. There were gold fish and silver fish, long fish and short fish, little fish and big fish sleeping, feeding and playing just as they do in the sea. There were great eels drawing their slimy forms through the holes in the rocks and chasing each other about. There were great crabs and lobsters slowly moving their awkward forms over the stones, and turtles exercising themselves with an awkward gait. Hideous looking devilfish were feeling among the rocks with their long arms, then suddenly they would let go and straighten their many arms behind them and dart away to some other part of the cavern. Living things that seemed to be part animal and part vegetable had one end fastened to the rocks while the other was moving about in search of nutriment. There was life in the embryo state, which looked like a very fine thread of milk that hung suspended in the water in a great coil, and could hardly be seen; yet it was quivering with life of the finest pulsations. The vegetable life of the bottom of the sea is equally wonderful. There were moss and plants and flowers rivaling in beauty the finest flower garden. All of these wonders and beauties lie hidden from the eyes of men deep beneath the sea, and were made for the pleasure and delight of beings far below us. Surely God careth for the least of his works, and not a sparrow shall fall to the ground without his notice.

I had spent so much time at the aquarium that night found me a long way from my room. There are a few wide and well arranged thoroughfares in Naples, but the

streets are mostly narrow and crooked and the buildings are very tall. I soon found that I was lost and began to inquire for the depot, but could make no one understand. After a fruitless search for an hour or two I began to see that I must invent some way to make my wants known or I could never find my room. There were a great many coachmen with their teams waiting along the streets for a job. The Italians call Rome "Roma," and I knew if I could in some way connect the idea of Rome with the cars I could make them understand that I wanted to find the

"Gas."

depot to take the train for Rome. So I stepped up to a coachman and began to work my arms like the wheels of a locomotive and toot like the whistle. The fellow gazed with astonishment, but when I repeated the word "Roma,"

he threw open the door of the coach. I shook my head and said no franc; then he seemed very willing to give me directions, explaining all the crooks and turns, but it was all Dutch to me except I got the direction that I must start on. I was afraid to go far before I again inquired, turning myself into a miniature locomotive. This I did a dozen times and finally was overjoyed to find myself in front of the depot. But soon the scene changed and I found my troubles had only begun. I had neglected to take the name of my hotel and everything seemed so changed that I knew nothing about which way to go. An officer at the depot, who spoke English, kindly offered to help me hunt, but as I could give him no clue at all, except it was a cheap house, and not a great ways off, it was a fruitless search, and I told him not to trouble any further. I cared but little for the loss of the room; there were other places in Naples where I could sleep, but there was my valise and all my possessions, which were of no very great value, but they contained the relics I had gathered in different countries. I had been in many close places before, in which I could see no way out, but by keeping on the move I always stumbled upon something that brought me through.

While walking about through the great crowds that were hurrying about as the trains came and went, I saw a sign above a door, which I think was in French. Having nothing to do but just to do something, I sat down and went to work on a translation of it. In the course of half an hour I had concluded it meant: "Information office." This struck me favorably. If ever a man needed information, it was me. I went in and finding a young man at the desk, I addressed him as follows: "Is this an information office?" and was surprised to hear him say in plain English: "That's our business, sir." "Well, I am in search of information as to the whereabouts of my room that I engaged somewhere in Naples this morning, but have forgot-

ten all about the name of the house and where it is situated."

The fellow did not think that he would be able to tell the dream and also the interpretation, and so declined to undertake the job. Then I told him if I could not find that room I would like to find some cheap place where I could stay all night. He said he could send me to a place where I could get a bed for half a franc. So he put me in charge of a porter and sent me away, saying if the people wanted more than half a franc to refuse to pay it and report to him. The guide took me round a corner, down a narrow alley, and up several flights of stairs, to the very room I had engaged in the morning. So badly was I lost and bewildered that I did not know where I was until we were up the last flight of stairs and in the hall that led to my room. I had agreed to pay a franc a day and so could not now claim it for half a franc, but this shows that the great secret in traveling cheaply is to know how. I had ridden across Italy the night before in a cold, cheerless car, in which I got no sleep, and had tramped over Naples all that day, and till midnight. So with happy thoughts of visiting old Vesuvius in the morning, and with a relish that only toil and hardship brings, I lay down to sleep, wondering if even a tramp could not claim an interest in the good old promise: "Man deviseth his ways, but the Lord directeth his steps."

It is nine miles from Naples to Vesuvius. There are guides who make a business of taking travelers to the volcano, but I set out early in the morning intending to make the trip alone, regardless of guides and horses. The suburbs about Naples are so thick that it is almost a solid city all the way to the foot of the mountain. There is a good carriage road three-fourths of the way up, and a railroad the rest of the way. I had not gone far before I met a guide who was on the watch for custom. He said it

was impossible for a stranger to go up alone, and offered to show me up for three francs. I told him I had no use for a guide and hurried on, but the fellow persisted in following, saying it was no use for me to try to go alone.

I once read of a man who tried to see Vesuvious without spending much money, but was so beset with people who wanted to serve him that he spent several dollars in spite of his best efforts. I then resolved that if ever I should visit the renowned volcano I would show the fellows that there was one man who could get along without them. This was a rough-looking man and I should not have wanted him if I needed a guide, so I turned about and ordered him to go back for he would get no money from me. He said it was a public road and he should go where he pleased. I replied, "All right then; I am glad of your company, so come ahead." Then I set out on the double quick, but the man soon fell behind and disappeared. I had intended to stop at one of the last restaurants in the town and get dinner, but waited too long and failed to find any. I could not afford to pay a dollar on top of the mountain, so I stopped at one of the last houses up the mountain and made signs for something to eat. The woman shook her head and opened her cupboard to show me that she had nothing but bread. I told her that was sufficient, so she gave me bread to eat, together with a few olives and a cup of coffee. I finished my dinner and offered the woman three cents; she shook her head scornfully and broke forth in a volley of words that seemed to mean business. I then offered four cents, but with no better success. The prospects of a peaceable settlement was growing decidedly vague. I had got a better meal in Naples that morning for four cents, and as I had set out to show the world that Vesuvius could be seen without a man being robbed of house and home, I was in no mood to submit to too great a drain on my resources. The woman

was very large and powerfully built, weighing at least two hundred and fifty pounds. Although I could not understand a word she said, I could see from her visage that an erruption was brewing, and that what I did must be done quickly; so I threw the four cents on the floor and started for the door.

When a school boy I took much interest in the fine spun theories of philosophers and poets, who pretend to explain the laws of nature and lay down rules of life. Many of them look well on paper, and sound musical to the ear, but are not worth a straw to a fellow after he is cast forth to battle with adverse elements and an unfriendly world. One of the things the philosophers used to talk so wisely about was the great law of force; that is, of action and reaction, which they claim were the same. If a given force is expended in one direction, the same amount must be expended in the opposite direction. Many of the great inventions were found by the merest accident. The telescope was discovered by a child playing with spectacles, and the steam engine by a boy playing with a teakettle. No doubt the world would have long labored under this great delusion about force, had not a tramp undertook to see Vesuvius without money.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries,
And we must take the current when it comes,
Or lose our ventures."

This great maxim of the immortal Shakspeare is very fine for people of fortune who are favored with fair winds and a good tide to leave the shore, and who have had pleasant sailing all the voyage of their lives, but it is poor consolation to a tramp who perhaps by mistakes that "all men are heir to," has missed the tide of fortune, and is

stranded on the shore. This edict of the poet has been heralded in all lands, until like the laws of the Medes and Persians it was supposed to be unchangeable; and had it not been for an accident of a tramp who had a cranky notion that he must see everything that any one else had, no doubt it would have still borne down the unfortunate until the end of time.

But as I said before, I threw the money on the floor, and started for the door. Although there was nothing poetical about what happened just then, and according to Shakspeare's own words, my poetical tide had long ago disappeared, what old tramp can commune with Shakspeare without becoming inspired. Yes, I started for the door and took two steps and no more, for the old woman sprang forward and grabbed me by the coat-tail, and held me tighter than Prometheus to the rock. When the tide first began to move had I thrown the three cents on the floor and ran for the door, I would have saved my life if no more. But because of my honesty and great liberality I lingered to give another cent to the old woman, while the tide left me only two steps from the door, and now it was all o'er.

Before me was a steep mountain, and behind me was a giant woman madder and more terrible than the furies, who held me with an iron grasp. Although I put forth superhuman efforts, I was bound by the inexorable law of action and reaction. I had neglected the tide, and "lost my ventures," and according to philosophers and poets my tramping was o'er forever more.

Action and Reaction.

CHAPTER XXXII.

UP VESUVIUS AND A TRIP TO POMPEII.

To be or not to be, that was the question. Whether it is better to suffer the ills we already have or take up arms against a sea of trouble and by opposing end them. I chose the latter course, and with a powerful effort broke loose from the woman and ran. I managed to grab my overcoat and cane which were lying on a bench in the yard and ran out at the gate, never looking back, though conscious that the woman was hard on my tracks. I ran a hundred yards up the mountain, then turned about and saw the woman standing just without the gate; her avoirdupois seemed to be too much for the steep ascent. It was a clear case of action and reaction.

It was now noon and I had to ascend a mountain four thousand feet high and then descend and go three or four miles into the valley and be ready to explore Pompeii the next day. On the west side of Vesuvius is a good carriage road that winds about over great lava beds and ascends by a very moderate grade. From the summit of the mountain which was piercing the clouds, I could see a great column of smoke shooting upward, but the wind soon bent it and sent it pouring down the side of the mountain.

The thought of soon seeing one of the grandest sights in the world will give nerve to any one, and I hurried on at a lively pace. There are scattering houses, mostly saloons, all the way up. Twice little girls came out with bottles of wine and followed, begging me to buy. Two or three

times men and once a woman came to the door of a saloon and urged me to come in, but like Bunyan's Pilgrim, I held my ears and ran for the Delectable mountains. When I was two-thirds of the way up a man followed me, trying to get me to pay him five francs to show me up, but he soon saw he was on a cold trail and turned back.

The carriage road goes three-fourths of the way up and from there the mountain rises in a cone-shaped peak a thousand feet higher, almost as steep as the pyramids. Travelers pay $1.25 to go up the railroad, but there is a trail for the accommodation of tramps. This is made principally of scoria, or volcanic ashes, which is very loose, and it is strange how the stuff can lie on so steep an incline. It was very hard climbing. I would sink in over shoetop and slip back enough to lose half a step. When half way up I sat down to rest and saw a fellow running after me. Knowing his errand, when in hearing distance, I told him if he wanted a guide I would take him up for five cents. He began to dilate upon the dangers of the crater and wanted forty cents to show me through. He soon saw it was a wild goose chase and ran back down the mountain. I was bothered no more except at the summit house, where a man stuck his head out at the window and told me to come in and get a drink. A drink of water would have been very acceptable, but as Italians are never known to risk their life and health by drinking water, I supposed it was wine he meant.

A few steps further and the trail began to wind about among great cracks and fissures in the rocks, which were fringed with sulphur and from which great volumes of smoke were rising. It looks like dangerous business walking over the crust of such a caldron of fire and brimstone, but I followed the fresh trail, and one is inclined to think that what has been done can be done again. I kept on for half a mile to the east of the summit and there

found a great chasm of unknown depth that was sending forth mountains of smoke. The ground near by was covered with rocks that had been lately thrown out, but everything was quiet and I could hear no noises. I could hardly think this was the great crater of Vesuvius, so I retraced my steps in search of another trail but found none. The smoke was hanging heavily over the mountain, making it at times so dark I could not see ten feet, so I must not leave the trail or I might fall into some hole. Supposing I had seen all I could I started down, but soon stopped. I had gone to so much trouble to see Vesuvius that I could not think of going away without seeing all, so I went back and by diligent search found another trail that had been lately used.

This soon brought me to a very steep hill, and then I saw my mistake. I had not yet reached the top of the mountain. This hill was formed of something as yellow as sulphur, in which the people had made deep tracks. The smoke was so thick sometimes I could not see my own hands and would have to feel for the path. On top of this mound was a current of fresh air, and a little way ahead was a precipice, beyond which I began to hear the noise of boiling lava. In any volcano one can always find a breathing spell, for the smoke and hot air cannot rise without letting in a cold current to take its place.

I approached the precipice cautiously and peered down into the darkness, but could not see thirty feet. I could hear the surging and splashing of the fiery billows far below, but none of those unearthly noises that I heard in Kilauea, on the Sandwich Island. Neither is the smoke of Vesuvius so stifling and poisonous or I should have been suffocated. It seems to be mostly steam. Although my view of the volcano was not very satisfactory, it was as good as most travelers get, as the crater is seldom clear enough to see the boiling lake. I had expected to find some tourists

on the mountain, but like the night in Kilauea, I viewed the awful grandeur all alone. Kilauea and Vesuvius are the two most noted volcanoes in the world. The former is the largest of all active volcanoes and the latter the best known. Vesuvius is a single mountain standing in the center of the great plain of Campania.

The view from the summit is grand. Far in the background in all directions are ranges of mountains, except to the southwest, where lies the bay of Naples in a great semicircle of many miles in extent.. Many towns and villages encircle the bay, with the great city of Naples in the center like the keystone of an arch.

"Naples sitteth by the sea, keystone of an arch of azure."

I had always supposed the poet had reference to the sky, but from the view from Vesuvius saw how appropriately he referred to the blue waters of the beautiful bay. As far as the eye can see the plain of Campania is so thickly dotted with villages as to look almost like a solid city. It is one of the most productive spots in the world, and is cultivated as a garden, producing an abundance of corn, wine, and oil; and has always been celebrated for its genial climate.

Until the year 79 A. D. Vesuvius was not known to be a volcano, but in that year it broke out and covered up several cities at its base, among which were Herculaneum and Pompeii. Since then there have been about sixty great eruptions and many towns have been destroyed. At one times ashes fell in Constantinople, 600 miles away. There are now many towns nestling close to the foot of the mountain, seemingly unconscious of danger.

It was nearly sundown before I was ready to leave the enchanted mountain, and then I had to descend and go several miles in the valley and seek shelter near Pompeii.

I came up on the west side of the carriage road, but went down by a trail on the south side. The loose ashes

of the mountain make it very hard climbing up, but it is of great advantage in going down. I could run like a deer, making ten or twelve feet every step. The ashes would settle under my feet so softly that it seemed more like riding in a swing than coming down a mountain. I soon came to vineyards and gardens, where men were at work. I wanted to stay all night with a countryman and learn something of peasant life in Italy, so I picked a good-natured old man and by signs approached him on the subject. He pointed me toward the village, from which I supposed he was not prepared to keep tramps. I found a boy in the road and showed him a one cent piece and a ten cent piece, and told him if he would find a place where I could stay all night for ten cents, he might have the cent. It was now dark, but the boy went with me two miles into the city, and after a good long search found a place to suit my means. It was a lodging house for laboring men, kept by a man and his wife. There was a small room with half a dozen cots and about as many men. The people were very talkative and had I understood the language I might have had a good social time. One of the men brought in a pitcher of wine, and that with cards made merriment last until late at night. They urged me to take a hand in the fun, but I declined, and being weary of my hard day's tramp retired to sleep, but awoke two or three times while the men were yet reveling.

Early in the morning I was off to visit Pompeii. This was a city of 20,000 inhabitants and was covered up in the great eruption of Vesuvius 1,800 years ago. For 1,600 years its very site was not known, but of late it has been discovered and about one-third of the city excavated. One can walk for half a mile in any direction over pavements that have been worn deep by the tread of countless multitudes. The sidewalks are some twelve or fifteen inches higher than the street, and the crossings are made

with large stones lying close enough together to step from one to the other, which the chariots would straddle. The streets are very narrow, and paved with rough stones, which in places are worn in ruts several inches deep by the chariot wheels. The government is doing the excavating and charges twenty-five cents admittance, except on Sundays, when all are admitted free. It was Sunday and I did not go to the principal streets where the guards were, but entered the city where I first came to it.

The first house I went into had many paintings on the walls, among which was a hunter with hounds chasing hares, and another was chasing wild boars; in another picture were a lot of men watching a cock-fight. From this you can guess the moral tone of this place 1,800 years ago. The houses have all been numbered and there are guide books from which one can learn all the history that is known of every house. I had no book and so managed to fall in company with a young Frenchman who was doing the ruins by the aid of his guide book. He could speak but very little English, but tried to explain as best he could. He was a young student of some college, who seemed to have an ambition of knowing everything in the world, and intended to make a clean sweep as he went; for in every house he must make a critical examination of every nook and corner. The entrance to some houses was closed by a high gate. This excited our curiosity so I proposed that one of us should watch for the guards while the other explored the house. I lifted the Frenchman over the gate and waited an incredible length of time for his return. Then I went in and saw nothing of importance, but I had only taken a peep or two before I heard the alarm. I ran out through a back way and scaled two or three walls, among which was the ancient wall of the city, and came back and joined my guard, but saw no signs of danger. I strongly suspected the Frenchman of playing a trick on

me, at any rate I concluded to cut the scene short the next time I stood guard. I temporized with this fellow until noon, and had seen very little, so I left him and joined an old Englishman, who seemed to be having rather a lonesome time. I now got along better, for we hurried round and saw many of the principal places.

The Pompeians, like the people of the east of the present time, were not much for decorating the outside of their houses, but they spared no pains to beautify them within. The plastering of the good houses was always painted and decorated with paintings, many of which are of the finest workmanship, and have been well preserved through all these centuries.

The floors of the houses are nearly all of mosaic work. This is made by laying little square stones of different colors in cement, so arranged as to form beautiful figures, often rivaling in beauty the finest carpet. Sometimes they represent the pictures of animals. I remember one where two doves were sitting on a box in the middle of a room. In the public places of the city are many fountains, the fronts of which are of mosaic work, representing pictures, and from a distance appearing as beautiful as the finest paintings.

There are the ruins of two large theaters within the walls of the city, and a half mile east is an immense amphitheater capable of holding fifteen or twenty thousand people. The arena is still entire, and many of the stone seats around it which rise step by step.

Around the arena are the prisons and dens for the criminals and wild beasts, from which they were turned loose to fight. Near by was a very large artificial lake, from which water could be let into the arena and boats run in to fight minature battles for the amusement of the aristocrats of Pompeii.

The stores and bazaars of the city were small and open

in front after the present fashion in the east. There are grooves in the stone above and below to receive the boards to close them up at night. There are many saloons with marble counters in front, over which the wine was passed to customers as they stood in the street, and many of the great wine jars still remain in the wall just as they were left at the overflow.

There is a large bath house of many rooms and all conveniences that could be imagined.

The day was far spent when I started for Naples, fifteen miles away. The villages are so thick that it is a continuous city most of the way. Night soon came on, and dark clouds began to gather, and had it not been for the glare of the smoke on Vesuvius I could not have kept the directions. The towns were pretty well lighted, but sometimes between them it was so dark that I had to go with great care to keep from running against people.

I reached the street cars in time to escape the rain which was threatening, paying nine cents for eight miles ride, and arrived in Naples without further adventures. My two days' trip to Vesuvius and Pompeii cost about 40 cents.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THROUGH ROME TO PARIS.

I left Naples at ten o'clock at night and arrived in Rome early next morning. On nearing the city we ran along close to an ancient aqueduct that is supported by great stone pillars and arches. It is said to be about forty miles long, and where I saw it was thirty or forty feet high. It was built by Julius Caesar, to supply the city with water. The ancients did not seem to know how to make iron pipes to conduct water under the ground, but went to great expense in making stone acqueducts, the ruins of which are everywhere to be seen.

I left the depot and started down what appeared to be one of the principal streets of the city, hoping to find the office of the American Consul. After a long and fruitless search, I arrived at the Forum of Trajan. There are many broken columns, both standing and fallen, that once supported a magnificent building. There is also a round shaft a hundred feet high or more, with a spiral row encircling it from bottom to top, representing a triumphal procession. This is about the center of the city, and is one of its principal landmarks. Every visitor to Rome knows, even though he be lost as I was, how easy it is to run across it. I went into a carpenter shop. The man gave me a seat by a charcoal fire, which was a great treat, for it was raw and chilly. I sat there and ate my breakfast and had a friendly chat with the man, although I could not understand a word he said.

Retracing my steps, I found the Consul's office not far

from the depot. There was only one man in Rome whom I knew, and that was Mr. Mitchell, of Chicago, whom I had traveled with in Galilee, and whom I styled the dude. If I could only find him the serious problem of a guide would be settled. All Americans who call on our Consul are expected to register. I found hundreds of names, some from Iowa, but Mitchell's was not there. The Consul told me of a bank where a good many Americans did business. There I found they knew Mitchell, and that he was only a few doors away. Our greeting was such as is only known to Americans in a foreign land. And now my lucky star was again in the ascendency, for my friend had made Rome a study for several months, and was worth half a dozen of those mechanical guides that people generally employ. He asked me what I wanted to see first. I told him I had no plans, but should let him use the three days that I should stay in Rome to the best advantage.

We set out and soon came to the Colosseum. This is the largest amphitheater ever built, being 615 feet by 515, and 170 feet high. The arena in the center is 158 feet wide and 247 long, around which the seats arose to at least half the height of the walls. The cells for the animals and prisoners are still to be seen. Here is where hundreds of Christian martyrs were thrown to wild beasts, while their cries were drowned by the shouts of a hundred thousand people. Mr. Mitchell pointed out many of the interesting places of Rome. He said there were about three hundred churches that would be interesting to visit, and about thirty that every tourist ought to see, but we could visit only three or four.

The view from the walls of the Colosseum is grand. In the distance, on the one hand, rises the dome of St. Peter's, the largest and grandest church in the world, while far away, on the other, is the Apian Way, along which St. Paul traveled when he was coming, a prisoner, to Rome.

Near by, Mitchell called my attention to what I first supposed was a moderate sized hill of several acres of ground, with a few houses, trees and gardens on top. On a closer inspection I saw all around the brow and sides of the hill great brick walls, arches and doorways. I was surprised to learn that this was an ancient building, on top of which the ravages of time had created soil enough to support trees and vegetation, and beneath which there still remained great rooms and chambers, through which tourists could travel and wander for hours. This is the palace of the Caesars, those iron-hearted monarchs that were so long the terror of the earth. Into this place for many centuries flowed the wealth of the world, but it has all vanished and those once splendid parlors now only afford shelter for crickets and bats. Close by are several triumphal arches, among which are the arches of Titus, of Trajan and of Constantine. These were made to span the street, and were built of massive masonry, on which is cut statuary representing the victor at the head of his captive procession, as they marched through the city. I was much interested in the Arch of Titus, whereon is represented the Emperor, riding in front of the captive Jews, whom he had brought from the siege of Jerusalem. They are carrying some of the trophies from the temple. The poor Jews are marching with bowed heads and dejected countenances, but with that stern and stubborn look that belongs only to this race, who may be vanquished a thousand times, but never conquered.

The Forum is where the people used to gather on public occasions. Although it was rather an open place in the city, yet there are still to be seen the ruins of several temples. A party of thirty or forty tourists were listening to a man who makes a business of lecturing on the ruins and the wonders of Rome. He was trying to convince the people that on this very spot Cicero used to stand while de-

livering those grand orations. I was struck with the indifference of his hearers. Most of the tourists who visit Rome are not traveling to learn anything or benefit their minds, but just to spend money and enjoy themselves. They engage fine apartments in the hotels and spend their time at banquets, receptions and dances, and social enjoyment in general, never dreaming of the hardships, toils and sorrows of the lower orders of men. As it was said of one of old, so it may be said of them: "Nero fiddled while Rome burned." As an example of the ignorance of many of the wealthy people who visit these countries, I will relate a story I heard at Jerusalem:

An American mother had traveled with her daughter through Rome, Naples and all the great cities, and had passed on eastward into the Holy Land. One day at Jerusalem a friend asked the young lady if she had ever visited Rome. The girl seemed a little perplexed and turned to inquire of her mother, who replied: "Yes, my dear, don't you remember that fine store in which we traded so much?" "Oh, yes," said the daughter, catching a new inspiration, "now I remember. There is where we got those striped stockings."

What an honor it was to the Eternal City, the home of the Scipios, and the Caesars, to be remembered as the place where an American girl bought her striped stockings!

Mr. Mitchell could only spend the afternoon of each day in showing me about, but would give directions so that I could visit some interesting place alone in the morning. I started early for a visit to the renowned Catacombs, and arrived there after an hour's tramp over the Apian Way. The Catacombs are underground tunnels and chambers, cut in the rocks for burial places of the dead, but were used as hiding places by the early Christians in times of persecution. They are said to cover about sixteen acres of

ground and are three stories in depth. I agreed to pay twenty cents to the priest to conduct me in, so with taper in hand we went down a flight of stairs and into the dark and dismal chambers. The tunnels were generally about five feet wide and eight or ten feet high, in the walls of which

In the Catacombs.

were cut niches, or shelves, one above another, like bun- in a ship, for the reception of bodies. They have been sealed up with stone slabs, many of which have been removed, exposing the skeletons. Most of them have mouldered into dust, leaving only a faint outline on the floor. The priest pointed out several of the skeletons, say-

ing: "There is a man that lived in the second century. There is a saint that lived in the fourth century," etc. As I looked on the ashes of those ancient worthies lying in tiers, one above another, I thought how appropriate is the old by-word so often applied to our worn-out politicians, "He is laid on the shelf."

We passed through several good-sized rooms, some of which were used as chapels by the early Christians. There were paintings on the walls representing Bible scenes, prominent among which was the good shepherd carrying the lamb in his bosom. We did not visit the lower story, but took a long stroll through the other two. When we came out I offered the priest twenty cents, but he said as I was a poor man he would take only ten. Just then a large company of young priests came up dressed in their loose black gowns. I thought perhaps my guide had cut the matter a little short with me and would show these favored fellows more. I asked permission and followed them back in, but saw nothing new.

Untold wealth has been expended in building the churches of Rome. Many of them have cost millions of dollars. They all have many shrines where people worship and contribute to their support, but each one tries to have a monopoly of something especially sacred to appeal to the interest of the pilgrim and traveler. One of them has the Bambino, which is a wooden doll representing the infant Savior. It is said to have been carved from a tree that grew on Mt. Olivet, and to have been painted by Saint Luke. It is clad in the finest robes and richly decorated with gold and precious stones. A priest stood on a platform and held it in his arms while a great multitude was crowding about eager to touch the hem of its garments. This image, or idol, as it would be called among the heathens of Africa, is said to possess the power of healing the sick. When people are unable to come to church it is

frequently taken and placed in bed with them, but unlike the healing of the Savior it is intended to imitate, the charges of this physician are so great that none but the rich can use it, and for centuries it has made more money than the best doctor in the world. Another church has a marble stairway that they say Jesus went up on his way to the judgment hall of Pilate. In a wall along the Sorrowful Way, in Jerusalem, they show the place from which the stairs were cut when removed to Rome. No one is allowed to walk up, but crawl on their hands and knees and kiss each step as they ascend. The stairs are much worn, the top step being worn about half into. Three or four poorly-clad and dejected-looking people were crawling up, while at the top stood a priest to receive their tribute. This is the stairway up which Martin Luther was crawling, trying to relieve his guilty conscience, when he heard a voice saying, "The just shall live by faith."

One of the most noted shrines in the world is a bronze statue of St. Peter in the church bearing his name. It sits on a table about five feet high, with one foot projecting over the edge. People were coming by crowds, kissing the great toe, which was originally about two inches long, but is now nearly worn away. A nun came with a class of thirty or forty girls; she passed them along in rotation; those that were not tall enough were lifted up. Sometimes a little child would come along and there being no one to lift it would throw a kiss and pass along. Although this looks like a vast amount of bodily exercise that profiteth little, yet it teaches one lesson that is very pleasing to a tramp. The millionaire and the beggar both come to the same level while kissing the toe of St. Peter. There are many confessional boxes in which priests sit with long, slim rods in their hands. The penitents come and kneel at the door; when the priests tap them on their heads with the rod, they arise, drop some money into the box and pass

on to do homage at the toe of St. Peter. The church is decorated with hundreds of paintings and statues of the Pope and Saints.

This great cathedral is the largest in the world, and is said to have cost fifty million dollars. It is hard to conceive how so much money could be put into one building. The Vatican, or house of the Pope, joins St. Peter's, and is said to contain about twelve hundred rooms. Those that are open to the public are richly decorated with paintings and statuary. I passed through a dozen or more, but became so bewildered with the number and magnitude of the scenes that I remember only two: the great paintings of the Creation and the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo, which cover all the ceiling and one end of a large room. This great building has been built largely from St. Peter's pence, which is gift money to the Pope from the Catholics of all the countries.

A long way beyond the walls is the church of St. Paul, which is said to be better furnished inside than any other. The roof is supported by about eighty granite columns, some thirty feet high and three feet in diameter. No cheaper material enters into the inside finish than the finest marble and alabaster. The floor is of different stones, made into the most beautiful figures.

Besides its churches, Rome is especially celebrated above all other cities in several respects. None other has such beautiful fountains and such a great variety of statuary in its streets and public places. It also excels in certain lines of manufacture. Immense quantities of mosaic jewelry are made and also large quantities of lumber, considering the kind of machinery in use.

On my way to the Catacombs I visited the principal mills. In a large shed were a lot of trestles about seven feet high; on these the logs were lain and with one man on top and another beneath with a common cross-cut saw,

they would cut the logs into lumber. The mills seemed to be running at full capacity and the men showed the energy and skill that one would expect from the descendants of Romulus. I saw one log that was about fourteen inches square and ten or twelve feet long, which they had almost finished cutting into inch lumber. To an American who has traveled, this would look like rather a small affair, but after my experience in the saw mills at Jerusalem, I would call it a mammoth institution.

I left Rome at nine o'clock at night in a car that was crowded with soldiers. We sat five on a bench with two benches facing each other and with our knees so close together that when one wanted to leave the car he had to almost climb over us. I was puzzled to know how we were going to sleep, but soon a soldier solved the problem by leaning his head on my shoulder and commencing business, and another fellow came down on him. Then remembering the advice of the Apostles, "When in Rome do as Rome does," I leaned against my neighbor on the other side and soon we were all down like trees in a cyclone, with our legs piled about in a chaotic mass. The cold and cramp of the situation made my legs so numb and dead that I soon could not tell which were mine, and I had to feel about and pull them out with my hands to be sure that I was all there. We changed cars at midnight and waited until four o'clock for the next train. There was a restaurant with fire in the depot, but unless a man would buy something he had to stand out in an open shed and shiver. The cold soon drove me in. There was a large company of rough-looking men playing cards and drinking wine. I also noticed that they used wine in their coffee instead of cream. The Italians never drink water; they think it is injurious to the health. On the trains everybody brought in their jugs and bottles of wine. I ordered a piece of sweet cake and a cup of coffee without wine, but the waiter

misunderstood me and I could not drink the nauseating stuff.

In the morning we passed through Pisa, where we again changed cars, but I failed to get a sight of the celebrated leaning tower. My railroading in Italy had mostly been at night and I had failed to see much of the country. Now we were passing over a very level and fertile plain which was in the highest state of cultivation. The land was cut up by open ditches and into small tracts and was largely sown to wheat. In the afternoon we passed along close to the sea with high mountains on the other side, and it seemed as though we were passing through tunnels about half the time. Arriving at Genoa at three o'clock, we were told we would have to wait until eight for the next train. This city stands on a high bluff overlooking one of the most beautiful bays in the world. It is the birth-place of Columbus. A large statue of the great navigator stands looking westward toward the sea. It reminded us of the time when Columbus used to thus look across the pathless ocean with a sublime faith that somewhere in its bosom rested another world.

At the appointed time I bought my ticket and started with the crowd through the door into the depot, but was stopped by the porter, who said the train for third-class pasengers would not go until four o'clock in the morning. A porter said he would take me to a place to sleep, and after waiting in the cold for an hour he came and told me there was a room with fire in the depot where he thought I could stay. After a parley with the door-keeper they passed me in. The room was full of soldiers and had few seats. Presently when the trains began to move many of the men left and I placed a pre-emption on six feet of one of the benches and slept till morning.

A ride of seventy-five miles brought us to Turin early in the morning. It was a sad disappointment when I learned

I would have to lay over there for twelve hours. Turin is a large and finely built city. It is very ancient and was the first city taken by Hannibal after crossing the Alps. A little ways from Turin we passed through the Mt. Cenis tunnel, which is seven and a half miles long, the longest in the world.

Through France it was very cold and the ground was covered with snow. Here they tried to warm the cars a little by throwing in some large lead pipes filled with hot water. The journey through France was on the style of Italy, having to change cars and wait for trains about every seventy-five miles.

The distance from Rome to Paris is 700 miles and I paid $17.30 for a third-class ticket. A second-class would cost about one-half more, and a first-class twice as much. I had to change cars eight times and frequently had to wait several hours. In America a ticket for that distance would not cost as much, and besides one would have a warm car and a cushioned seat, and one could start in the evening and be well toward his journey's end next morning. There are through trains that run from Rome to Paris in about twenty-four hours, but these are for those only that are able to buy first and second class tickets. The companies do not think it necessary to do anything for the accommodation of the poor man. I saw very few people with whom I could talk, but on the evening of the third day I thought I learned that we would arrive in Paris early in the night. So when we stopped in a very large and fine depot I thought my journey was ended. It was very dark and I dreaded to venture out to seek a lodging place, so I lingered in the depot an hour or two. I heard a man call out Paris and the people mostly started out, then the thought struck me that perhaps I was not yet in Paris. I showed my ticket to an officer, who hurried me out just in time to get on the train, and luckily there

were no more changes until we arrived in Paris a little before day.

Now, a word of advice to my granger friends who may happen to read these lines: if you want to keep your mind in good trim for execrating the monopolies and railroad kings of America, you had better never come to Europe and travel by rail from Rome to Paris on a third-class ticket.

As soon as it was light I set out to explore the city of Paris. One cannot see much of such a city in two or three days, nor understand much of what he does see, much less, be able to tell it in an interesting manner to others. So we will make short work of the gayest, finest and, in some respects, the most wonderful city in the world.

In the museums are to be seen acres upon acres of novelties and wonders. In the Louvre they keep the crown jewels, among which are the sword and crown of Charlemagne, and also the watch and sword of the great Napoleon, which are both richly decorated with diamonds. At the Hotel des Invalides is the tomb of Napoleon, together with a hundred battle flags, taken by him from the conquered nations. They were mostly badly torn.

There were great quantities of armory and implements of war. I noticed the armor worn by Charles II. and Louis VIII. There were many ancient bows and arrows and cross bows, some being finely decorated with ivory and silver. The bows were made of steel and in some cases had to be set by a system of pulleys. There were small and rude cannons of the earliest times down to the mighty guns that will throw a ball through a plate of steel a foot thick or more. One large room was occupied by wax figures of the people of all countries, showing their costume and their mode of warfare. There was the Arabian on his charger with his sword and his spear, the Indian with his tomahawk and the Australian with his boome-

rang.

One of the first things in Paris to be seen by strangers is the Eiffel Tower, which stands high above all other objects and can be seen from all parts of the city. It is a mammoth structure, but the great size of the base and the curved outlines of the monument are deceiving and one is puzzled to believe that it is a thousand feet high or even half that. My sight seeing was prolonged so late that nine o'clock found me without shelter.

Although there are thousands of Americans and Englishmen in Paris I failed to find them, and had more trouble to make my wants known than in any other city. In the early days of my journey I was compelled by necessity to guard my expenses with the most rigid economy, and my rule was to never pay more than twenty cents for a night's lodging, and I was loath to break it now, although I had money enough to spend it rather lavishly and still get home. I had accosted several policemen, and by signs inquired in a good many stores for a place to sleep for twenty cents, but they all shook their heads. In one store I found an English lady who told me I was in the best part of the city and she did not think there were any cheap lodging houses near. I plodded on through the streets as completely lost as a needle in a hay stack. But that made no difference, I was as liable to find shelter in one direction as another. At such times I always made free to inquire of any one I would meet on the street. So meeting a young man with some books under his arm, I addressed him and was glad to find he spoke pretty good English. He said he though he could find a place for me, but we would have to go quite a way. I told him I did not want to put him to so much trouble, but he replied very politely that he was only too glad to serve me. After a search of half an hour I excused myself from troubling him further, but he still insisted that he would not leave

me until I had found lodging.

Finally we found a restaurant where they kept a few lodgers, and would furnish me a bed for a franc. My friend asked me if I had been to supper, saying they would give me a good square meal there for a franc. I told him I would just step out to a grocery and get a lunch, but he said that I needed a good, warm meal, and for me to sit down at the table and he would pay the bill. I was easily persuaded to eat, as I had not eaten a warm meal for a week, but I told my friend that I would not think of letting him pay the bill. He insisted and handed the hostess a franc. After a good meal of mutton chops and potatoes I was led up several flights of stairs to a little room in the garret. There I was soon asleep, dreaming of Washington and La Fayette and of the good will that Frenchmen have always held toward Americans. Next morning I visited the American Consul in search of somebody who was shipping horses to America with whom I might work my way across the sea. He told me of an Englishman who lived several miles away in one of the western suburbs of Paris, who he thought would be acquainted with most of the horse dealers. I set out and spent the day in search, but when night came I had not found my man.

But early next morning I went to the sporting grounds in search of my man. There was a long row of small buildings used as kennels for the dogs. I was told that inside one of these was a man who could give me the information I wanted. I opened a door and looked in and there beheld a man standing astride of a dog rubbing him with both hands with all his might. The fellow seemed a little gruff, but told me where he thought I would find the Englishman, but all the time kept rubbing the dog for dear life, who stood with his head and tail up as though he appreciated the gravity of the occasion. I

lingered a moment to inquire more definitely the way when the fellow yelled out: "Shut the door, you damn fool, you have already chilled this dog." Taking in the situation I obeyed with alacrity, as much for my own good as that of the dog.

"Shut the door, you damn fool."

There was a great chase about to come off and no doubt much money was staked on the efforts of the canine. I found my Englishman in the road in company with another man, and they both were leading a brace of six dogs going to the chase. I learned that the season for shipping

horses had not commenced, as the sea was too rough at this time of the year. After a year spent in the tropics I was poorly prepared to endure the climate of the north and was shivering with cold, seeing which the man handed me a franc, saying, "Take this and get yourself something to drink, it will warm you up." I took the money and got a warm breakfast, which had the desired effect, and besides had none of the bad effects of the whisky.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FROM PARIS TO LONDON.

There are three principal routes from Paris to London. I took the one by way of Dieppe and New Haven.

As soon as the gates were open I went into a car and was sitting there alone when a young fellow came along. Not knowing what language he spoke I called out, "Climb in and make yourself at home."

He obeyed, saying, "Hello, Yank, which way are you traveling?"

I told him I was going over to London to see if I could not strike a chance to work my way to America.

He also was from America, but had lived a good deal in England, and had been following the trade of a contortionist in France for the last three months. He would go about the hotels and public places where men were collected, spread his carpet on the floor and tie himself into a few knots, and cut some other antics, and then pass the hat for a collection. He had managed to make a living, but was about "busted" and was now going to Liverpool to try for a chance to work over to America.

Soon two other men came in who were both Americans. One was a bookkeeper who had ventured over to Paris to seek his fortune and had failed. The other was studying art in London. These were all the passengers in the car and it seemed almost like coming out of prison to be in company with Americans again after so long a time with people of an unknown tongue.

Arriving at Dieppe at midnight we were hurried aboard

the ship. It was cold and stormy and the sea was very rough. The deck passengers were huddled together in the front end of the vessel, with only a little canvas to keep the wind off. They were nearly all sick except the contortionist and myself, and I was almost chilled to death.

There was a grave old Englishman who stood on deck and seemed willing to take the world as it came, never uttering a word of complaint or cracking a smile. But his wife, a big fat woman, lay on a bench, shivering and uttering bitter imprecations against any ship company that would furnish such poor accommodations. The contortionist made himself useful by acting the clown for our amusement, and being too miserable to sleep, I spent the time laughing at him and at those who were less fortunate than myself.

A little before day we landed at New Haven and found the train waiting to take us to London. A short ride and we were landed somewhere in the great city of London.

Starting out with the contortionist as guide, we went down into a hole in the ground to take the train, and in a few minutes emerged from the earth five miles from where we started. Although London is of great size, yet there is not room enough on the surface and the railroads have to go either overhead or underground.

We passed through the haunts of Jack the Ripper in Whitechapel and saw where a woman had been found dead not long before. My friend said if I could play any kind of instrument, or whistle a tune or two he would like for me to tramp with him across the country to Liverpool, and we would stop at the little towns and "do a show." But as he was "busted" and could not afford to stay in London, and I did not want to go on without taking in the great metropolis, the scheme was a failure, and we disbanded near the London Tower. Then with cane in hand and two heavy wallets slung across my shoulder, I started up the

street in search of new adventures.

Strung along on one side of the street was a row of several hundred rough-looking fellows. Some men were handing them tickets. I marched along in front of the column and seemed to attract attention, for I heard several such remarks as "There goes a domed Irishman," "There goes 'auld' Ireland," etc. I paid no attention to their sport but trudged along the whole length of the column. Next morning I went back without my wallets and cane and stood in line with the boys, and received a ticket. It called for a five-cent breakfast at the restaurant, and I squandered it on a cup of coffee and a piece of sweetcake. No doubt many of these men were the offscourings of London and the hoodlums of Whitechapel, who were depending on charity for breakfast every morning, and yet they were quick to ostracize an Irishman, who they think is far below them. The same rule holds good with the Irishman when he is thrown among Chinamen, or other people whom he regards as beneath him. It seems to be a principle in human nature to gloat over the sadder misfortunes of others.

My first day in London was spent in hunting for my friend John Andrews, who had been with me during the six weeks' voyage from Australia, but I failed to find him. After six days I found him by accident, just as he was going aboard a ship for a voyage, and had time only to say farewell. He had been boarding within a few steps of me all the time.

My first night in London I was belated and had to call on a policeman to show me a place to stay and had to pay thirty-seven and one-half cents, but the next day I found a cheap lodging house called the Victoria Home. It is a large institution built by one of the lords of England, where laboring men can find shelter at the least possible cost. The price is eight cents for a cot in a room with

other men or twelve and a half cents for a single room. In the basement were two large furnaces kept continually burning, where those who wished could do their own cooking. There were pots, skillets and dishes, which were free for every one to use, and all a man had to do who wanted breakfast was to step out into a shop and buy a cent's worth each of sugar, coffee and butter, and two cents' worth of bread and meat, and cook and eat at his leisure. There were waiters who washed the dishes and kept everything in order. There was a restaurant in the house where those who did not want to cook could buy their food ready prepared. Two cents would buy a good-sized piece of bread and butter, or pie or sweetcake or a pint of coffee with cream and sugar. Upstairs was a large reading room and library with a piano, where religious services were held every evening, and where those who were so inclined could spend the time. All this a poor man in London can enjoy for eight cents a night. It was a busy time when two or three hundred men came in an evening and commenced preparing their supper, but everything was done in order, no drinking or swearing being allowed. Those who did their own cooking could live on $1.50 a week very well, and some were living much cheaper.

I was surprised how cheap provisions were in London. Irish pork was eleven cents per pound by the half carcass, and beef the same. They bring mutton from New Zealand, which is on the opposite side of the world, and deliver it as fresh as the day it was killed. It sold for seven and a half cents per pound, while English mutton brought fifteen. Smoked meat sold from seven and a half to fifteen cents per pound; cheese from ten to fifteen, butter twenty-five, oleomargarine from eight to fifteen (I used that a good deal and found it better than butter), yellow sugar was worth three cents per pound, and granulated four; bread two and a half cents. There is an idea

among Englishmen that anything from America is not as good as their own, and they will argue all day with you that their hog will produce better meat than the American. They always have two prices, that for the American product being the cheaper, but I imagine from the scarcity of the American brand that most of our Iowa hogs change their names on crossing the water and have no trouble in pleasing the fancy of the fastidious English for Suffolk bacon or Yorkshire hams.

The Salvation Army have barracks where they furnish supper, bed and breakfast all for eight cents. They were so crowded that I had to go a third time before I got in. The meals consist of a large piece of bread and a pint of coffee, which is a good deal better than nothing to a hungry man. Other provisions are sold at the lowest possible rate. A man can make a good meal on two or three cents. The beds consist of boxes six feet long by two wide without top or bottom. These are arranged in rows on the floor and have an oilcloth mat for bed and a side of leather for cover. There were a hundred and fifty men sleeping in the room with me, and between scratching and snoring kept up a good deal of racket. I would not advise one of delicate nerves to seek for rest here, but to these poor fellows from the streets and gutters it is a luxury. This is the starting point to a better life of many a poor wretch. They are gathered in from all quarters. No difference how degraded a man is, if he is too drunk to walk they carry him in, all that is asked is that he leave his whisky, tobacco and swearing outside. If he has no money they have workshops where he can go and earn a little.

The two chief products of London are inhabitants and smoke. The population is about five millions; more than twice that of any other city; and yet, it is said to be rapidly increasing. The damp atmosphere and myriads of chim-

neys and furnaces produce so much fog and smoke that sometimes for days together the city lies in midnight darkness. I have seen it so dark at noonday that I could not see across the street. Much of the time in the winter the lamps have to be kept burning in the houses and in the streets, entailing an enormous expense. Men have tried to invent means by which they could get rid of the smoke, but without success; it would be a good field for some Yankee to try his ingenuity.

I asked a policeman why they continued to light the city by gas. He said they had tried to introduce electric lights but it was a failure, and besides, they did not take well with the English people; they thought it was hard on the eyes; in fact that is what everybody says here. No doubt it hurts their pride much more than it does their eyes; as in the case of our hog, the Englishman is slow to acknowledge that anything from America is as good, much less better than his own. Thus the greatest city in the world is content to battle with darkness with puny gas lamps, while in America no little town of three thousand inhabitants can rest until they are all aglow with electric lights.

London is well supplied with places of amusement. In the British museum are monuments and relics of the ancient nations from the earliest times. There are stone coffins from Egypt with their mummies, which are four thousand years old. There are stone statues twelve feet high and the same in length, representing winged bulls and lions with human heads, taken from the ruins of Nineveh.

The Tower of London is an ancient fortress that is now used as a museum for relics of warfare and bloodshed. There are hundreds of armors worn by ancient kings and warriors; they were made of plates of steel overlapping like the scales of a fish; some of them covered the whole

body even to the fingers. I noted the armors of Henry VIII., and James II., also of Charles II., when a boy. The first-named weighed ninety-six pounds. Such a thing would be rather cumbersome, but perhaps were of some use when fighting was done with edged tools, but it would be useless against our modern shot and shell. They have the cloak on which Gen. Wolf died at Quebec, and the ax and block used in the execution of Lady Jane Gray. They also keep the crown jewels here. It is a gorgeous display of golden vessels, decorated with diamonds and precious stones. There are many scepters and maces, and I noted a large plate used by the queen in the sacerdotal ceremony. The crown of Victoria is set with 3,000 diamonds and precious stones. There is an imitation of the famous Kohi Noor diamond, the queen having the genuine one in her possession.

On the walls of the prison where the political criminals used to be kept are many inscriptions, some by noted people, who thus passed away their lonely hours. Lady Jane Gray added her name to the list, and one poor fellow tried to relieve himself in the following rhyme:

"Thomas Miagh that lieth here alone,
That fayne would from hens begon,
By torture strawnge mi troyth was tryed,
Yet of mi libertie denyed."

In the zoological gardens can be seen all kinds of animal life. The keeper of the elephants takes especial pains to point out the stall of Jumbo to Americans. He has another elephant that he claims only lacks four inches of being as tall as Jumbo.

Among the many places I visited was St. Paul's Cathedral. The services were conducted with a great lot of chanting and ceremonies, not one word of which I could understand. At the close a man started out dressed in long white robes; he held at arms' length a golden mace which

he looked at steadfastly. A great retinue of young men and boys clad in the same style followed him. It looks a little irreverent but I could only make a place of amusement out of such a meaningless display.

In the Court of the Queen's Bench I also lost my dignity and was tempted to laugh at the lawyers, who all wore wigs as white as snow and looked like they were made of lamb skins with wool on. Such a ridiculous display may command respect in England, but it would not work in America.

Among the many monuments in the public places of London is an obelisk that four thousand years ago stood companion to the one I saw at Heliopolis in Egypt. It is about six feet square at the base and sixty-eight feet high.

Feeling lonesome and knowing that London is the headquarters of Quakerism, I went to the directory to hunt for a man of my own church. At their church on Bishopgate street I found the secretary, Mr. Isaac Sharp, in his office. On learning that I was a Quaker from America he asked for my credentials. Finding I had none I could see he was possessed with a spirit of incredulity. No doubt he thought I was going to ask for help on the strength of church relationship; but when I gave him to understand that I was sound financially, and only sought his acquaintance to get directions how to see London, he seemed more composed and received me gladly. I made the office of Mr. Sharp my headquarters, and he took much interest in giving directions and in showing me about; he told me of an uncle of his who was planning a trip around the world in his eighty-sixth year.

This is where the London yearly meeting is held and is supposed to be the fountain head of Quakerism and I was much interested in attending some of their meetings. At the mid-week meeting were about a dozen people who sat for an hour, the men with their hats on; the silence was

only broken twice for three or four minutes during a short prayer and exortation. At the monthly meeting was a goodly number, and they did the business in a spirited and intelligent manner; but a few, like some in America, were a little too full of garrulity.

I attended a lecture on George Fox by the noted Joseph Braithwait. It was interesting and instructive, but a little tedious. The great apostle of the Quakers was lauded to the skies; but from the dress of the speaker and audience you would never dream they were disciples of the man with the leather breeches. After the lecture a man, who I supposed was one of the head ones, arose and began to enlarge on the lofty character of the illustrious Fox, until the people were tired and began to leave, when the chairman asked him to desist, but he kept right on until he ran down.

The Quakers in London are doing a great deal of missionary work among the poor classes, in the shape of mission meetings, schools and charitable work in general. Of course, in common with other Englishmen, they have a notion that men are naturally born into different orders or stations of life. The most of them being wealthy, it is quite natural for them to imagine they belong to the higher order. But that is the natural outgrowth of any country as it grows older and the gap widens between the rich and poor, the virtuous and the vicious.

The great opportunities in America of acquiring wealth and position create an uneasy, restless spirit that soon wears us out, shatters our nerves and sours our dispositions. The Englishman is content to plod along in the station of his birth, and this preserves his forces for the enjoyment of what he actually possesses, while the American never enjoys what he has, but is always strung to the highest tension in the race for what he hopes to get. I noted with what freedom strangers talk when meeting in a

train, while in America you can ride all day and hardly be spoken to, and are afraid to speak for fear you will be considered rude.

I found the policemen and officers very open-hearted and always ready to have a friendly talk. On the whole I rather like the English people, and during my stay with them received nothing but the kindest and most respectful treatment, except from the hoodlums of Whitechapel, and Quakers of Bunhill Fields, where one called me a "damned" Irishman and the other laughed at me in church, and I do not think this was done through any ill-will, but just through a habit into which they have drifted. There is a great deal of poverty and suffering in England, but as in America the most of it can be traced to vice. Although the people of France and Italy almost swim in wine, yet on my journey across the continent I saw no more than half a dozen people who were drunk; but on arriving in London I could see them by the dozens. The second car I rode in was crowded with drunken men, who got into a row but were too far gone to hurt each other much. The English speaking people seem to be more inclined to run into extremes than any other, so when they start downward they have no trouble in arriving at the lowest depths of degradation.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TO LIVERPOOL AND HOME.

I went from London to Liverpool on the London and Northwestern Railroad. Englishmen claim this is the best road in the world. The roadbed is perfection, but the little four-wheeled cars, with the conductor climbing about on the outside, look like dog-carts beside the Pullman coaches you see in the great trains that sweep across the continent of America.

At Liverpool I found a private house kept after the plan of the Victoria Home in London, where I could stay for eight cents a night. I tried cooking here, and found it worked well. A man could live very well on $1.25 a week, including lodging.

I took some pains to learn the prices of labor in England, and was told that farm laborers get $3 to $3.75 per week without board; carpenters and miners, $1.50 per day; coal shovelers, 75 cents, and draymen, $1.25. Considering how cheap one can live in England I don't think their laborers are so much worse off than our own, as we have been taught to believe. In fact I think if I was going to make my living by common day labor I would take Liverpool in preference to Lynnville.

The docks of Liverpool are made by great stone piers that extend into the sea for half a mile, each having a warehouse its full length. They are far enough apart for two ships to pass, and extend along the shore for seven miles. Hundreds of great ships were here, among which I saw the Teutonic and Majestic, those monsters that are

nearly a quarter of a mile long, and which can make the distance from New York to Liverpool in less than six days. The freighting here is immense, and there is a continual jam of dray wagons with their long strings of heavy Clyde horses pulling in single file.

Among the many objects of pity one sees in Liverpool

An Object of Pity.

none are more sorrowful than the little children who peddle matches in the streets. One night as I was walking along the wharf a little girl ran up and wanted me to buy. I was warmly dressed but was chilling from the damp air from the sea, which was spitting snow. The girl was bare-

headed and clad in a loose cotton dress, with her little bare feet standing on the cold stones. I asked why she stayed out so late. She said her papa was dead and her mother sick, and she was trying to make money to buy bread. There were two bare-footed boys not far away who she said were her brothers, who were plying the same trade. I gave the little girl some pennies and told her to go home to her mother. She seemed much pleased and ran away. Perhaps the story of her father being dead and her mother sick was made up; for there are often drunken parents who compel their children to beg in the streets.

In my contact with the laboring men of England I have often listened with interest to their discussions of economic questions. Although England has perhaps prospered more under free trade than she would have done under protection, and her laborers are better off than in the protected countries of Europe, yet there seems to be a growing sentiment in favor of protection. They say that foreigners, especially Americans, are driving their mechanics out of the field. Norway is shipping in large quantities of matches; and Germany is sending children's toys and selling them so cheap their own workmen cannot live. But their greatest competitor is America, which is sending over large quantities of machinery, cutlery and many other things. A carpenter said that about one half of the doors and windows he used were of American manufacture; and a great deal of their furniture came from America. He said the Yankees were trying to starve them to death, and had even added insult to injury by sending over coffins in which to bury them.

The cheap grain from America and India has greatly decreased the price of land and rents, so the landlords and farmers are clamoring for protection. But they will have a hard job, for the politician who would do anything to in-

crease the price of bread would soon find himself sailing up Salt River.

Of course it is natural for the Englishman to feel sore when he sees Americans invading the markets of the world with their goods and even crowding him in his own little island; but it is doubtful if protection would save him. He has to depend on other countries for most of the materials for manufacture except coal and iron, while the Americans have these together with everything else right at their doors, and also a knack of pushing ahead and doing things quick that looks like magic to the conservative Englishman. But I must quit this strain, for John Bull already accuses us of being a nation of boasters.

During all the long months I was rambling home seemed so far away that the thought of when I should see it again hardly entered my mind. But on arriving at Liverpool, with but 3,000 miles of water between me and my native land, I was seized with an intense desire for home; so was in good condition to become the victim of a ticket agent. The ship companies have agents who watch the streets and wharfs for people who are setting out on a voyage. In hunting for a chance to work my way across the Atlantic I found one of these men who represented the American line of steamers that sail to Philadelphia. He said it would be impossible for me to get work, as no one was shipping horses or cattle at that time of the year. I learned from him that the Lord Gauph would sail in about an hour, and that no other steamer would leave for several days. He said the ship was a fast sailer, that I had better buy a ticket and hurry aboard.

Although I was quite sure the fellow was lying, my anxiety impelled me to action, and I gave $19 for a ticket and ran for the wharf. Arriving there I found they were loading the ship and would not be ready for the passengers

to come aboard for several hours, which left me plenty of time to loiter about and kick myself for being so easily duped. But I did not have to suffer alone, for soon others came hurrying in breathless in fear of being left.

At nine o'clock at night we were ready to sail, and the ship moved slowly out of the great Liverpool docks and glided smoothly down the Irish channel. The steerage passengers consisted of about a dozen Englishmen and Irishmen and some seventy-five Jews, many of whom were fleeing from the Russian persecution.

We left Liverpool on the 19th of January, and after a long, tedious voyage on the slowest ship that crosses the Atlantic (the agent lied to me) we reached Delaware Bay seventeen days after taking passage.

Our government spends lots of money in defending us against paupers and infectious diseases, so the day before we were to land word was sent us to prepare to assure the doctor that we had been vaccinated for small-pox.

I rolled up my sleeve and thought I found a scar that was about thirty-five years old. I feared it would not pass muster, but was greatly relieved when I saw the doctor was paying no attention to scars but was handing out tickets to every one who had a bare arm.

There were two or three of the boys who were dead broke, but the pauper problem was soon solved by passing around the hat in their favor.

In the morning we were sailing up the Delaware River and soon landed at Philadelphia. I had no time to explore the city of Brotherly Love, but boarded the first train for Chicago via Washington.

At Washington I called on the President and also on the Senate and House of Representatives, but none of our great men seemed to know me. The officials of the various departments, however, were very polite and obliging in showing me around. I was even shown into the treasury

vaults and permitted to walk around the mammoth piles of gold and silver Uncle Sam owned at that time.

They took me into a room where pretty girls were assorting and counting greenbacks. They have a machine that takes charge of all mutilated bills and sees that they are destroyed. The guide said it was utterly impossible for any thief to beat that machine out of a dollar, thanks to the ingenuity of some Yankee who has made a machine to watch the rogues at Washington. What a lucky day it will be when some man invents a machine to make and execute the laws there.

The run was made from Washington to Chicago in twenty-five hours, a distance of about 800 miles, and at a cost of about $17. Here I was permitted to ride in a first-class car kept comfortably warm by kind attendants, and with all the comforts and luxuries of a parlor.

What a contrast that was to my trip from Rome to Paris, which I have before described. There the cost was about the same, although the distance is not quite so great. Instead of the warm car and upholstered seats I had to shiver in a cold car and sit on a flat board with a perpendicular back. Instead of being hurried through without change of cars in a day and night, I was compelled to change cars seven times and wait for trains for twelve hours at two different places, and a less time at about all the other changes.

This is a fair sample of the cheap railroads of Europe that demagogues have been telling us about. Had I been able to have paid twice the amount and have taken a first-class train I could have been hurried through in a short time, but in that country a poor man is no man at all and is not supposed to be worthy of any notice or accommodations. Two hundred years ago the roads of England were so bad that the Stuart kings were compelled to drag through the mud in their coaches for two long days to go

from London to Cambridge. Now the poorest people of America frequently cross the continent in about twice that time and in a conveyance ten times more agreeable than was the coach of Charles II. Surely the world, and especially America, does move, as well as the cars, and in spite of the many discouraging outlooks we are certainly moving towards a better state and a higher life for the poor and common people.

But before we have time to finish our musings the 300 miles from Chicago to Grinnell are spanned, and then come Lynnville and home, with wife and children gathered around asking a thousand and one questions. Even my baby boy, who patted the car window as the train bore him away from me at Los Angeles, has learned to talk and has climbed upon my knee for an interview.

I felt a good deal like a conqueror. I had demonstrated the fact that the earth is round and that it can be circumnavigated without either money or friends, having only spent two hundred and thirty-five dollars, **all but about sixty dollars** of which I earned on the road at common labor. The time spent was a year and six days. Four months and a half were spent at work on the Sandwich Islands and in the Holy Land at wages ranging from 40 cents to $2.50 a day. The rest of the time was spent in travel and sight seeing. The distance traveled was about 30,000 miles.

I said without money or friends. I will take that back. The world is generally kind to those who treat it friendly. Men, especially among the poor classes, seldom get too mean to befriend those who respect them. I always tried to adapt myself as much as possible to the manners, customs and even dress of the people. I would eat poi with my fingers with the Kanaka, eat rice with the chop sticks of the Chinaman, dip bread in the same sop with the Bedouin of the desert, and practice swallowing the long

slimy sticks of macaroni with the descendants of the Caesars. Yes, there is a warm corner in the heart of the poor of all countries for those who sympathize with them and especially for Americans, who are known the world over as the promoters of peace with all men.

Now, dear reader, you have traveled with me over many a long and weary road, but I cannot help indulging the hope that occasionally, at least, I have cited you to some beautiful or interesting place. And now, I bid you good-by, not without the hope that I may again meet you in some beautiful campus of this world, for I already feel myself becoming the victim of the proverb: "He that once travels is ever afterward a wanderer."

The reader will remember that on setting out on my journey, I was inclined to ridicule my wife's declaration that she was going to support the family for a year on six hundred dollars, and, besides, save money to send for me. Although I had received many letters from home, none of them said much about financial matters. Of course I took it for granted that everything was going to ruin; that my wife was spending her money for the unnecessaries of life, and was running in debt to the grocer for something to live on.

When on nearing home and seeing numerous improvements about the place, my convictions were greatly strengthened. "There," said I to myself, "that shows what a woman will do when she has complete control of money." So, in all the rejoicings of my arrival home, not the least in my mind was the thought that my wife had failed in her financial management, and that I would have the coveted privilege of placing affairs on a sound basis again. But great was my chagrin when she brought out a bank account of a hundred dollars, and gave it to me with the sarcastic remark that she was now ready to render account to the great financier and lord of creation, expressing

the hope that I would now be willing to stay at home and engineer our financial bark the rest of our days. This was a hard blow to me, since a man would much rather lose money than give up one of his pet theories. But in my contact with the world I have learned to submit to the inevitable, and expect good to come even from adverse circumstances. Now, I am happy to confess that woman is man's equal, not even excepting the management of finance, and that I have a wife who can manage the home while I finish my career of roaming.

1890. EXPENSE ACCOUNT.

Feb. 21, Railroad fare from Lynnville to San Francisco.	$ 40 10
Feb. 23 to 28, Bed and breakfast at the Golden Eagle House, five days	2 50
Feb. 29, Shave, 10c; street car fare, 10c; knife, 10c	30
Feb. 29, Theater, 10c	10
March 19, Hilo, Sandwich Islands, paid the revenue collector for the privilege of landing	2 00
March 19, Paid ferryman for taking me ashore	25
March 20, Room for one week	1 50
March 21, Loaf of bread, 5c; 16 bananas, 5c	10
March 22, Bread, 5c	5
March 24, Soap, 5c	5
March 25, Bread, 5c; bananas, 10c	15
March 26, Bananas, 5c	5
March 27, Bananas, 5c	5
March 28, Room rent, 50c	50
March 29, Bananas, 5c; beef, 15c; bread, 10c	30
March 30, Provisions for keeping "bach"	2 15
March 31, Skillet, 30c; potatoes, 10c; beef, 20c	60
April 6, Shave, 5c; oilskin coat, $1.75; bananas, 5c; fish, 30c	2 15
April 8, Coal oil, 10c	10
April 13, Fish, 30c	30

April 20, Three pounds of fish, 25 25
April, 21, 2½ pounds sugar, 25c; lantern flue, 50c; bananas, 15c 90
April 27, 2½ pounds sugar, 25c; 1½ pounds potatoes, 5c 30
May 1, 3 pounds beef, 25c; bananas, 15c; 10 pounds flour, 30c; coal oil, 5c 75
May 3, 1 quart olive oil 50
May 3, Sugar, 25c; bananas, 10c 35
May 8, 2 pounds Indian corn, 5c; bananas, 10c; fish, 10c. 25
May 13, Guide into the volcano of Kilauea 1 50
May 14, Dinner at Halfway House 1 00
May 14, Bread for voyage to Honolulu 25
May 16, Deck passage to Honolulu 2 00
May 17, Bananas, 5c 5
May 18, Bananas, 10c 10
May 19, Shave, 25c; sugar, 10c; herring, 5c 40
May 23, Dinner at restaurant, 25c; mending of shoes, 25c 50
May 24, Room rent, three nights 75
May 25, Bananas, 15c; crackers, 15c; soap, 5c 35
May 26, Two meals, 30c; one candle, 5c 30
May 26, Street car, 10c; shave, 25c; overalls, $1 ..... 1 35
May 26, Breakfast at Chinese restaurant, 15c; room rent, $1 ..... 1 15
May 26, Provisions for keeping "bach," $1.75; 1 pineapple, 15c 1 90
May 27, Two meals at Chinese restaurant, 30c 30
May 28, Poi, 5c; 1 meal, 10c 15
May 29, Two meals, 20c; bananas, 30c; candle, 5c 35
May 30, Poi, 5c; 1 meal, 10c 15
June 1, Room rent $1.25; hat, 50c; 2 meals, 20c 1 95
June 2, Three meals at Chinese restaurant, 30c 30
June, 3, Mosquito bar, $1; towel, 20c; room rent, 50c 1 70
June 15, Ferry to the ship "Morning Star," 25c; 2 meals, 15c 40
June 18, Two meals, 15c; bananas, 10c, provisions, $1.20. 1 45
June 28, Room rent, 50c; breakfast, 5c 55
June 28, Board at railroad camp 1 00
June, 29, Bananas, 25c; sugar, 25c; bread, 25c 75
June 30, Two meals, 20c; bananas, 5c 25
June 30, Fryingpan, 30c; sugar, 25c; salt, 5c; baking powder, 15c 75

June 30, Peanut oil, 25c; bread, 30c; soap, 15c; sack, 5c.. 75
July 4, Sugar, 25c; 2 meals, 20c; bananas 5c; tarro, 25c; rice, 25c..... 1 00
July 4, Mending shoes, 75c; tea, 25c..... 1 00
July 4, Bacon, per pound, 17c..... 1 10
July 6, Ice cream, 5c; fruit, 10c..... 15
July 6, One alligator pear, 5c; breakfast, 10c; poi, 10c; bread, 10c; sugar, 25c..... 60
July 13, Dinner, 15c; butter, 25c; bread, 10c; board with Chinamen, 50c..... 1 00
July 13, Papia fruit, 10c..... 10
July 26, Board last week..... 1 35
Aug. 2, Room rent, $1.75; 1 melon, 10c..... 1 85
Aug. 5, One week's board at Chinese restaurant..... 1 80
Aug. 16, Auckland, 11 bananas, 12½c; 1¼ pounds cheese, 20c; 2 pounds ginger snaps, 32c..... 64½
Aug. 21, Sydney, Australia, bananas, 18¾c; other fruit, 18¾c; 8 oranges, 8¼c..... 45¾
Aug. 22, Two apples, 6¼c; 12 bananas, 12½c; 1 pie, 6¼.. 25
Aug. 23, Two apples, 2c; 1 sweet cake, 10c; fruit, 6¼c; theater, 25c..... 43½
Aug. 23, Dinner 12½c; bananas, 4c; fork and spoon to use on ship, 12½c..... 29
Aug. 28, Melbourne, Australia, fare on street car, 18c; apples, 10c; supper, 12½c..... 40½
Sept. 1, Adelaide, Australia, soap, 6¼c; car fare, 18c; supper and fruit, 30c; fruit, 18c..... 72¼
Fare for passage from Sydney, Australia, to Port Said, Egypt, 9,000 miles, was $85, which I saved by working my way.
Oct. 6, Port Said, Egypt, paid ferryman to take me ashore, 6¼c..... 6¼
Oct. 6, Paid ferryman for taking me to a Russian vessel 25
Oct. 6, Ticket to Joppa..... 1 60
Oct. 7, For landing at Joppa..... 37½
Oct. 7, Riding through surf on the back of an Arab..... 4
Oct. 7, Passport..... 3 00
Oct. 7, Watermelon, 2c; supper at Arab restaurant, 6¼c 8¼
Oct. 7, Bed at Russian hotel..... 37½
Oct. 8, Four apples, 4c; breakfast, 5c; grapes, 1c..... 10
Oct. 8, Arab candy, 2c; bed, 37½c..... 39½

Oct. 8, Dinner, grapes, dates, etc., 10c; supper, 8c, 1 pound grapes, 1c	19
Oct. 9, Breakfast, dinner, supper, fruit, etc	25
Oct. 10, Breakfast and dinner, 20c; supper, 7c	27
Oct. 12, Four nights' lodging at Jew's, 80c; 2 meals, 30c.	1 10
Oct. 12, Melon, 5c; dinner, 7c; fruit, 5c; blacking shoes, 1c	18
Oct. 13, Dinner and supper, 14c; grapes, 4c	18
Oct. 14, Dinner and grapes, 8c; supper, and grapes, 8c..	16
Oct, 15, Three meals, fruit, etc	25
Oct. 16, Breakfast and dinner	8
Oct. 17, Four meals at the restaurant and grapes	22
Oct. 18, Three meals at restaurant	15
Oct. 19, Two meals, 10c; grapes, 2c	12
Oct. 19, Room rent, 6½ days	1 30
Oct. 20, Breakfast, 3c; dinner for two, 12c; grapes, 2c...	17
Oct. 20, Signing of passport, 30c; dragoman, 20c	50
Oct. 20, Bed, 20c; washing two garments, 10c	30
Oct. 21, Room rent two days, 40c; bread, 2½c	42½
Oct. 21, Guide book, 20c; dragoman's fee, 20c	40
Oct. 21, Starts afoot to Jerusalem.	
Oct. 21, Four miles on a camel, 1¼c	1¼
Oct. 22, Grapes, 2½c	2½
Oct. 23, First night in Jerusalem, supper and lodging...	12½
Oct. 24, Dinner, 20c; grapes for the two days past, 6c; supper, 6½c	32½
Oct. 25, Grapes, 1¼c; 1 pomegranate, 1¼c; dinner, 6c...	8½
Oct. 26, Supper, 6c	6
Oct. 27, Dinner, grapes, etc., 4c	4
Oct. 28, Dinner, 6c	6
Oct. 29, Dinner, 6c; mending shoes, 40c	46
Oct. 30, Bethlehem, grapes, radishes, tomatoes, 5c; dragoman, 3c	8
Oct. 31, Hair cut, 6c; dinner, 6c; grapes, 1½c	13½
Nov. 1, Supper, 6c; backsheech, 2½c	8½
Nov. 2, Supper, 6c	6
Nov. 4, Hebron, night's lodging at Hebron Hotel, 20c.	20
Nov. 5, Two meals, 20c	20
Nov. 6, Dinner	7
Nov. 7, Two meals	12½
Nov. 8, One meal	6
Nov. 9, Two meals	12½

Nov. 10, Guide in temple grounds, 20c; under temple, 10c; candle, 6c..... 36
Nov. 10, Two meals, 12½c; paid Mr. Durgin for 24 meals at 20c each, $4.80; bread, 5c..... 4 85
Nov. 11, Backsheech at the tomb of David..... 5
Nov. 11, Breakfast and dinner on bread, cheese and onions..... 4
Nov. 13, Onions ½c, to eat on road to Jericho..... ½
Nov. 15, Jericho, 2 nights' lodging at Jordan Hotel, 40c 40
Nov. 15, Supper at Jerusalem, 6c; fruit, 3c..... 9
Nov. 17, Ramala, gift to Friends' Mission..... 32
Nov. 18, Backsheech to guides to Nablus..... 12½
Nov. 18, Nablus, 4 oranges, 1c; handful of figs, 1¼c; dates, 1¼c..... 3½
Nov. 19, Breakfast on Arab doughnuts, 5c; backsheech to guide, 4c..... 9
Nov. 20, Tiberias, breakfast on bread and olives, 3½c, figs and grapes, 2½c..... 6
Nov. 21, Night's lodging at Tiberias Hotel, 20c; breakfast, 6c..... 26
Nov. 22, Nazareth, bed, 20c; oranges, 12½c..... 32½
Nov. 22, Kaifa, supper for myself and muleteer, 25c; figs, 4c..... 29
Nov. 25, Nazareth, breakfast, 6c; fruit, 4c..... 10
Nov. 25, One pair socks, 30c; guide, 30c..... 60
Nov. 25, Supper, 6..... 6
Nov. 26, Bread, 2½c; 2 nights' lodging with an Arab, 20c 22½
Nov. 27, Geneene, supper and breakfast, 10c..... 10
Nov. 28, Nazareth, figs, etc., 6c; backsheech to servant at Mission, 20c..... 26
Nov. 28, Backsheech to priest at Samaritan Temple, 20c. 20
Nov. 29, Ai, night's lodging at Ai, 18c..... 18
Nov. 30, Jerusalem, dinner, 5c..... 5
Dec. 1, Dinner, 6c..... 6
Dec. 2, Dinner and fruit, 10c..... 10
Dec. 3, Shoes..... 3 00
Dec. 6, On the road to Joppa, pack mule, 2½c, hack from Ramala, 40c..... 42½
Dec. 7, Joppa, bed, 12c; supper, breakfast and figs, 12c.. 24
Dec. 7, Figs, 2½c; bananas, 5c; dinner for myself and guide, 15c..... 22½

Dec. 7, Stamps for passport, 15c; guide, 30c, boat to ship, 26c	71
Dec. 8, Passage to Alexandria from Joppa	2 10
Dec. 9, Alexandria, boat to shore, 10c; passport, 26c	36
Dec. 9, Dinner and fruit, 18c; water, 1c	19
Dec. 9, Round trip ticket to Cairo	3 05
Dec. 10, Ticket to museum, 25c; dinner, 2½c; supper and breakfast, 10c	37½
Dec. 11, Two tickets to Memphis, 35c; provisons for lunch, 20c	55
Dec. 11, Tickets to the tomb of the Bulls and tomb of Tih	25
Dec. 11, Guide to the tombs	20
Dec. 11, Ride on donkeys	5
Dec. 11, Supper at Cheops for myself and companion	20
Dec. 11, Guides into the pyramid	35
Dec. 11, Ride on stage to Cairo	15
Dec. 12, Three days' service of Khaleel Ibraham as guide	50
Dec. 12, Two tickets by rail to Heliopolis	15
Dec. 12, Oranges and bread	10
Dec. 12, Ferry to Nilometer	7½
Dec. 12, Guide to tomb of Mamalukes	10
Dec. 12, Other guides, 12½c; apples, 5c; dates, 2½c	20
Dec. 12, Dinner for two, 7½c; supper for two served in courses, 15c	22½
Dec. 12, Candy, 7½c	7½
Dec. 12, Extra charges on return trip to Alexandria for running over time	45
Dec. 13, Alexandria, breakfast, 2½c; dates, 1c; dinner for two, 7½c	11
Dec. 13, Backsheech at Khedive gardens, 7½c	7½
Dec. 14, Room, 10c, breakfast and dates, 6c	16
Dec. 14, Turkish bath	15
Dec. 14, Pants, 90c; bananas, 5c; shave and hair cut, 5c	1 00
Dec. 14, Candles, 2½c; supper for two, 5c; dates, 2½c	10
Dec. 15, Breakfast, dinner and fruit, 10c	10
Dec. 16, Breakfast, 2½c; dates, 2½c; dinner, 5c	10
Dec. 16, Apples, 5c; bread, 10c; dates, 5c; fish, 5c	25
Dec. 16, Herring, 5c; cheese, 5c; room 3 nights, 30c; candles, 2½c	42½
Dec. 17, Four days' services of Ibraham Alley as guide and servant	1 60

Dec. 17, Boat to ship, 20c..... 20
Dec. 17, Ticket to Athens..... 6 00
Dec. 19, Boat to land at Piraeus, 20c; dinner, 4c..... 24
Dec. 20, Athens, bed, 20c; breakfast, 5c; dinner, 6c; supper, 5c; washing, 10c..... 46
Dec. 21, Breakfast, 2c; dinner, 2c; supper, 4c..... 8
Dec. 22, Bed, 20c; breakfast, 3c; apples, 2c; supper, 3c.. 28
Dec. 23, Railroad, 10c; bed, 16c; breakfast on tripe, 3¼c. 29¼
Dec. 23, Ticket from Athens to Patras..... 2 00
Dec. 23, Cakes, 2c; nuts, 1c..... 3
Dec. 24, Ticket to Brindisi..... 4 20
Dec. 24, Boat to ship, 30c..... 30
Dec. 25, Brindisi, boat to shore, 12c; apples, 6c; breakfast of macaroni, 4c..... 24
Dec. 25, Nuts, 2c; fruit and bread, 3c..... 5
Dec. 25, Railroad ticket to Naples..... 4 00
Dec. 26, Naples, apples, 4c; pie, 1c; dinner of mutton and bread, 4c..... 9
Dec. 26, Fruit and chestnuts, 4c; supper, 4c; fruit, etc., 4c; guide, 4c..... 16
Dec. 27, Bed, 20c; breakfast of bread, cheese and figs, 5c; dinner at Vesuvius, 4c..... 29
Dec. 27, Supper, 4c; guide, 1c..... 5
Dec. 28, Pompeii, bed, 10c; breakfast, 4c; supper and nuts, 5c..... 19
Dec. 28, Street car to Naples, 10c..... 10
Dec. 29, Breakfast of crackers, fish pie, hog skin on toast and chestnuts on toast..... 7
Dec. 29, Dinner, deviled fish on toast, 3c; nuts and fruit, 10c..... 13
Dec. 29, Supper, snail on toast..... 2
Dec. 29, Bed two nights..... 40
Dec. 29, Ticket from Naples to Rome..... 2 00
Dec. 30, Rome, breakfast, dinner and fruit, 20c; bed, 20c. 40
Dec. 31, Breakfast of bread, butter and fruit..... 11
Dec. 31, Guide to Catacombs, 10c; bootblack, 1c..... 11
Dec. 31, Dinner and supper..... 12

1891.

Jan. 1, Basket of provisions for journey to Paris..... 70
Jan. 2, Bed, 20c..... 20
Jan. 2, Ticket from Rome to Paris..... 17 30

Jan. 5, Sundries on road to Paris	80
Jan. 6, Paris, breakfast and dinner	20
Jan. 7, Bed, 20c; eatables, 21c; street car, 12c	53
Jan. 8, Eatables for the day	35
Jan. 8, Ticket from Paris to London	4 67
Jan. 9, London, breakfast of coffee, egs and toast	17
Jan. 9, Dinner	12
Jan. 9, Guide, 5c; baggage check, 5c	10
Jan. 10, Bed, 37½c; breakfast of beef and bread, 9c	46½
Jan. 10, Dinner at Victoria Home, beef, 1c; bread, 2c; figs, 2c; cake, 2c	7
Jan. 10, Supper, cold beef, 4c; pie, 4c; bread, 4c; butter 1c	13
Jan. 11, Breakfast, 6c; shoeblack, 2c; apples, 2c	10
Jan. 11, Dinner	5
Jan. 11, Supper of pork, cauliflower, potatoes	6
Jan. 12, Breakfast, bread, 2c; butter, 1c; preserves, 1c; doughnuts, 2c; apples, 2c; dates, 3c	11
Jan. 12, Dinner for self and mate	28
Jan. 13, Room one night at Victoria Home	12½
Jan. 13, Breakfast at Salvation Army Home	6¼
Jan. 13, Check on baggage, 2c; guide, 6c; dinner and apples, 9c	17
Jan. 14, Bed, supper and breakfast at S. A. Home	9
Jan. 14, Street car, 2c; storage on package, 4c	6
Jan. 14, Dinner of mutton, potatoes and cake, 8c; apples, 1c	9
Jan. 14, Museum, 25c; street car, 6c; supper, 9c	40
Jan. 14, Oranges, 2c; shave, 2c; haircut, 10c	14
Jan. 15, Bed, 8c; breakfast, 5c; apples, 2c	15
Jan. 15, Car fare, 50c; ticket to botanical gardens, 25c	75
Jan. 16, Bed, 8c; breakfast, 5c; apples, 2c	15
Jan. 16, Museum, 12c; street car, 2c; supper, 9c	23
Jan. 18, Ticket from London to Liverpool about	3 50
Jan, 19, Liverpool, two days' board at laboringmen's home	50
Jan. 19, Steerage passage from Liverpool to Philadelphia	19 50
Feb. 5, Philadelphia, dinner, 25c; bath, 25c	50
Feb. 6, Washington, one day's board	1 00
Feb. 6, Ticket to Grinnell	25 00
Feb. 7, One day's board in Chicago	1 00
Total	$235 73¼